I am a heritage because I bring you years of thought and the lore of time ~ I impart yet I can not speak ~ I have traveled among the peoples of the earth ~ I am a rover ~ Oft-times I stray from the fireside of the one who loves and cherishes me - who misses me when I am gone ~ Should you find me vagrant please send me home - among my brothers - on the book shelves of .....

ALFRED SANTELL

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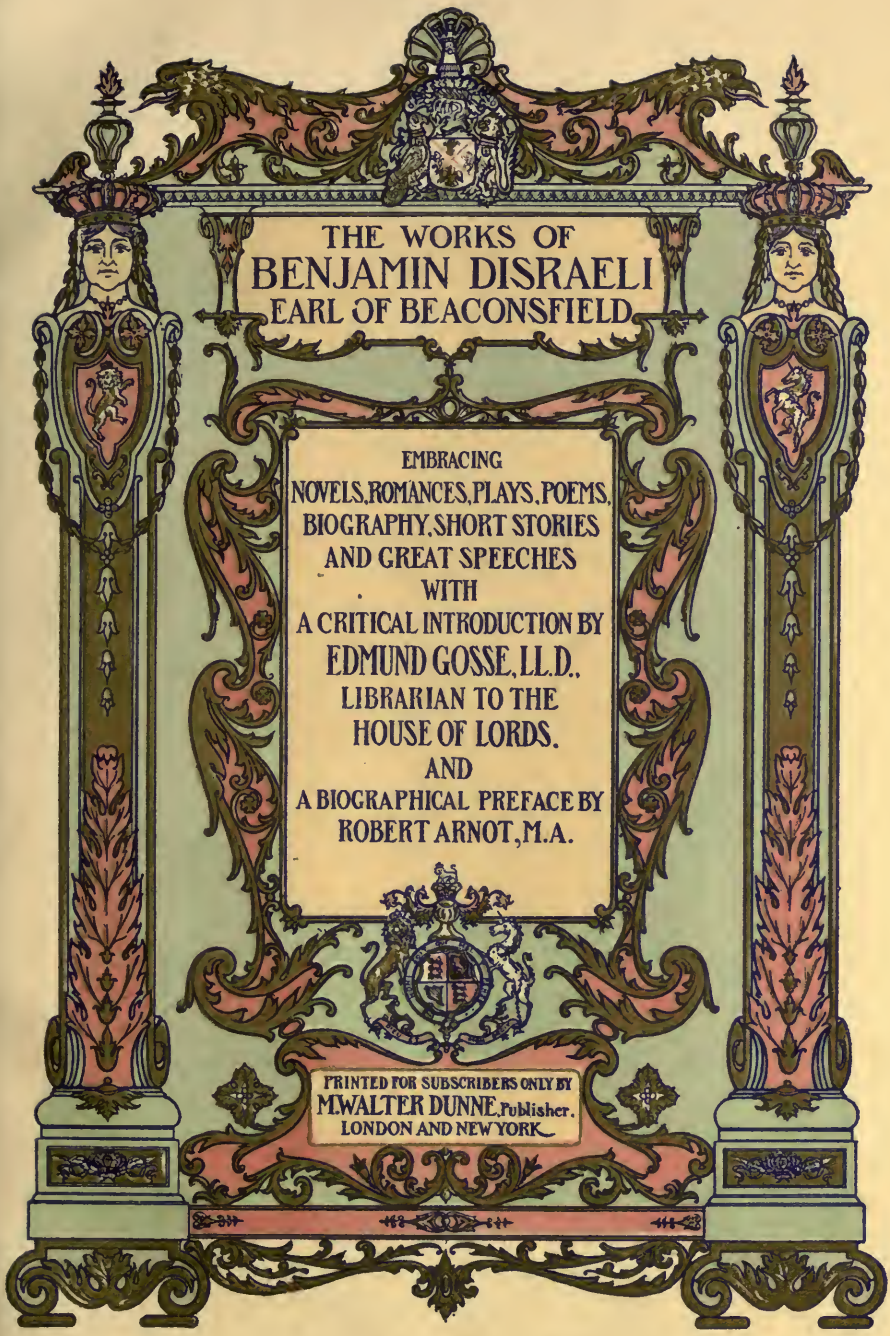
THE WORKS OF
BENJAMIN DISRAELI
EARL OF BEACONSFIELD
EMBRACING
NOVELS, ROMANCES, PLAYS, POEMS,
BIOGRAPHY, SHORT STORIES
AND GREAT SPEECHES
WITH
A CRITICAL INTRODUCTION BY
EDMUND GOSSE, LL.D.,
LIBRARIAN TO THE
HOUSE OF LORDS.
AND
A BIOGRAPHICAL PREFACE BY
ROBERT ARNOT, M.A.
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AFTER AN ORIGINAL DRAWING BY FRANCIS VAUX WILSON.

Lord Montfort rose and took a pencil and a sheet of paper from the table. 'Write it,' he said, in a kind tone.

(See page 25, *Henrietta Temple.*)

HENRIETTA TEMPLE

A LOVE STORY

BY

BENJAMIN DISRAELI

EARL OF BEACONSFIELD

VOLUME II.

M. WALTER DUNNE

NEW YORK AND LONDON

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CHAPTER IV.

IN WHICH MR. GLASTONBURY INFORMS CAPTAIN ARMINE OF HIS MEETING WITH MISS TEMPLE.

IT WAS still an early hour when Mr. Glastonbury arrived at his hotel. He understood, however, that Captain Armine had already returned and retired. Glastonbury knocked gently at his door, and was invited to enter. The good man was pale and agitated. Ferdinand was already in bed. Glastonbury took a chair, and seated himself by his side.

'My dear friend, what is the matter?' said Ferdinand.

'I have seen her, I have seen her!' said Glastonbury.

'Henrietta! seen Henrietta?' enquired Ferdinand.

Glastonbury nodded assent, but with a most rueful expression of countenance.

'What has happened? what did she say?' asked Ferdinand in a quick voice.

'You are two innocent lambs,' said Glastonbury, rubbing his hands.

'Speak, speak, my Glastonbury.'

'I wish that my death could make you both happy,' said Glastonbury; 'but I fear that would do you no good.'

'Is there any hope?' said Ferdinand.

'None!' said Glastonbury. 'Prepare yourself, my dear child, for the worst.'

'Is she married?' enquired Ferdinand.

'No; but she is going to be.'

'I know it,' said Ferdinand.

Glastonbury stared.

'You know it? what! to Digby?'

'Digby, or whatever his name may be; damn him!'

'Hush! hush!' said Glastonbury.

'May all the curses——'

'God forbid,' said Glastonbury, interrupting him.

'Unfeeling, fickle, false, treacherous——'

'She is an angel,' said Glastonbury, 'a very angel. She has fainted, and nearly in my arms.'

'Fainted! nearly in your arms! Oh, tell me all, tell me all, Glastonbury,' exclaimed Ferdinand, starting up in his bed with an eager voice and sparkling eyes. 'Does she love me?'

'I fear so,' said Glastonbury.

'Fear!'

'Oh, how I pity her poor innocent heart!' said Glastonbury.

'When I told her of all your sufferings——'

'Did you tell her? What then?'

'And she herself has barely recovered from a long and terrible illness.'

'My own Henrietta! Now I could die happy,' said Ferdinand.

'I thought it would break your heart,' said Glastonbury.

'It is the only happy moment I have known for months,' said Ferdinand.

'I was so overwhelmed that I lost my presence of mind,' said Glastonbury. 'I really never meant to tell you anything. I do not know how I came into your room.'

'Dear, dear Glastonbury, I am myself again.'

'Only think!' said Glastonbury; 'I never was so unhappy in my life.'

'I have endured for the last four hours the tortures of the damned,' said Ferdinand, 'to think that she was going to be married, to be married to another; that she was happy, proud, prosperous, totally regardless of me, perhaps utterly forgetful of the past; and that I was dying like a dog in this cursed caravanserai! O Glastonbury! nothing that I have ever endured has been equal to the hell of this day. And now you have come and made me comparatively happy. I shall get up directly.'

Glastonbury looked quite astonished; he could not comprehend how his fatal intelligence could have produced effects so directly contrary from those he had anticipated. However, in answer to Ferdinand's reiterated enquiries, he contrived to give a detailed account of everything that had occurred, and Ferdinand's running commentary continued to be one of constant self-congratulation.

'There is, however, one misfortune,' said Ferdinand, 'with which you are unacquainted, my dear friend.'

'Indeed!' said Glastonbury, 'I thought I knew enough.'

'Alas! she has become a great heiress!'

'Is that it?' said Glastonbury.

'There is the blow,' said Ferdinand. 'Were it not for that, by the soul of my grandfather, I would tear her from the arms of this stripling.'

'Stripling!' said Glastonbury. 'I never saw a truer nobleman in my life.'

'Ah!' exclaimed Ferdinand.

'Nay, second scarcely to yourself! I could not believe my eyes,' continued Glastonbury. 'He was but a child when I saw him last; but so were you, Ferdinand. Believe me, he is no ordinary rival.'

'Good-looking?'

'Altogether of a most princely presence. I have rarely met a personage so highly accomplished, or who more quickly impressed you with his moral and intellectual excellence.'

'And they are positively engaged?'

'To be married next month,' replied Glastonbury.

'O Glastonbury! why do I live?' exclaimed Ferdinand; 'why did I recover?'

'My dear child, but just now you were comparatively happy.'

'Happy! You cannot mean to insult me. Happy! Oh, is there in this world a thing so deplorable as I am!'

'I thought I did wrong to say anything,' said Glastonbury, speaking as it were to himself.

Ferdinand made no observation. He turned himself in his bed, with his face averted from Glastonbury.

'Good night,' said Glastonbury, after remaining some time in silence.

'Good night,' said Ferdinand, in a faint and mournful tone.

CHAPTER V.

WHICH, ON THE WHOLE, IS PERHAPS AS REMARKABLE A CHAPTER AS ANY IN THE WORK.

WRETCHED as he was, the harsh business of life could not be neglected; Captain Armine was obliged to be in Lincoln's Inn by ten o'clock the next morning. It was on his return from his lawyer, as he was about to cross Berkeley-square, that a carriage suddenly stopped in the middle of the road, and a female hand apparently beckoned to him from the window. He was at first very doubtful whether he were indeed the person to whom the signal was addressed, but as on looking around there was not a single human being in sight, he at length slowly approached the equipage, from which a white handkerchief now waved with considerable agitation. Somewhat perplexed by this incident, the mystery was, however, immediately explained by the voice of Lady Bellair.

'You wicked man,' said her little ladyship, in a great rage. 'Oh! how I hate you! I could cut you up into minced meat; that I could. Here I have been giving parties every night, all for you too. And you have been in town, and never called on me. Tell

me your name. How is your wife? Oh! you are not married. You should marry; I hate a *ci-devant jeune homme*. However, you can wait a little. Here, James, Thomas, Peter, what is your name, open the door and let him in. There get in, get in; I have a great deal to say to you.' And Ferdinand found that it was absolutely necessary to comply.

'Now, where shall we go?' said her ladyship; 'I have got till two o'clock. I make it a rule to be at home every day from two till six, to receive my friends. You must come and call upon me. You may come every day if you like. Do not leave your card. I hate people who leave cards. I never see them; I order all to be burnt. I cannot bear people who leave bits of paper at my house. Do you want to go anywhere? You do not! Why do not you? How is your worthy father, Sir Peter? Is his name Sir Peter or Sir Paul? Well, never mind, you know whom I mean. And your charming mother, my favourite friend? She is charming; she is quite one of my favourites. And were not you to marry? Tell me, why have you not? Miss—Miss—you know whom I mean, whose grandfather was my son's friend. In town, are they? Where do they live? Brook-street! I will go and call upon them. There, pull the string, and tell him where they live.'

And so, in a few minutes, Lady Bellair's carriage stopped opposite the house of Miss Grandison.

'Are they early risers?' said her ladyship; 'I get up every morning at six. I dare say they will not receive me; but do you show yourself, and then they cannot refuse.'

In consequence of this diplomatic movement Lady Bellair effected an entrance. Leaning on the arm of

Ferdinand, her ladyship was ushered into the morning-room, where she found Lady Armine and Katherine.

'My dear lady, how do you do? And my sweet miss! Oh! your eyes are so bright, that it quite makes me young to look upon them! I quite love you, that I do. Your grandfather and my poor son were bosom friends. And, my dear lady, where have you been all this time? Here have I been giving parties every night, and all for you; all for my Bath friends; telling everybody about you; talking of nothing else; everybody longing to see you; and you have never been near me. My dinner-parties are over; I shall not give any more dinners until June. But I have three evenings yet; to-night, you must come to me to-night, and Thursday, and Saturday; you must come on all three nights. Oh! why did you not call upon me? I should have asked you to dinner. I would have asked you to meet Lord Colonnade and Lady Ionia! They would have just suited you; they would have tasted you! But I tell you what I will do; I will come and dine with you some day. Now, when will you have me? Let me see, when am I free?' So saying, her ladyship opened a little red book, which was her inseparable companion in London. 'All this week I am ticketed; Monday, the Derricourts, dull, but then he is a duke. Tuesday I dine with Bonmot; we have made it up; he gives me a dinner. Wednesday, Wednesday, where is Wednesday? General Faneville, my own party. Thursday, the Maxburys, bad dinner, but good company. Friday, Waring Cutts, a famous house for eating; but that is not in my way; however, I must go, for he sends me pines. And Saturday, I dine off a rabbit,

by myself, at one o'clock, to go and see my dear darling Lady St. Julians at Richmond. So it cannot be this or next week. I will send you a note; I will tell you to-night. And now I must go, for it is five minutes to two, I am always at home from two till six; I receive my friends; you may come every day, and you must come to see my new squirrel; my darling, funny little grandson gave it me. And, my dear miss, where is that wicked Lady Grandison? Do you ever see her, or are you enemies? She has got the estate, has not she? She never calls upon me. Tell her she is one of my greatest favourites. Oh! why does not she come? I should have asked her to dinner; and now all my dinners are over till June. Tell me where she lives, and I will call upon her to-morrow.'

So saying, and bidding them all farewell very cordially, her ladyship took Ferdinand's arm and retired.

Captain Armine returned to his mother and cousin, and sat an hour with them, until their carriage was announced. Just as he was going away, he observed Lady Bellair's little red book, which she had left behind.

'Poor Lady Bellair, what will she do?' said Miss Grandison; 'we must take it to her immediately.'

'I will leave it,' said Ferdinand, 'I shall pass her house.'

Bellair House was the prettiest mansion in May Fair. It was a long building, in the Italian style, situate in the midst of gardens, which, though not very extensive, were laid out with so much art and taste, that it was very difficult to believe that you were in a great city. The house was furnished and adorned

with all that taste for which Lady Bellair was distinguished. All the reception rooms were on the ground floor, and were all connected. Ferdinand, who remembered Lady Bellair's injunctions not to leave cards, attracted by the spot, and not knowing what to do with himself, determined to pay her ladyship a visit, and was ushered into an octagon library, lined with well-laden dwarf cases of brilliant volumes, crowned with no lack of marble busts, bronzes, and Etruscan vases. On each side opened a magnificent saloon, furnished in that classic style which the late accomplished and ingenious Mr. Hope first rendered popular in this country. The wings, projecting far into the gardens, comprised respectively a dining-room and a conservatory of considerable dimensions. Isolated in the midst of the gardens was a long building, called the summer-room, lined with Indian matting, and screened on one side from the air merely by Venetian blinds. The walls of this chamber were almost entirely covered with caricatures, and prints of the country seats of Lady Bellair's friends, all of which she took care to visit. Here also were her parrots, and some birds of a sweeter voice, a monkey, and the famous squirrel.

Lady Bellair was seated in a chair, the back of which was much higher than her head; at her side was a little table with writing materials, on which also was placed a magnificent bell, by Benvenuto Cellini, with which her ladyship summoned her page, who, in the meantime, loitered in the hall.

'You have brought me my book!' she exclaimed, as Ferdinand entered with the mystical volume. 'Give it me, give it me. Here I cannot tell Mrs. Fancourt what day I can dine with her. I am engaged all

this week and all next, and I am to dine with your dear family when I like. But Mrs. Fancourt must choose her day, because they will keep. You do not know this gentleman,' she said, turning to Mrs. Fancourt. 'Well, I shall not introduce you; he will not suit you; he is a fine gentleman, and only dines with dukes.'

Mrs. Fancourt consequently looked very anxious for an introduction.

'General Faneville,' Lady Bellair continued, to a gentleman on her left, 'what day do I dine with you? Wednesday. Is our party full? You must make room for him; he is my greatest favourite. All the ladies are in love with him.'

General Faneville expressed his deep sense of the high honour; Ferdinand protested he was engaged on Wednesday; Mrs. Fancourt looked very disappointed that she had thus lost another opportunity of learning the name of so distinguished a personage.

There was another knock. Mrs. Fancourt departed. Lady Maxbury, and her daughter, Lady Selina, were announced.

'Have you got him?' asked Lady Bellair, very eagerly, as her new visitors entered.

'He has promised most positively,' answered Lady Maxbury.

'Dear, good creature!' exclaimed Lady Bellair, 'you are the dearest creature that I know. And you are charming,' she continued, addressing herself to Lady Selina; 'if I were a man, I would marry you directly. There now, he (turning to Ferdinand) cannot marry you, because he is married already; but he should, if he were not. And how will he come?' enquired Lady Bellair.

'He will find his way,' said Lady Maxbury.

'And I am not to pay anything?' enquired Lady Bellair.

'Not anything,' said Lady Maxbury.

'I cannot bear paying,' said Lady Bellair. 'But will he dance, and will he bring his bows and arrows? Lord Dorfield protests 'tis nothing without the bows and arrows.'

'What, the New Zealand chief, Lady Bellair?' enquired the general.

'Have you seen him?' enquired Lady Bellair, eagerly.

'Not yet,' replied the gentleman.

'Well, then, you will see him to-night,' said Lady Bellair, with an air of triumph. 'He is coming to me to-night.'

Ferdinand rose, and was about to depart.

'You must not go without seeing my squirrel,' said her ladyship, 'that my dear funny grandson gave me: he is such a funny boy. You must see it, you must see it,' added her ladyship, in a peremptory tone. 'There, go out of that door, and you will find your way to my summer-room, and there you will find my squirrel.'

The restless Ferdinand was content to quit the library, even with the stipulation of first visiting the squirrel. He walked through a saloon, entered the conservatory, emerged into the garden, and at length found himself in the long summer-room. At the end of the room a lady was seated, looking over a book of prints; as she heard a footstep she raised her eyes, and Ferdinand beheld Henrietta Temple.

He was speechless; he felt rooted to the ground; all power of thought and motion alike deserted him.

There he stood, confounded and aghast. Nor indeed was his companion less disturbed. She remained with her eyes fixed on Ferdinand with an expression of fear, astonishment, and distress impressed upon her features. At length Ferdinand in some degree rallied, and he followed the first impulse of his mind, when mind indeed returned to him: he moved to retire.

He had retraced half his steps, when a voice, if human voice indeed it were that sent forth tones so full of choking anguish, pronounced his name.

'Captain Armine!' said the voice.

How he trembled, yet mechanically obedient to his first impulse, he still proceeded to the door.

'Ferdinand!' said the voice.

He stopped, he turned, she waved her hand wildly, and then leaning her arm on the table, buried her face in it. Ferdinand walked to the table at which she was sitting; she heard his footstep near her, yet she neither looked up nor spoke. At length he said, in a still yet clear voice, 'I am here.'

'I have seen Mr. Glastonbury,' she muttered.

'I know it,' he replied.

'Your illness has distressed me,' she said, after a slight pause, her face still concealed, and speaking in a hushed tone. Ferdinand made no reply, and there was another pause, which Miss Temple broke.

'I would that we were at least friends,' she said. The tears came into Ferdinand's eyes when she said this, for her tone, though low, was now sweet. It touched his heart.

'Our mutual feelings now are of little consequence,' he replied.

She sighed, but made no reply. At length Ferdinand said, 'Farewell, Miss Temple.'

She started, she looked up, her mournful countenance harrowed his heart. He knew not what to do; what to say. He could not bear her glance; he in his turn averted his eyes.

'Our misery is—has been great,' she said in a firmer tone, 'but was it of my making?'

'The miserable can bear reproaches; do not spare me. My situation, however, proves my sincerity. I have erred certainly,' said Ferdinand; 'I could not believe that you could have doubted me. It was a mistake,' he added, in a tone of great bitterness.

Miss Temple again covered her face as she said, 'I cannot recall the past: I wish not to dwell on it. I desire only to express to you the interest I take in your welfare, my hope that you may yet be happy. Yes! you can be happy, Ferdinand; Ferdinand, for my sake you will be happy.'

'O Henrietta, if Henrietta I indeed may call you, this is worse than that death I curse myself for having escaped.'

'No, Ferdinand, say not that. Exert yourself, only exert yourself, bear up against irresistible fate. Your cousin, everyone says she is so amiable; surely ——'

'Farewell, madam, I thank you for your counsel.'

'No, Ferdinand, you shall not go, you shall not go in anger. Pardon me, pity me, I spoke for your sake, I spoke for the best.'

'I, at least, will never be false,' said Ferdinand with energy. 'It shall not be said of me that I broke vows consecrated by the finest emotions of our nature. No, no, I have had my dream; it was but a dream: but while I live, I will live upon its sweet memory.'

'Ah! Ferdinand, why were you not frank; why did you conceal your situation from me?'

'No explanation of mine can change our respective situations,' said Ferdinand; 'I content myself therefore by saying that it was not Miss Temple who had occasion to criticise my conduct.'

'You are bitter.'

'The lady whom I injured, pardoned me. She is the most generous, the most amiable of her sex; if only in gratitude for all her surpassing goodness, I would never affect to offer her a heart which never can be hers. Katherine is indeed more than woman. Amid my many and almost unparalleled sorrows, one of my keenest pangs is the recollection that I should have clouded the life, even for a moment, of that admirable person. Alas! alas! that in all my misery the only woman who sympathises with my wretchedness is the woman I have injured. And so delicate as well as so generous! She would not even enquire the name of the individual who had occasioned our mutual desolation.'

'Would that she knew all,' murmured Henrietta; 'would that I knew her.'

'Your acquaintance could not influence affairs. My very affection for my cousin, the complete appreciation which I now possess of her character, before so little estimated and so feebly comprehended by me, is the very circumstance that, with my feelings, would prevent our union. She may, I am confident she will, yet be happy. I can never make her so. Our engagement in old days was rather the result of family arrangements than of any sympathy. I love her far better now than I did then, and yet she is the very last person in the world that I would marry. I trust

I believe, that my conduct, if it have clouded for a moment her life, will not ultimately, will not long obscure it; and she has every charm and virtue and accident of fortune to attract the admiration and attention of the most favoured. Her feelings towards me at any time could have been but mild and calm. It is a mere abuse of terms to style such sentiments love. But,' added he sarcastically, 'this is too delicate a subject for me to dilate on to Miss Temple.'

'For God's sake, do not be so bitter!' she exclaimed; and then she added, in a voice half of anguish, half of tenderness, 'Let me never be taunted by those lips! O Ferdinand, why cannot we be friends?'

'Because we are more than friends. To me such a word from your lips is mere mockery. Let us never meet. That alone remains for us. Little did I suppose that we ever should have met again. I go nowhere, I enter no single house; my visit here this morning was one of those whimsical vagaries which cannot be counted on. This old lady indeed seems, somehow or other, connected with our destiny. I believe I am greatly indebted to her.'

The page entered the room. 'Miss Temple,' said the lad, 'my lady bid me say the duchess and Lord Montfort were here.'

Ferdinand started, and darting, almost unconsciously, a glance of fierce reproach at the miserable Henrietta, he rushed out of the room and made his escape from Bellair House without re-entering the library.

CHAPTER VI.

Containing an Evening Assembly at Bellair House.

EATED on an ottoman in the octagon library, occasionally throwing a glance at her illuminated and crowded saloons, or beckoning, with a fan almost as long as herself, to a distant guest, Lady Bellair received the world on the evening of the day that had witnessed the strange rencontre between Henrietta Temple and Ferdinand Armine. Her page, who stood at the library-door in a new fancy dress, received the announcement of the company from the other servants, and himself communicated the information to his mistress.

'Mr. Million de Stockville, my lady,' said the page.

'Hem!' said her ladyship, rather gruffly, as, with no very amiable expression of countenance, she bowed, with her haughtiest dignity, to a rather common-looking personage in a gorgeously-embroidered waistcoat.

'Lady Ionia Colonnade, my lady.'

Lady Bellair bestowed a smiling nod on this fair and classic dame, and even indicated, by a movement

of her fan, that she might take a seat on her ottoman.

'Sir Ratcliffe and Lady Armine, my lady, and Miss Grandison.'

'Dear, good people!' exclaimed Lady Bellair, 'how late you are! and where is your wicked son? There, go into the next room, go, go, and see the wonderful man. Lady Ionia, you must know Lady Armine; she is like you; she is one of my favourites. Now then, there all of you go together. I will not have anybody stay here except my niece. This is my niece,' Lady Bellair added, pointing to a young lady seated by her side; 'I give this party for her.'

'General Faneville, my lady.'

'You are very late,' said Lady Bellair.

'I dined at Lord Rochfort's,' said the general bowing.

'Rochfort's! Oh! where are they? where are the Rochforts? they ought to be here. I must, I will see them. Do you think Lady Rochfort wants a nursery governess? Because I have a charming person who would just suit her. Go and find her out, General, and enquire; and if she do not want one, find out some one who does. Ask Lady Maxbury. There, go, go.'

'Mr. and Miss Temple, my lady.'

'Oh, my darling!' said Lady Bellair, 'my real darling! sit by me. I sent Lady Ionia away, because I determined to keep this place for you. I give this party entirely in your honour, so you ought to sit here. You are a good man,' she continued, addressing Mr. Temple; 'but I can't love you so well as your daughter.'

'I should be too fortunate,' said Mr. Temple, smiling.

'I knew you when you ate pap,' said Lady Bellair, laughing.

'Mrs. Montgomery Floyd, my lady.'

Lady Bellair assumed her coldest and haughtiest glance. Mrs. Montgomery appeared more gorgeous than ever. The splendour of her sweeping train almost required a page to support it; she held a bouquet which might have served for the centre-piece of a dinner-table. A slender youth, rather distinguished in appearance, simply dressed, with a rose-bud just twisted into his black coat, but whose person distilled odours whose essence might have exhausted a conservatory, lounged at her side.

'May I have the honour to present to your ladyship Lord Catchimwhocan?' breathed forth Mrs. Montgomery, exulting in her companion, perhaps in her conquest.

Lady Bellair gave a short and ungracious nod. Mrs. Montgomery recognised Mr. and Miss Temple. 'There, go, go,' said Lady Bellair, interrupting her, 'nobody must stop here; go and see the wonderful man in the next room.'

'Lady Bellair is so strange,' whimpered Mrs. Montgomery, in an apologetical whisper to Miss Temple, and she moved away, covering her retreat by the graceful person of Lord Catchimwhocan.

'Some Irish guardsman, I suppose,' said Lady Bellair. 'I never heard of him; I hate guardsmen.'

'Rather a distinguished-looking man, I think,' said Mr. Temple.

'Do you think so?' said Lady Bellair, who was always influenced by the last word. 'I will ask him for Thursday and Saturday. I think I must have known his grandfather. I must tell him not to go

about with that horrid woman. She is so very fine, and she uses musk; she puts me in mind of the Queen of Sheba,' said the little lady, laughing, 'all precious stones and frankincense. I quite hate her.'

'I thought she was quite one of your favourites, Lady Bellair?' said Henrietta Temple rather maliciously.

'A Bath favourite, my dear; a Bath favourite. I wear my old bonnets at Bath, and use my new friends; but in town I have old friends and new dresses.'

'Lady Frederick Berrington, my lady.'

'Oh! my dear Lady Frederick, now I will give you a treat. I will introduce you to my sweet, sweet friend, whom I am always talking to you of. You deserve to know her; you will taste her; there, sit down, sit by her, and talk to her, and make love to her.'

'Lady Womandeville, my lady.'

'Ah! she will do for the lord; she loves a lord. My dear lady, you come so late, and yet I am always so glad to see you. I have such a charming friend for you, the handsomest, most fashionable, witty person, quite captivating, and his grandfather was one of my dearest friends. What is his name? what is his name? Lord Catchimwhocan. Mind, I introduce you to him, and ask him to your house very often.'

Lady Womandeville smiled, expressed her delight, and moved on.

Lord Montfort, who had arrived before the Temples, approached the ottoman.

'Is the duchess here?' enquired Henrietta, as she shook hands with him.

'And Isabella,' he replied. Henrietta rose, and taking his arm, bid adieu to Lady Bellair.

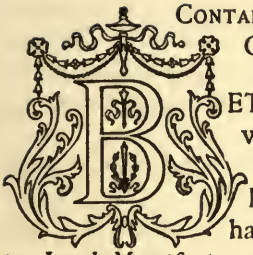
'God bless you,' said her ladyship, with great emphasis. 'I will not have you speak to that odious Mrs. Floyd, mind.'

When Lord Montfort and Henrietta succeeded in discovering the duchess, she was in the conservatory, which was gaily illuminated with coloured lamps among the shrubs. Her Grace was conversing with cordiality with a lady of very prepossessing appearance, in whom the traces of a beauty once distinguished were indeed still considerable, and her companion, an extremely pretty person, in the very bloom of girlhood. Lord Montfort and Henrietta were immediately introduced to these ladies, as Lady Armine and Miss Grandison. After the scene of the morning, it was not easy to deprive Miss Temple of her equanimity; after that shock, no incident connected with the Armine family could be surprising; she was even desirous of becoming acquainted with Miss Grandison, and she congratulated herself upon the opportunity which had so speedily offered itself to gratify her wishes. The duchess was perfectly delighted with Lady Armine, whose manners were fascinating; between the families there was some connection of blood, and Lady Armine, too, had always retained a lively sense of the old duke's services to her son. Henrietta had even to listen to enquiries made after Ferdinand, and she learnt that he was slowly recovering from an almost fatal illness, that he could not endure the fatigues of society, and that he was even living at an hotel for the sake of quiet. Henrietta watched the countenance of Katherine, as Lady Armine gave this information. It was serious,

but not disturbed. Her Grace did not separate from her new friends the whole of the evening, and they parted with a mutually expressed wish that they might speedily and often meet. The duchess pronounced Lady Armine the most charming person she had ever met; while, on the other hand, Miss Grandison was warm in her admiration of Henrietta Temple and Lord Montfort, whom she thought quite worthy even of so rare a prize.

CHAPTER VII.

Containing a Very Important Communication.



ETWEEN the unexpected meeting with Captain Armine in the morning and the evening assembly at Bellair House, a communication had been made by Miss Temple to Lord Montfort, which ought not to be quite unnoticed. She had returned home with his mother and himself, and her silence and depression had not escaped him. Soon after their arrival they were left alone, and then Henrietta said, 'Digby, I wish to speak to you!'

'My own!' said Lord Montfort, as he seated himself by her on the sofa, and took her hand.

Miss Temple was calm; but he would have been a light observer who had not detected her suppressed agitation.

'Dearest Digby,' she continued, 'you are so generous and so kind, that I ought to feel no reluctance in speaking to you upon this subject; and yet it pains me very much.' She hesitated.

'I can only express my sympathy with any sorrow of yours, Henrietta,' said Lord Montfort. 'Speak to

me as you always do, with that frankness which so much delights me.'

'Let your thoughts recur to the most painful incident of my life, then,' said Henrietta.

'If you require it,' said Lord Montfort, in a serious tone.

'It is not my fault, dearest Digby, that a single circumstance connected with that unhappy event should be unknown to you. I wished originally that you should know all. I have a thousand times since regretted that your consideration for my feelings should ever have occasioned an imperfect confidence between us; and something has occurred to-day which makes me lament it bitterly.'

'No, no, dearest Henrietta; you feel too keenly,' said Lord Montfort.

'Indeed, Digby, it is so,' said Henrietta very mournfully.

'Speak, then, dearest Henrietta.'

'It is necessary that you should know the name of that person who once exercised an influence over my feelings, which I never affected to disguise to you.'

'Is it indeed necessary?' enquired Lord Montfort.

'It is for my happiness,' replied Henrietta.

'Then, indeed, I am anxious to learn it.'

'He is in this country,' said Henrietta, 'he is in this town; he may be in the same room with you to-morrow; he has been in the same room with me even this day.'

'Indeed!' said Lord Montfort.

'He bears a name not unknown to you,' said Henrietta, 'a name, too, that I must teach myself to mention, and yet ——'

Lord Montfort rose and took a pencil and a sheet of paper from the table, 'Write it,' he said in a kind tone.

Henrietta took the pencil, and wrote,

'ARMINE.'

'The son of Sir Ratcliffe?' said Lord Montfort.

'The same,' replied Henrietta.

'You heard then of him last night?' enquired her companion.

'Even so; of that, too, I was about to speak.'

'I am aware of the connection of Mr. Glastonbury with the Armine family,' said Lord Montfort, quietly.

There was a dead pause. At length Lord Montfort said, 'Is there anything you wish me to do?'

'Much,' said Henrietta. 'Dearest Digby,' she continued, after a moment's hesitation, 'do not misinterpret me; my heart, if such a heart be worth possessing, is yours. I can never forget who solaced me in my misery; I can never forget all your delicate tenderness, Digby. Would that I could make a return to you more worthy of all your goodness; but if the grateful devotion of my life can repay you, you shall be satisfied.'

He took her hand and pressed it to his lips. 'It is of you, and of your happiness that I can alone think,' he murmured.

'Now let me tell you all,' said Henrietta, with desperate firmness. 'I have done this person great injustice.'

'Hah!' said Lord Montfort.

'It cuts me to the heart,' said Henrietta.

'You have then misconceived his conduct?' enquired Lord Montfort.

'Utterly.'

'It is indeed a terrible situation for you,' said Lord Montfort; 'for all of us,' he added, in a lower tone.

'No, Digby; not for all of us; not even for myself; for if you are happy I will be. But for him, yes! I will not conceal it from you, I feel for him.'

'Your destiny is in your own hands, Henrietta.'

'No, no, Digby; do not say so,' exclaimed Miss Temple, very earnestly; 'do not speak in that tone of sacrifice. There is no need of sacrifice; there shall be none. I will not, I do not falter. Be you firm. Do not desert me in this moment of trial. It is for support I speak; it is for consolation. We are bound together by ties the purest, the holiest. Who shall sever them? No! Digby, we will be happy; but I am interested in the destiny of this unhappy person. You, you can assist me in rendering it more serene; in making him, perhaps, not less happy than ourselves.'

'I would spare no labour,' said Lord Montfort.

'Oh, that you would not!' exclaimed Miss Temple. 'You are so good, so noble! You would sympathise even with him. What other man in your situation would?'

'What can be done?'

'Listen: he was engaged to his cousin even on that fatal day when we first met; a lady with every charm and advantage that one would think could make a man happy; young, noble, and beautiful; of a most amiable and generous disposition, as her subsequent conduct has proved; and of great wealth.'

'Miss Grandison?' said Lord Montfort.

'Yes: his parents looked forward to their union with delight, not altogether unmixed with anxiety.

The Armines, with all their princely possessions, are greatly embarrassed from the conduct of the last head of their house. Ferdinand himself has, I grieve to say, inherited too much of his grandfather's imprudent spirit; his affairs, I fear, are terribly involved. When I knew him, papa was, as you are aware, a poor man. This marriage would have cured all; my Digby, I wish it to take place.'

'How can we effect it?' asked Lord Montfort.

'Become his friend, dear Digby. I always think you can do anything. Yes! my only trust is in you. Oh! my Digby, make us all happy.'

Lord Montfort rose and walked up and down the room, apparently in profound meditation. At length he said, 'Rest assured, Henrietta, that to secure your happiness nothing shall ever be wanting on my part. I will see Mr. Glastonbury on this subject. At present, dearest, let us think of lighter things.'

CHAPTER VIII.

Which Is Rather Strange.

IT WAS on the morning after the assembly at Bellair House that Ferdinand was roused from his welcome slumbers, for he had passed an almost sleepless night, by his servant bringing him a note, and telling him that it had been left by a lady in a carriage. He opened it, and read as follows:—

'Silly, silly Captain Armine! why did you not come to my Vauxhall last night? I wanted to present you to the fairest damsel in the world, who has a great fortune too; but that you don't care about. When are you going to be married? Miss Grandison looked charming, but disconsolate without her knight. Your mother is an angel, and the Duchess of —— is quite in love with her. Your father, too, is a worthy man. I love your family very much. Come and call upon poor old doting bedridden H. B., who is at home every day from two to six to receive her friends. Has charming Lady Armine got a page? I have one that would just suit her. He teases my poor squirrel so that I am obliged to turn him away; but he is a real

treasure. That fine lady, Mrs. Montgomery Floyd, would give her ears for him; but I love your mother much more, and so she shall have him. He shall come to her to-night. All the world takes tea with H. B. on Thursday and Saturday.'

'One o'clock!' said Ferdinand. 'I may as well get up and call in Brook-street, and save my mother from this threatened infliction. Heigho! Day after day, and each more miserable than the other. How will this end?'

When Ferdinand arrived in Brook-street, he went up stairs without being announced, and found in the drawing-room, besides his mother and Katherine, the duchess, Lord Montfort, and Henrietta Temple.

The young ladies were in their riding-habits. Henrietta appeared before him, the same Henrietta whom he had met, for the first time, in the pleasaunce at Armine. Retreat was impossible. Her Grace received Ferdinand cordially, and reminded him of old days. Henrietta bowed, but she was sitting at some distance with Miss Grandison, looking at some work. Her occupation covered her confusion. Lord Montfort came forward with extended hand.

'I have the pleasure of meeting an old friend,' said his lordship.

Ferdinand just touched his lordship's finger, and bowed rather stiffly; then, turning to his mother, he gave her Lady Bellair's note. 'It concerns you more than myself,' he observed.

'You were not at Lady Bellair's last night, Captain Armine,' said her Grace.

'I never go anywhere,' was the answer.

'He has been a great invalid,' said Lady Armine.

'Where is Glastonbury, Ferdinand?' said Lady Armine. 'He never comes near us.'

'He goes every day to the British Museum.'

'I wish he would take me,' said Katherine. 'I have never been there. Have you?' she enquired, turning to Henrietta.

'I am ashamed to say never,' replied Henrietta. 'It seems to me that London is the only city of which I know nothing.'

'Ferdinand,' said Katherine, 'I wish you would go with us to the Museum some day. Miss Temple would like to go. You know Miss Temple,' she added, as if she of course supposed he had not that pleasure.

Ferdinand bowed; Lord Montfort came forward, and turned the conversation to Egyptian antiquities. When a quarter of an hour had passed, Ferdinand thought that he might now withdraw.

'Do you dine at home, Katherine, to-day?' he enquired.

Miss Grandison looked at Miss Temple; the young ladies whispered.

'Ferdinand,' said Katherine, 'what are you going to do?'

'Nothing particular.'

'We are going to ride, and Miss Temple wishes you would come with us.'

'I should be very happy, but I have some business to attend to.'

'Dear Ferdinand, that is what you always say. You really appear to me to be the most busy person in the world.'

'Pray come, Captain Armine,' said Lord Montfort.

'Thank you; it is really not in my power.' His hat was in his hand; he was begging her Grace to

bear his compliments to the duke, when Henrietta rose from her seat, and, coming up to him, said, 'Do, Captain Armine, come with us; I ask you as a favour.'

That voice! Oh! it came o'er his ear 'like the sweet south;' it unmanned him quite. He scarcely knew where he was. He trembled from head to foot. His colour deserted him, and the unlucky hat fell to the floor; and yet she stood before him, awaiting his reply, calm, quite calm, serious, apparently a little anxious. The duchess was in earnest conversation with his mother. Lord Montfort had walked up to Miss Grandison, and was engaged in arranging a pattern for her. Ferdinand and Henrietta were quite unobserved. He looked up; he caught her eye; and then he whispered, 'This is hardly fair.'

She stretched forth her hand, took his hat, and laid it on the table; then, turning to Katherine, she said, in a tone which seemed to admit no doubt, 'Captain Armine will ride with us;' and she seated herself by Lady Armine.

The expedition was a little delayed by Ferdinand having to send for his horse; the others had, in the meantime, arrived. Yet this half-hour, by some contrivance, did at length disappear. Lord Montfort continued talking to Miss Grandison. Henrietta remained seated by Lady Armine. Ferdinand revolved a great question in his mind, and it was this: Was Lord Montfort aware of the intimate acquaintance between himself and Miss Temple? And what was the moving principle of her present conduct? He conjured up a thousand reasons, but none satisfied him. His curiosity was excited, and, instead of regretting his extracted promise to join the cavalcade, he rejoiced that an opportunity was thus afforded him of perhaps

solving a problem in the secret of which he now began to feel extremely interested.

And yet in truth when Ferdinand found himself really mounted, and riding by the side of Henrietta Temple once more, for Lord Montfort was very impartial in his attentions to his fair companions, and Ferdinand continually found himself next to Henrietta, he really began to think the world was bewitched, and was almost sceptical whether he was or was not Ferdinand Armine. The identity of his companion too was so complete: Henrietta Temple in her riding-habit was the very image most keenly impressed upon his memory. He looked at her and stared at her with a face of curious perplexity. She did not, indeed, speak much; the conversation was always general, and chiefly maintained by Lord Montfort, who, though usually silent and reserved, made on this occasion successful efforts to be amusing. His attention to Ferdinand too was remarkable; it was impossible to resist such genuine and unaffected kindness. It smote Ferdinand's heart that he had received his lordship's first advances so ungraciously. Compunction rendered him now doubly courteous; he was even once or twice almost gay.

The day was as fine as a clear sky, a warm sun, and a western breeze could render it. Tempted by so much enjoyment, their ride was long. It was late, much later than they expected, when they returned home by the green lanes of pretty Willesden, and the Park was quite empty when they emerged from the Edgware-road into Oxford-street.

'Now the best thing we can all do is to dine in St. James'-square,' said Lord Montfort. 'It is ten minutes past eight. We shall just be in time, and

then we can send messages to Grosvenor-square and Brook-street. What say you, Armine? You will come, of course?'

'Thank you, if you would excuse me.'

'No, no; why excuse you?' said Lord Montfort: 'I think it shabby to desert us now, after all our adventures.'

'Really you are very kind, but I never dine out.'

'Dine out! What a phrase! You will not meet a human being; perhaps not even my father. If you will not come, it will spoil everything.'

'I cannot dine in a frock,' said Ferdinand.

'I shall,' said Lord Montfort, 'and these ladies must dine in their habits, I suspect.'

'Oh! certainly, certainly,' said the ladies.

'Do come, Ferdinand,' said Katherine.

'I ask you as a favour,' said Henrietta, turning to him and speaking in a low voice.

'Well,' said Ferdinand, with a sigh.

'That is well,' said Montfort; 'now let us trot through the Park, and the groom can call in Grosvenor-square and Brook-street, and gallop after us. This is amusing, is it not?'

CHAPTER IX.

Which Is on the Whole Almost as Perplexing as the Preceding One.

HEN Ferdinand found himself dining in St. James'-square, in the very same room where he had passed so many gay hours during that boyish month of glee which preceded his first joining his regiment, and then looked opposite him and saw Henrietta Temple, it seemed to him that, by some magical process or other, his life was acting over again, and the order of the scenes and characters had, by some strange mismanagement, got confused. Yet he yielded himself up to the excitement which had so unexpectedly influenced him; he was inflamed by a species of wild delight which he could not understand, nor stop to analyse; and when the duchess retired with the young ladies to their secret conclave in the drawing-room, she said, 'I like Captain Armine very much; he is so full of spirit and imagination. When we met him this morning, do you know, I thought him rather stiff and fine. I regretted the bright boyish flow that I so well recollected, but I see I was mistaken.'

'Ferdinand is much changed,' said Miss Grandison. 'He was once the most brilliant person, I think, that ever lived: almost too brilliant; everybody by him seemed so tame. But since his illness he has quite changed. I have scarcely heard him speak or seen him smile these six months. There is not in the whole world a person so wretchedly altered. He is quite a wreck. I do not know what is the matter with him to-day. He seemed once almost himself.'

'He indulged his feelings too much, perhaps,' said Henrietta; 'he lived, perhaps, too much alone, after so severe an illness.'

'Oh, no! it is not that,' said Miss Grandison, 'it is not exactly that. Poor Ferdinand! he is to be pitied. I fear he will never be happy again.'

'Miss Grandison should hardly say that,' said the duchess, 'if report speaks truly.'

Katherine was about to reply, but checked herself.

Henrietta rose from her seat rather suddenly, and asked Katherine to touch the piano.

The duchess took up the 'Morning Post.'

'Poor Ferdinand! he used to sing once so beautifully, too!' said Katherine to Miss Temple, in a hushed voice. 'He never sings now.'

'You must make him,' said Henrietta.

Miss Grandison shook her head.

'You have influence with him; you should exert it,' said Henrietta.

'I neither have, nor desire to have, influence with him,' said Miss Grandison. 'Dearest Miss Temple, the world is in error with respect to myself and my cousin; and yet I ought not to say to you what I have not thought proper to confess even to my aunt.'

Henrietta leant over and kissed her forehead. 'Say what you like, dearest Miss Grandison; you speak to a friend, who loves you, and will respect your secret.'

The gentlemen at this moment entered the room, and interrupted this interesting conversation.

'You must not quit the instrument, Miss Grandison,' said Lord Montfort, seating himself by her side. Ferdinand fell into conversation with the duchess; and Miss Temple was the amiable victim of his Grace's passion for écarté.

'Captain Armine is a most agreeable person,' said Lord Montfort.

Miss Grandison rather stared. 'We were just speaking of Ferdinand,' she replied, 'and I was lamenting his sad change.'

'Severe illness, illness so severe as his, must for the moment change anyone; we shall soon see him himself again.'

'Never,' said Miss Grandison mournfully.

'You must inspire him,' said Lord Montfort. 'I perceive you have great influence with him.'

'I give Lord Montfort credit for much acuter perception than that,' said Miss Grandison.

Their eyes met: even Lord Montfort's dark vision shrank before the searching glance of Miss Grandison. It conveyed to him that his purpose was not undiscovered.

'But you can exert influence, if you please,' said Lord Montfort.

'But it may not please me,' said Miss Grandison.

At this moment Mr. Glastonbury was announced. He had a general invitation, and was frequently in the habit of paying an evening visit when the family

were disengaged. When he found Ferdinand, Henrietta, and Katherine, all assembled together, and in so strange a garb, his perplexity was wondrous. The tone of comparative ease, too, with which Miss Temple addressed him, completed his confusion. He began to suspect that some critical explanation had taken place. He looked around for information.

'We have all been riding,' said Lord Montfort.

'So I perceive,' said Glastonbury.

'And as we were too late for dinner, took refuge here,' continued his lordship.

'I observe it,' said Glastonbury.

'Miss Grandison is an admirable musician, sir.'

'She is an admirable lady in every respect,' said Glastonbury.

'Perhaps you will join her in some canzonette; I am so stupid as not to be able to sing. I wish I could induce Captain Armine.'

'He has left off singing,' said Glastonbury, mournfully. 'But Miss Temple?' added Glastonbury, bowing to that lady.

'Miss Temple has left off singing, too,' said Lord Montfort, quietly.

'Come, Mr. Glastonbury,' said the duchess, 'time was when you and I have sung together. Let us try to shame these young folks.' So saying, her Grace seated herself at the piano, and the gratified Glastonbury summoned all his energies to accompany her.

Lord Montfort seated himself by Ferdinand. 'You have been severely ill, I am sorry to hear.'

'Yes; I have been rather shaken.'

'This spring will bring you round.'

'So everyone tells me. I cannot say I feel its beneficial influence.'

'You should,' said Lord Montfort. 'At our age we ought to rally quickly.'

'Yes! Time is the great physician. I cannot say I have much more faith in him than in the spring.'

'Well, then, there is Hope; what think you of that?'

'I have no great faith,' said Ferdinand, affecting to smile.

'Believe, then, in optimism,' said Henrietta Temple, without taking her eyes off the cards. 'Whatever is, is best.'

'That is not my creed, Miss Temple,' said Ferdinand, and he rose and was about to retire.

'Must you go? Let us all do something to-morrow!' said Lord Montfort, interchanging a glance with Henrietta. 'The British Museum; Miss Grandison wishes to go to the British Museum. Pray come with us.'

'You are very good, but——'

'Well! I will write you a little note in the morning and tell you our plans,' said Lord Montfort. 'I hope you will not desert us.'

Ferdinand bowed and retired: he avoided catching the eye of Henrietta.

The carriages of Miss Temple and Miss Grandison were soon announced, and, fatigued with their riding-dresses, these ladies did not long remain.

'To-day has been a day of trial,' said Henrietta, as she was about to bid Lord Montfort farewell. 'What do you think of affairs? I saw you speaking to Katherine. What do you think?'

'I think Ferdinand Armine is a formidable rival. Do you know, I am rather jealous?'

'Digby! can you be ungenerous?'

'My sweet Henrietta, pardon my levity. I spoke in the merest playfulness. Nay,' he continued, for she seemed really hurt, 'say good night very sweetly.'

'Is there any hope?' said Henrietta.

'All's well that ends well,' said Lord Montfort, smiling; 'God bless you.'

Glastonbury was about to retire, when Lord Montfort returned and asked him to come up to his lordship's own apartments, as he wished to show him a curious antique carving.

'You seemed rather surprised at the guests you found here to-night,' said Lord Montfort when they were alone.

Glastonbury looked a little confused. 'It was certainly a curious meeting, all things considered,' continued Lord Montfort: 'Henrietta has never concealed anything of the past from me, but I have always wished to spare her details. I told her this morning I should speak to you upon the subject, and that is the reason why I have asked you here.'

'It is a painful history,' said Glastonbury.

'As painful to me as anyone,' said his lordship; 'nevertheless, it must be told. When did you first meet Miss Temple?'

'I shall never forget it,' said Glastonbury, sighing and moving very uneasily in his chair. 'I took her for Miss Grandison.' And Glastonbury now entered into a complete history of everything that had occurred.

'It is a strange, a wonderful story,' said Lord Montfort, 'and you communicated everything to Miss Grandison?'

'Everything but the name of her rival. To that

she would not listen. It was not just, she said, to one so unfortunate and so unhappy.'

'She seems an admirable person, that Miss Grandison,' said Lord Montfort.

'She is indeed as near an angel as anything earthly can be,' said Glastonbury.

'Then it is still a secret to the parents?'

'Thus she would have it,' said Glastonbury. 'She clings to them, who love her indeed as a daughter; and she shrank from the desolation that was preparing for them.'

'Poor girl!' said Lord Montfort, 'and poor Armine! By heavens, I pity him from the bottom of my heart.'

'If you had seen him as I have,' said Glastonbury, 'wilder than the wildest Bedlamite! It was an awful sight.'

'Ah! the heart, the heart,' said Lord Montfort: 'it is a delicate organ, Mr. Glastonbury. And think you his father and mother suspect nothing?'

'I know not what they think,' said Glastonbury, 'but they must soon know all.' And he seemed to shudder at the thought.

'Why must they?' asked Lord Montfort.

Glastonbury stared.

'Is there no hope of softening and subduing all their sorrows?' said Lord Montfort; 'cannot we again bring together these young and parted spirits?'

'It is my only hope,' said Glastonbury, 'and yet I sometimes deem it a forlorn one.'

'It is the sole desire of Henrietta,' said Lord Montfort; 'cannot you assist us? Will you enter into this conspiracy of affection with us?'

'I want no spur to such a righteous work,' said Glastonbury, 'but I cannot conceal from myself the

extreme difficulty. Ferdinand is the most impetuous of human beings. His passions are a whirlwind; his volition more violent than becomes a suffering mortal.'

'You think, then, there is no difficulty but with him?'

'I know not what to say,' said Glastonbury; 'calm as appears the temperament of Miss Grandison, she has heroic qualities. Oh! what have I not seen that admirable young lady endure! Alas! my Digby, my dear lord, few passages of this terrible story are engraven on my memory more deeply than the day when I revealed to her the fatal secret. Yet, and chiefly for her sake, it was my duty.'

'It was at Armine?'

'At Armine. I seized an opportunity when we were alone together, and without fear of being disturbed. We had gone to view an old abbey in the neighbourhood. We were seated among its ruins, when I took her hand and endeavoured to prepare her for the fatal intelligence. "All is not right with Ferdinand," she immediately said; "there is some mystery. I have long suspected it." She listened to my recital, softened as much as I could for her sake, in silence. Yet her paleness I never can forget. She looked like a saint in a niche. When I had finished, she whispered me to leave her for some short time, and I walked away, out of sight indeed, but so near that she might easily summon me. I stood alone until it was twilight, in a state of mournful suspense that I recall even now with anguish. At last I heard my name sounded, in a low yet distinct voice, and I looked round and she was there. She had been weeping. I took her hand and pressed it, and led her to the carriage. When I approached our unhappy home,

she begged me to make her excuses to the family, and for two or three days we saw her no more. At length she sent for me, and told me she had been revolving all these sad circumstances in her mind, and she felt for others more even than for herself; that she forgave Ferdinand, and pitied him, and would act towards him as a sister; that her heart was distracted with the thoughts of the unhappy young lady, whose name she would never know, but that if by her assistance I could effect their union, means should not be wanting, though their source must be concealed; that for the sake of her aunt, to whom she is indeed passionately attached, she would keep the secret, until it could no longer be maintained; and that in the meantime it was to be hoped that health might be restored to her cousin, and Providence in some way interfere in favour of this unhappy family.'

'Angelic creature!' said Lord Montfort. 'So young, too; I think so beautiful. Good God! with such a heart what could Armine desire?'

'Alas!' said Glastonbury, and he shook his head. 'You know not the love of Ferdinand Armine for Henrietta Temple. It is a wild and fearful thing; it passeth human comprehension.'

Lord Montfort leant back in his chair, and covered his face with his hands. After some minutes he looked up, and said in his usual placid tone, and with an unruffled brow, 'Will you take anything before you go, Mr. Glastonbury?'

CHAPTER X.

In Which Captain Armine Increases His Knowledge of the Value of Money, and Also Becomes Aware of the Advantage of an Acquaintance Who Burns Coals.

FERDINAND returned to his hotel in no very good humour, revolving in his mind Miss Temple's advice about optimism. What could she mean? Was there really a conspiracy to make him marry his cousin, and was Miss Temple one of the conspirators? He could scarcely believe this, and yet it was the most probable deduction from all that had been said and done. He had lived to witness such strange occurrences, that no event ought now to astonish him. Only to think that he had been sitting quietly in a drawing-room with Henrietta Temple, and she avowedly engaged to be married to another person, who was present; and that he, Ferdinand Armine, should be the selected companion of their morning ride, and be calmly invited to contribute to their daily amusement by his social presence! What next? If this were not an

insult, a gross, flagrant, and unendurable outrage, he was totally at a loss to comprehend what was meant by offended pride. Optimism, indeed! He felt far more inclined to embrace the faith of the Manichee! And what a fool was he to have submitted to such a despicable, such a degrading situation! What infinite weakness not to be able to resist her influence, the influence of a woman who had betrayed him! Yes! betrayed him. He had for some period reconciled his mind to entertain the idea of Henrietta's treachery to him. Softened by time, atoned for by long suffering, extenuated by the constant sincerity of his purpose, his original imprudence, to use his own phrase in describing his misconduct, had gradually ceased to figure as a valid and sufficient cause for her behaviour to him. When he recollected how he had loved this woman, what he had sacrificed for her, and what misery he had in consequence entailed upon himself and all those dear to him; when he contrasted his present perilous situation with her triumphant prosperity, and remembered that while he had devoted himself to a love which proved false, she who had deserted him was, by a caprice of fortune, absolutely rewarded for her fickleness; he was enraged, he was disgusted, he despised himself for having been her slave; he began even to hate her. Terrible moment when we first dare to view with feelings of repugnance the being that our soul has long idolised! It is the most awful of revelations. We start back in horror, as if in the act of profanation.

Other annoyances, however, of a less ethereal character, awaited our hero on his return to his hotel. There he found a letter from his lawyer, informing

him that he could no longer parry the determination of one of Captain Armine's principal creditors to arrest him instantly for a considerable sum. Poor Ferdinand, mortified and harassed, with his heart and spirit alike broken, could scarcely refrain from a groan. However, some step must be taken. He drove Henrietta from his thoughts, and, endeavouring to rally some of his old energy, revolved in his mind what desperate expedient yet remained.

His sleep was broken by dreams of bailiffs, and a vague idea of Henrietta Temple triumphing in his misery; but he rose early, wrote a diplomatic note to his menacing creditor, which he felt confident must gain him time, and then, making a careful toilet, for when a man is going to try to borrow money it is wise to look prosperous, he took his way to a quarter of the town where lived a gentleman with whose brother he had had some previous dealings at Malta, and whose acquaintance he had made in England in reference to them.

It was in that gloomy quarter called Golden-square, the murky repose of which strikes so mysteriously on the senses after the glittering bustle of the adjoining Regent-street, that Captain Armine stopped before a noble yet now dingy mansion, that in old and happier days might probably have been inhabited by his grandfather, or some of his gay friends. A brass plate on the door informed the world that here resided Messrs. Morris and Levison, following the not very ambitious calling of coal merchants. But if all the pursuers of that somewhat humble trade could manage to deal in coals with the same dexterity as Messrs. Morris and Levison, what very great coal merchants they would be!

The ponderous portal obeyed the signal of the bell, and apparently opened without any human means; and Captain Armine, proceeding down a dark yet capacious passage, opened a door, which invited him by an inscription on ground glass that assured him he was entering the counting-house. Here several clerks, ensconced within lofty walls of the darkest and dullest mahogany, were busily employed; yet one advanced to an aperture in this fortification and accepted the card which the visitor offered him. The clerk surveyed the ticket with a peculiar glance; and then, begging the visitor to be seated, disappeared. He was not long absent, but soon invited Ferdinand to follow him. Captain Armine was ushered up a noble staircase, and into a saloon that once was splendid. The ceiling was richly carved, and there still might be detected the remains of its once gorgeous embellishment in the faint forms of faded deities and the traces of murky gilding. The walls of this apartment were crowded with pictures, arranged, however, with little regard to taste, effect, or style. A sprawling copy of Titian's Venus flanked a somewhat prim peeress by Hoppner; a landscape that smacked of Gainsborough was the companion of a dauby moonlight, that must have figured in the last exhibition; and insipid Roman matrons by Hamilton, and stiff English heroes by Northcote, contrasted with a vast quantity of second-rate delineations of the orgies of Dutch boors and portraits of favourite racers and fancy dogs. The room was crowded with ugly furniture of all kinds, very solid, and chiefly of mahogany; among which were not less than three escritoires, to say nothing of the huge horsehair sofas. A sideboard of Babylonian proportions was crowned by

three massive and enormous silver salvers, and immense branch candlesticks of the same precious metal, and a china punch-bowl which might have suited the dwarf in Brobdignag. The floor was covered with a faded Turkey carpet. But amid all this solid splendour there were certain intimations of feminine elegance in the veil of finely-cut pink paper which covered the nakedness of the empty but highly-polished fire-place, and in the hand-screens, which were profusely ornamented with ribbon of the same hue, and one of which afforded a most accurate if not picturesque view of Margate, while the other glowed with a huge wreath of cabbage-roses and jonquils.

Ferdinand was not long alone, and Mr. Levison, the proprietor of all this splendour, entered. He was a short, stout man, with a grave but handsome countenance, a little bald, but nevertheless with an elaborateness of raiment which might better have become a younger man. He wore a plum-colored frock coat of the finest cloth; his green velvet waistcoat was guarded by a gold chain, which would have been the envy of a new town council; an immense opal gleamed on the breast of his embroidered shirt; and his fingers were covered with very fine rings.

'Your sarvant, Captin,' said Mr. Levison, and he placed a chair for his guest.

'How are you, Levison?' responded our hero in an easy voice. 'Any news?'

Mr. Levison shrugged his shoulders, as he murmured, 'Times is very bad, Captin.'

'Oh! I dare say,' said Ferdinand; 'I wish they were as well with me as with you. By Jove, Levison, you must be making an immense fortune.'

Mr. Levison shook his head, as he groaned out, 'I work hard, Captin; but times is terrible.'

'Fiddlededee! Come! I want you to assist me a little, old fellow. No humbug between us.'

'Oh!' groaned Mr. Levison, 'you could not come at a worse time; I don't know what money is.'

'Of course. However, the fact is, money I must have; and so, old fellow, we are old friends, and you must get it.'

'What do you want, Captin?' slowly spoke Mr. Levison, with an expression of misery.

'Oh! I want rather a tolerable sum, and that is the truth; but I only want it for a moment.'

'It is not the time, 'tis the money,' said Mr. Levison. 'You know me and my pardner, Captin, are always anxious to do what we can to sarve you.'

'Well, now you can do me a real service, and, by Jove, you shall never repent it. To the point; I must have 1,500*l.*'

'One thousand five hundred pounds!' exclaimed Mr. Levison. ''Tayn't in the country.'

'Humbug! It must be found. What is the use of all this stuff with me? I want 1,500*l.*, and you must give it me.'

'I tell you what it is, Captin,' said Mr. Levison, leaning over the back of a chair, and speaking with callous composure; 'I tell you what it is, me and my pardner are very willing always to assist you; but we want to know when the marriage is to come off, and that's the truth.'

'Damn the marriage,' said Captain Armine, rather staggered.

'There it is, though,' said Mr. Levison, very quietly. 'You know, Captin, there is the arrears on that 'ere

annuity, three years next Michaelmas. I think it's Michaelmas; let me see.' So saying, Mr. Levison opened an escritoire, and brought forward an awful-looking volume, and, consulting the terrible index, turned to the fatal name of Armine. 'Yes! three years next Michaelmas, Captin.'

'Well, you will be paid,' said Ferdinand.

'We hope so,' said Mr. Levison; 'but it is a long figure.'

'Well, but you get capital interest?'

'Pish!' said Mr. Levison; 'ten per cent.! Why! it is giving away the money. Why! that's the raw, Captin. With this here new bill annuities is nothink. Me and my pardner don't do no annuities now. It's giving money away; and all this here money locked up; and all to sarve you.'

'Well; you will not help me,' said Ferdinand, rising.

'Do you raly want fifteen hundred?' asked Mr. Levison.

'By Jove, I do.'

'Well now, Captin, when is this marriage to come off?'

'Have I not told you a thousand times, and Morris too, that my cousin is not to marry until one year has passed since my grandfather's death? It is barely a year. But of course, at this moment, of all others, I cannot afford to be short.'

'Very true, Captin; and we are the men to sarve you, if we could. But we cannot. Never was such times for money; there is no seeing it. However, we will do what we can. Things is going very bad at Malta, and that's the truth. There's that young Catchimwhocan, we are in with him wery deep; and

now he has left the Fusiliers and got into Parliament, he don't care this for us. If he would only pay us, you should have the money; so help me, you should.'

'But he won't pay you,' said Ferdinand. 'What can you do?'

'Why, I have a friend,' said Mr. Levison, 'who I know has got three hundred pound at his bankers, and he might lend it us; but we shall have to pay for it.'

'I suppose so,' said Ferdinand. 'Well, three hundred.'

'I have not got a shilling myself,' said Mr. Levison. 'Young Touchemup left us in the lurch yesterday for 750*l.*, so help me, and never gave us no notice. Now, you are a gentleman, Captin; you never pay, but you always give us notice.'

Ferdinand could not help smiling at Mr. Levison's idea of a gentleman.

'Well, what else can you do?'

'Why, there is two hundred coming in to-morrow,' said Mr. Levison; 'I can depend on that.'

'Well, that is five.'

'And you want fifteen hundred,' said Mr. Levison. 'Well, me and my pardner always like to sarve you, and it is very awkward certainly for you to want money at this moment. But if you want to buy jewels, I can get you any credit you like, you know.'

'We will talk of that by and by,' said Ferdinand.

'Fifteen hundred pound!' ejaculated Mr. Levison. 'Well, I suppose we must make it 700*l.* somehow or other, and you must take the rest in coals.'

'Oh, by Jove, Levison, that is too bad.'

'I don't see no other way,' said Mr. Levison, rather doggedly.

'But, damn it, my good fellow, my dear Levison, what the deuce am I to do with 800*l.* worth of coals?'

'Lord! My dear Captin, 800*l.* worth of coals is a mere nothink. With your connection, you will get rid of them in a morning. All you have got to do, you know, is to give your friends an order on us, and we will let you have cash at a little discount.'

'Then you can let me have the cash now at a little discount, or even a great; I cannot get rid of 800*l.* worth of coals.'

'Why, 'tayn't four hundred chaldron, Captin,' rejoined Mr. Levison. 'Three or four friends would do the thing. Why, Baron Squash takes ten thousand chaldron of us every year; but he has such a knack, he gits the Clubs to take them.'

'Baron Squash, indeed! Do you know whom you are talking to, Mr. Levison? Do you think that I am going to turn into a coal merchant? your working partner, by Jove! No, sir; give me the 700*l.*, without the coals, and charge what interest you please.'

'We could not do it, Captin. 'Tayn't our way.'

'I ask you once more, Mr. Levison, will you let me have the money, or will you not?'

'Now, Captin, don't be so high and mighty! 'Tayn't the way to do business. Me and my pardner wish to sarve you; we does indeed. And if a hundred pound will be of any use to you, you shall have it on your acceptance; and we won't be curious about any name that draws; we won't indeed.'

'Well, Mr. Levison,' said Ferdinand, rising, 'I see we can do nothing to-day. The hundred pounds would be of no use to me. I will think over your proposition. Good morning to you.'

'Ah, do!' said Mr. Levison, bowing and opening the door, 'do, Captin; we wish to sarve you, we does indeed. See how we behave about that arrears. Think of the coals; now do. Now for a bargin; come! Come, Captin, I dare say now you could get us the business of the Junior Sarvice Club; and then you shall have the seven hundred on your acceptance for three months, at two shillings in the pound; come!'

CHAPTER XI.

In Which Captain Armine Unexpectedly Resumes His Acquaintance with Lord Catchimwhocan, Who Introduces Him to Mr. Bond Sharpe.

FERDINAND quitted his kind friend Mr. Levison in no very amiable mood; but just as he was leaving the house, a cabriolet, beautifully painted, of a brilliant green colour picked out with a somewhat cream-coloured white, and drawn by a showy Holstein horse of tawny tint, with a flowing and milk-white tail and mane, and caparisoned in harness almost as precious as Mr. Levison's sideboard, dashed up to the door.

'Armine, by Jove!' exclaimed the driver, with great cordiality.

'Ah! Catch, is it you?' said Ferdinand.

'What! have you been here?' said Lord Catchimwhocan. 'At the old work, eh? Is "me and my pardner" troublesome? for your countenance is not very radiant.'

'By Jove, old fellow!' said Ferdinand, in a depressed tone, 'I am in a scrape, and also in a rage. Nothing is to be done here.'

'Never mind,' said his lordship; 'keep up your spirits, jump into my cab, and we will see how we can carry on the war. I am only going to speak one word to "me and my pardner."'

So saying, his lordship skipped into the house as gay as a lark, although he had a bill for a good round sum about to be dishonoured in the course of a few hours.

'Well, my dear Armine,' he resumed, when he reappeared and took the reins; 'now as I drive along, tell me all about it; for if there be a man in the world whom I should like to "sarve," it is thyself, my noble Ferdinand.'

With this encouragement, Captain Armine was not long in pouring his cares into a congenial bosom.

'I know the man to "sarve" you,' said Catchimwhocan. 'The fact is, these fellows here are regular old-fashioned humbugs. The only idea they have is money, money. They have no enlightened notions. I will introduce you to a regular trump; and if he does not do our business, I am much mistaken. Courage, old fellow! How do you like this start?'

'Deuced neat. By-the-bye, Catch, my boy, you are going it rather, I see.'

'To be sure. I have always told you there is a certain system in affairs which ever prevents men being floored. No fellow is ever dished who has any connection. What man that ever had his run was really ever fairly put *hors de combat,* unless he was some one who ought never to have entered the arena, blazing away without any set, making himself a damned fool and everybody his enemy. So long as a man bustles about and is in a good set, something

always turns up. I got into Parliament, you see; and you, you are going to be married.'

All this time the cabriolet was dashing down Regent-street, twisting through the Quadrant, whirling along Pall Mall, until it finally entered Cleveland-row, and stopped before a newly painted, newly pointed, and exceedingly compact mansion, the long brass knocker of whose dark green door sounded beneath the practised touch of his lordship's tiger. Even the tawny Holstein horse, with the white flowing mane, seemed conscious of the locality, and stopped before the accustomed resting-place in the most natural manner imaginable. A tall serving-man, well-powdered, and in a dark and well-appointed livery, immediately appeared.

'At home?' enquired Lord Catchimwhocan, with a peculiarly confidential expression.

'To you, my lord,' responded the attendant.

'Jump out, Armine,' said his lordship; and they entered the house.

'Alone?' said his lordship.

'Not alone,' said the servant, ushering the friends into the dining-room, 'but he shall have your lordship's card immediately. There are several gentlemen waiting in the third drawing-room; so I have shown your lordship in here, and shall take care that he sees your lordship before anyone.'

'That's a devilish good fellow,' said Lord Catchimwhocan, putting his hand into his waistcoat pocket to give him a sovereign; but not finding one, he added, 'I shall remember you.'

The dining-room into which they were shown was at the back of the house, and looked into agreeable gardens. The apartment was in some little confusion

at this moment, for their host gave a dinner to-day, and his dinners were famous. The table was arranged for eight guests; its appointments indicated refined taste. A candelabrum of Dresden china was the centre piece; there was a whole service of the same material, even to the handles of the knives and forks; and the choice variety of glass attracted Ferdinand's notice. The room was lofty and spacious; it was simply and soberly furnished; not an object which could distract the taste or disturb the digestion. But the sideboard, which filled a recess at the end of the apartment, presented a crowded group of gold plate that might have become a palace; magnificent shields, tall vases, ancient tankards, goblets of carved ivory set in precious metal, and cups of old ruby glass mounted on pedestals, glittering with gems. This accidental display certainly offered an amusing contrast to the perpetual splendour of Mr. Levison's buffet; and Ferdinand was wondering whether it would turn out that there was as marked a difference between the two owners, when his companion and himself were summoned to the presence of Mr. Bond Sharpe.

They ascended a staircase perfumed with flowers, and on each landing-place was a classic tripod or pedestal crowned with a bust. And then they were ushered into a drawing-room of Parisian elegance; buhl cabinets, marqueterie tables, hangings of the choicest damask suspended from burnished cornices of old carving. The chairs had been rifled from a Venetian palace; the couches were part of the spoils of the French revolution. There were glass screens in golden frames, and a clock that represented the death of Hector, the chariot wheel of Achilles con-

veniently telling the hour. A round table of mosaic, mounted on a golden pedestal, was nearly covered with papers; and from an easy-chair, supported by air cushions, half rose to welcome them Mr. Bond Sharpe. He was a man not many years the senior of Captain Armine and his friend; of elegant appearance, pale, pensive, and prepossessing. Deep thought was impressed upon his clear and protruding brow, and the expression of his grey sunken eyes, which were delicately arched, was singularly searching. His figure was slight but compact. His dress was plain, but a model in its fashion. He was habited entirely in black, and his only ornament were his studs, which were turquoise and of great size: but there never were such boots, so brilliant and so small!

He welcomed Lord Catchimwhocan in a voice scarcely above a whisper, and received Captain Armine in a manner alike graceful and dignified.

'My dear Sharpe,' said his lordship, 'I am going to introduce to you my most particular friend, and an old brother officer. This is Captain Armine, the only son of Sir Ratcliffe, and the heir of Armine Castle. He is going to be married very soon to his cousin, Miss Grandison, the greatest heiress in England.'

'Hush, hush,' said Ferdinand, shrinking under this false representation, and Mr. Sharpe with considerate delicacy endeavoured to check his lordship.

'Well, never mind, I will say nothing about that,' continued Lord Catchimwhocan. 'The long and the short of it is this, that my friend Armine is hard up, and we must carry on the war till we get into winter quarters. You are just the man for him, and by Jove, my dear Sharpe, if you wish sensibly to oblige

me, who I am sure am one of your warmest friends, you will do everything for Armine that human energy can possibly effect.'

'What is the present difficulty that you have?' enquired Mr. Sharpe of our hero, in a calm whisper.

'Why, the present difficulty that he has,' said Lord Catchimwhocan, 'is that he wants 1,500*l.*'

'I suppose you have raised money, Captain Armine?' said Mr. Sharpe.

'In every way,' said Captain Armine.

'Of course,' said Mr. Sharpe, 'at your time of life one naturally does. And I suppose you are bothered for this 1,500*l.*'

'I am threatened with immediate arrest, and arrest in execution.'

'Who is the party?'

'Why, I fear an unmanageable one, even by you. It is a house at Malta.'

'Mr. Bolus, I suppose?'

'Exactly.'

'I thought so.'

'Well, what can be done?' said Lord Catchimwhocan.

'Oh! there is no difficulty,' said Mr. Sharpe quietly. 'Captain Armine can have any money he likes.'

'I shall be happy,' said Captain Armine, 'to pay any consideration you think fit.'

'Oh! my dear sir, I cannot think of that. Money is a drug now. I shall be happy to accommodate you without giving you any trouble. You can have the 1,500*l.*, if you please, this moment.'

'Really, you are very generous,' said Ferdinand, much surprised, 'but I feel I am not entitled to such favours. What security can I give you?'

'I lend the money to you. I want no security. You can repay me when you like. Give me your note of hand.' So saying, Mr. Sharpe opened a drawer, and taking out his cheque-book drew a draft for the 1,500*l.* 'I believe I have a stamp in the house,' he continued, looking about. 'Yes, here is one. If you will fill this up, Captain Armine, the affair may be concluded at once.'

'Upon my honour, Mr. Sharpe,' said Ferdinand, very confused, 'I do not like to appear insensible to this extraordinary kindness, but really I came here by the merest accident, and without any intention of soliciting or receiving such favours. And my kind friend here has given you much too glowing an account of my resources. It is very probable I shall occasion you great inconvenience.'

'Really, Captain Armine,' said Mr. Sharpe with a slight smile, 'if we were talking of a sum of any importance, why, one might be a little more punctilious, but for such a bagatelle we have already wasted too much time in its discussion. I am happy to serve you.'

Ferdinand stared, remembering Mr. Levison and the coals. Mr. Sharpe himself drew up the note, and presented it to Ferdinand, who signed it and pocketed the draft.

'I have several gentlemen waiting,' said Mr. Bond Sharpe; 'I am sorry I cannot take this opportunity of cultivating your acquaintance, Captain Armine, but I should esteem it a great honour if you would dine with me to-day. Your friend Lord Catchimwhocan favours me with his company, and you might meet a person or two who would amuse you.'

'I really shall be very happy,' said Ferdinand.

And Mr. Bond Sharpe again slightly rose and bowed them out of the room.

'Well, is not he a trump?' said Lord Catchimwhocan, when they were once more in the cab.

'I am so astonished,' said Ferdinand, 'that I cannot speak. Who in the name of fortune is this great man?'

'A genius,' said Lord Catchimwhocan. 'Don't you think he is a deuced good-looking fellow?'

'The best-looking fellow I ever saw,' said the grateful Ferdinand.

'And capital manners?'

'Most distinguished.'

'Neatest dressed man in town!'

'Exquisite taste!'

'What a house!'

'Capital!'

'Did you ever see such furniture? It beats your rooms at Malta.'

'I never saw anything more complete in my life.'

'What plate!'

'Miraculous!'

'And, believe me, we shall have the best dinner in town.'

'Well, he has given me an appetite,' said Ferdinand. 'But who is he?'

'Why, by business he is what is called a conveyancer; that is to say, he is a lawyer by inspiration.'

'He is a wonderful man,' said Ferdinand. 'He must be very rich.'

'Yes; Sharpe must be worth his quarter of a million. And he has made it in such a deuced short time!'

'Why, he is not much older than we are!'

'Ten years ago that man was a prizefighter,' said Lord Catchimwhocan.

'A prizefighter!' exclaimed Ferdinand.

'Yes; and licked everybody. But he was too great a genius for the ring, and took to the turf.'

'Ah!'

'Then he set up a hell.'

'Hum!'

'And then he turned it into a subscription-house.'

'Hoh!'

'He keeps his hell still, but it works itself now. In the mean time he is the first usurer in the world, and will be in the next Parliament.'

'But if he lends money on the terms he accommodates me, he will hardly increase his fortune.'

'Oh! he can do the thing when he likes. He took a fancy to you. The fact is, my dear fellow, Sharpe is very rich and wants to get into society. He likes to oblige young men of distinction, and can afford to risk a few thousands now and then. By dining with him to-day you have quite repaid him for his loan. Besides, the fellow has a great soul; and, though born on a dung-hill, nature intended him for a palace, and he has placed himself there.'

'Well, this has been a remarkable morning,' said Ferdinand Armine, as Lord Catchimwhocan set him down at his club. 'I am very much obliged to you, dear Catch!'

'Not a word, my dear fellow. You have helped me before this, and glad am I to be the means of assisting the best fellow in the world, and that we all think you. *Au revoir!* We dine at eight.'

CHAPTER XII.

Miss Grandison Makes a Remarkable Discovery.

IN THE mean time, while the gloomy morning which Ferdinand had anticipated terminated with so agreeable an adventure, Henrietta and Miss Grandison, accompanied by Lord Montfort and Glastonbury, paid their promised visit to the British Museum.

'I am sorry that Captain Armine could not accompany us,' said Lord Montfort. 'I sent to him this morning early, but he was already out.'

'He has many affairs to attend to,' said Glastonbury.

Miss Temple looked grave; she thought of poor Ferdinand and all his cares. She knew well what were those affairs to which Glastonbury alluded. The thought that perhaps at this moment he was struggling with rapacious creditors made her melancholy. The novelty and strangeness of the objects which awaited her, diverted, however, her mind from these painful reflections. Miss Grandison, who had never quitted England, was delighted with everything she saw; but the Egyptian gallery principally attracted the

attention of Miss Temple. Lord Montfort, regardful of his promise to Henrietta, was very attentive to Miss Grandison.

'I cannot help regretting that your cousin is not here,' said his lordship, returning to a key that he had already touched. But Katherine made no answer.

'He seemed so much better for the exertion he made yesterday,' resumed Lord Montfort. 'I think it would do him good to be more with us.'

'He seems to like to be alone,' said Katherine.

'I wonder at that,' said Lord Montfort; 'I cannot conceive a happier life than we all lead.'

'You have cause to be happy, and Ferdinand has not,' said Miss Grandison, calmly.

'I should have thought that he had very great cause,' said Lord Montfort, enquiringly.

'No person in the world is so unhappy as Ferdinand,' said Katherine.

'But cannot we cure his unhappiness?' said his lordship. 'We are his friends; it seems to me, with such friends as Miss Grandison and Miss Temple one ought never to be unhappy.'

'Miss Temple can scarcely be called a friend of Ferdinand,' said Katherine.

'Indeed, a very warm one, I assure you.'

'Ah, that is your influence.'

'Nay, it is her own impulse.'

'But she only met him yesterday for the first time.'

'I assure you Miss Temple is an older friend of Captain Armine than I am,' said his lordship.

'Indeed!' said Miss Grandison, with an air of considerable astonishment.

'You know they were neighbours in the country.'

'In the country!' repeated Miss Grandison.

'Yes; Mr. Temple, you know, resided not far from Armine.'

'Not far from Armine!' still repeated Miss Grandison.

'Digby,' said Miss Temple, turning to him at this moment, 'tell Mr. Glastonbury about your sphinx at Rome. It was granite, was it not?'

'And most delicately carved. I never remember having observed an expression of such beautiful serenity. The discovery that, after all, they are male countenances is quite mortifying. I loved their mysterious beauty.'

What Lord Montfort had mentioned of the previous acquaintance of Henrietta and her cousin made Miss Grandison muse. Miss Temple's address to Ferdinand yesterday had struck her at the moment as somewhat singular; but the impression had not dwelt upon her mind. But now it occurred to her as very strange, that Henrietta should have become so intimate with the Armine family and herself, and never have mentioned that she was previously acquainted with their nearest relative. Lady Armine was not acquainted with Miss Temple until they met at Bellair House. That was certain. Miss Grandison had witnessed their mutual introduction. Nor Sir Ratcliffe. And yet Henrietta and Ferdinand were friends, warm friends, old friends, intimately acquainted: so said Lord Montfort, and Lord Montfort never coloured, never exaggerated. All this was very mysterious. And if they were friends, old friends, warm friends, and Lord Montfort said they were, and, therefore, there could be no doubt of the truth of the statement, their recognition of each other yesterday was singularly frigid.

It was not indicative of a very intimate acquaintance. Katherine had ascribed it to the natural disrelish of Ferdinand now to be introduced to anyone. And yet they were friends, old friends, warm friends. Henrietta Temple and Ferdinand Armine! Miss Grandison was so perplexed that she scarcely looked at another object in the galleries.

The ladies were rather tired when they returned from the Museum. Lord Montfort walked to the Travellers, and Henrietta agreed to remain and dine in Brook-street. Katherine and herself retired to Miss Grandison's boudoir, a pretty chamber, where they were sure of being alone. Henrietta threw herself upon a sofa, and took up the last new novel; Miss Grandison seated herself on an ottoman by her side, and worked at a purse which she was making for Mr. Temple.

'Do you like that book?' said Katherine.

'I like the lively parts, but not the serious ones,' replied Miss Temple; 'the author has observed but he has not felt.'

'It is satirical,' said Miss Grandison; 'I wonder why all this class of writers aim now at the sarcastic. I do not find life the constant sneer they make it.'

'It is because they do not understand life,' said Henrietta, 'but have some little experience of society. Therefore their works give a perverted impression of human conduct; for they accept as a principal, that which is only an insignificant accessory; and they make existence a succession of frivolities, when even the career of the most frivolous has its profounder moments.'

'How vivid is the writer's description of a ball or a dinner,' said Miss Grandison; 'everything lives and

moves. And yet, when the hero makes love, nothing can be more unnatural. His feelings are neither deep, nor ardent, nor tender. All is stilted, and yet ludicrous.'

'I do not despise the talent which describes so vividly a dinner and a ball,' said Miss Temple. 'As far as it goes it is very amusing, but it should be combined with higher materials. In a fine novel, manners should be observed, and morals should be sustained; we require thought and passion, as well as costume and the lively representation of conventional arrangements; and the thought and passion will be the better for these accessories, for they will be relieved in the novel as they are relieved in life, and the whole will be more true.'

'But have you read that love scene, Henrietta? It appeared to me so ridiculous!'

'I never read love scenes,' said Henrietta Temple.

'Oh, I love a love story,' said Miss Grandison, smiling, 'if it be natural and tender, and touch my heart. When I read such scenes, I weep.'

'Ah, my sweet Katherine, you are soft-hearted.'

'And you, Henrietta, what are you?'

'Hard-hearted. The most callous of mortals.'

'Oh, what would Lord Montfort say?'

'Lord Montfort knows it. We never have love scenes.'

'And yet you love him?'

'Dearly; I love and esteem him.'

'Well,' said Miss Grandison, 'I may be wrong, but if I were a man I do not think I should like the lady of my love to esteem me.'

'And yet esteem is the only genuine basis of happiness, believe me, Kate. Love is a dream.'

'And how do you know, dear Henrietta?'

'All writers agree it is.'

'The writers you were just ridiculing?'

'A fair retort; and yet, though your words are the more witty, believe me, mine are the more wise.'

'I wish my cousin would wake from his dream,' said Katherine. 'To tell you a secret, love is the cause of his unhappiness. Don't move, dear Henrietta,' added Miss Grandison; 'we are so happy here;' for Miss Temple, in truth, seemed not a little discomposed.

'You should marry your cousin,' said Miss Temple.

'You little know Ferdinand or myself, when you give that advice,' said Katherine. 'We shall never marry; nothing is more certain than that. In the first place, to be frank, Ferdinand would not marry me, nothing would induce him; and in the second place, I would not marry him, nothing would induce me.'

'Why not?' said Henrietta, in a low tone, holding her book very near to her face.

'Because I am sure that we should not be happy,' said Miss Grandison. 'I love Ferdinand, and once could have married him. He is so brilliant that I could not refuse his proposal. And yet I feel it is better for me that we have not married, and I hope it may yet prove better for him, for I love him very dearly. He is indeed my brother.'

'But why should you not be happy?' enquired Miss Temple.

'Because we are not suited to each other. Ferdinand must marry some one whom he looks up to, somebody brilliant like himself, some one who can sympathise with all his fancies. I am too calm and quiet for him. You would suit him much better, Henrietta.'

'You are his cousin; it is a misfortune; if you were not, he would adore you, and you would sympathise with him.'

'I think not: I should like to marry a very clever man,' said Katherine. 'I could not endure marrying a fool, or a commonplace person; I should like to marry a person very superior in talent to myself, some one whose opinion would guide me on all points, one from whom I could not differ. But not Ferdinand; he is too imaginative, too impetuous; he would neither guide me, nor be guided by me.'

Miss Temple did not reply, but turned over a page of her book.

'Did you know Ferdinand before you met him yesterday at our house?' enquired Miss Grandison, very innocently.

'Yes!' said Miss Temple.

'I thought you did,' said Miss Grandison, 'I thought there was something in your manner that indicated you had met before. I do not think you knew my aunt before you met her at Bellair House?'

'I did not.'

'Nor Sir Ratcliffe?'

'Nor Sir Ratcliffe.'

'But you did know Mr. Glastonbury?'

'I did know Mr. Glastonbury.'

'How very odd!' said Miss Grandison.

'What is odd?' enquired Henrietta.

'That you should have known Ferdinand before.'

'Not at all odd. He came over one day to shoot at papa's. I remember him very well.'

'Oh,' said Miss Grandison. 'And did Mr. Glastonbury come over to shoot?'

'I met Mr. Glastonbury one morning that I went to see the picture gallery at Armine. It is the only time I ever saw him.'

'Oh!' said Miss Grandison again, 'Armine is a beautiful place, is it not?'

'Most interesting.'

'You know the pleasaunce.'

'Yes.'

'I did not see you when I was at Armine.'

'No; we had just gone to Italy.'

'How beautiful you look to-day, Henrietta!' said Miss Grandison. 'Who could believe that you ever were so ill!'

'I am grateful that I have recovered,' said Henrietta. 'And yet I never thought that I should return to England.'

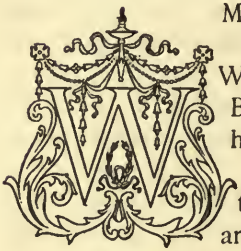
'You must have been so very ill in Italy, about the same time as poor Ferdinand was at Armine. Only think, how odd you should both have been so ill about the same time, and now that we should all be so intimate!'

Miss Temple looked perplexed and annoyed. 'Is it so odd?' she at length said in a low tone.

'Henrietta Temple,' said Miss Grandison, with great earnestness, 'I have discovered a secret; you are the lady with whom my cousin is in love.'

CHAPTER XIII.

In Which Ferdinand Has the Honour of Dining with Mr. Bond Sharpe.



WHEN Ferdinand arrived at Mr. Bond Sharpe's he was welcomed by his host in a magnificent suite of saloons, and introduced to two of the guests who had previously arrived. The first was a stout man, past middle age, whose epicurean countenance twinkled with humour. This was Lord Castlefyshe, an Irish peer of great celebrity in the world of luxury and play, keen at a bet, still keener at a dinner. Nobody exactly knew who the other gentleman, Mr. Blandford, really was, but he had the reputation of being enormously rich, and was proportionately respected. He had been about town for the last twenty years, and did not look a day older than at his first appearance. He never spoke of his family, was unmarried, and apparently had no relations; but he had contrived to identify himself with the first men in London, was a member of every club of great repute, and of late years had even become a sort of authority; which was strange, for he had no pretension, was very quiet, and but humbly ambitious; seeking, indeed,

no happier success than to merge in the brilliant crowd, an accepted atom of the influential aggregate. As he was not remarkable for his talents or his person, and as his establishment, though well appointed, offered no singular splendour, it was rather strange that a gentleman who had apparently dropped from the clouds,or crept out of a kennel, should have succeeded in planting himself so vigorously in a soil which shrinks from anything not indigenous, unless it be recommended by very powerful qualities. But Mr. Blandford was good-tempered, and was now easy and experienced, and there was a vague tradition that he was immensely rich, a rumour which Mr. Blandford always contradicted in a manner which skilfully confirmed its truth.

'Does Mirabel dine with you, Sharpe?' enquired Lord Castlefyshe of his host, who nodded assent.

'You won't wait for him, I hope?' said his lordship. 'By-the-bye, Blandford, you shirked last night.'

'I promised to look in at the poor duke's before he went off,' said Mr. Blandford.

'Oh! he has gone, has he?' said Lord Castlefyshe. 'Does he take his cook with him?'

But here the servant ushered in Count Alcibiades de Mirabel, Charles Doricourt, and Mr. Bevil.

'Excellent Sharpe, how do you do?' exclaimed the Count. 'Castlefyshe, what *bêtises* have you been talking to Crocky about Felix Winchester? Good Blandford, excellent Blandford, how is my good Blandford?'

Mr. Bevil was a tall and handsome young man, of a great family and great estate, who passed his life in an imitation of Count Alcibiades de Mirabel. He was always dressed by the same tailor, and it was

his pride that his cab or his *vis-à-vis* was constantly mistaken for the equipage of his model; and really now, as the shade stood beside its substance, quite as tall, almost as good-looking, with the satin-lined coat thrown open with the same style of flowing grandeur, and revealing a breastplate of starched cambric scarcely less broad and brilliant, the uninitiated might have held the resemblance as perfect. The wristbands were turned up with not less compact precision, and were fastened by jewelled studs that glittered with not less radiancy. The satin waistcoat, the creaseless hosen, were the same; and if the foot were not quite as small, its Parisian polish was not less bright. But here, unfortunately, Mr. Bevil's mimetic powers deserted him.

We start, for soul is wanting there!

The Count Mirabel could talk at all times, and at all times well; Mr. Bevil never opened his mouth. Practised in the world, the Count Mirabel was nevertheless the child of impulse, though a native grace, and an intuitive knowledge of mankind, made every word pleasing and every act appropriate; Mr. Bevil was all art, and he had not the talent to conceal it. The Count Mirabel was gay, careless, generous; Mr. Bevil was solemn, calculating, and rather a screw. It seemed that the Count Mirabel's feelings grew daily more fresh, and his faculty of enjoyment more keen and relishing; it seemed that Mr. Bevil could never have been a child, but that he must have issued to the world ready equipped, like Minerva, with a cane instead of a lance, and a fancy hat instead of a helmet. His essence of high breeding was never to

be astonished, and he never permitted himself to smile, except in the society of intimate friends.

Charles Doricourt was another friend of the Count Mirabel, but not his imitator. His feelings were really worn, but it was a fact he always concealed. He had entered life at a remarkably early age, and had experienced every scrape to which youthful flesh is heir. Any other man but Charles Doricourt must have sunk beneath these accumulated disasters, but Charles Doricourt always swam. Nature had given him an intrepid soul; experience had cased his heart with iron. But he always smiled; and audacious, cool, and cutting, and very easy, he thoroughly despised mankind, upon whose weaknesses he practised without remorse. But he was polished and amusing, and faithful to his friends. The world admired him, and called him Charley, from which it will be inferred that he was a privileged person, and was applauded for a thousand actions, which in anyone else would have been met with decided reprobation.

'Who is that young man?' enquired the Count Mirabel of Mr. Bond Sharpe, taking his host aside, and pretending to look at a picture.

'He is Captain Armine, the only son of Sir Ratcliffe Armine. He has just returned to England after a long absence.'

'Hum! I like his appearance,' said the Count. 'It is very distinguished.'

Dinner and Lord Catchimwhocan were announced at the same moment; Captain Armine found himself seated next to the Count Mirabel. The dinners at Mr. Bond Sharpe's were dinners which his guests came to eat. Mr. Bond Sharpe had engaged for his club-house the most celebrated of living artists, a

gentleman who, it was said, received a thousand a-year, whose convenience was studied by a chariot, and amusement secured by a box at the French play. There was, therefore, at first little conversation, save criticism on the performances before them, and that chiefly panegyrical; each dish was delicious, each wine exquisite; and yet, even in these occasional remarks, Ferdinand was pleased with the lively fancy of his neighbour, affording an elegant contrast to the somewhat gross unction with which Lord Castlefyshe, whose very soul seemed wrapped up in his occupation, occasionally expressed himself.

'Will you take some wine, Captain Armine?' said the Count Mirabel, with a winning smile. 'You have recently returned here?'

'Very recently,' said Ferdinand.

'And you are glad?'

'As it may be; I hardly know whether to rejoice or not.'

'Then, by all means rejoice,' said the Count; 'for, if you are in doubt, it surely must be best to decide upon being pleased.'

'I think this is the most infernal country there ever was,' said Lord Catchimwhocan.

'My dear Catch!' said the Count Mirabel, 'you think so, do you? You make a mistake, you think no such thing, my dear Catch. Why is it the most infernal? Is it because the women are the handsomest, or because the horses are the best? Is it because it is the only country where you can get a good dinner, or because it is the only country where there are fine wines? Or is it because it is the only place where you can get a coat made, or where you can play without being cheated, or where you can

listen to an opera without your ears being destroyed? Now, my dear Catch, you pass your life in dressing and in playing hazard, in eating good dinners, in drinking good wines, in making love, in going to the opera, and in riding fine horses. Of what, then, have you to complain?'

'Oh! the damned climate!'

'On the contrary, it is the only good climate there is. In England you can go out every day, and at all hours; and then, to those who love variety, like myself, you are not sure of seeing the same sky every morning you rise, which, for my part, I think the greatest of all existing sources of ennui.'

'You reconcile me to my country, Count,' said Ferdinand, smiling.

'Ah! you are a sensible man; but that dear Catch is always repeating nonsense which he hears from somebody else. To-morrow,' he added, in a low voice, 'he will be for the climate.'

The conversation of men, when they congregate together, is generally dedicated to one of two subjects: politics or women. In the present instance the party was not political; and it was the fair sex, and particularly the most charming portion of it, in the good metropolis of England, that were subject to the poignant criticism or the profound speculation of these practical philosophers. There was scarcely a celebrated beauty in London, from the proud peeress to the vain opera-dancer, whose charms and conduct were not submitted to their masterly analysis. And yet it would be but fair to admit that their critical ability was more eminent and satisfactory than their abstract reasoning upon this interesting topic; for it was curious to observe that, though everyone present

piqued himself upon his profound knowledge of the sex, not two of the sages agreed in the constituent principles of female character. One declared that women were governed by their feelings; another maintained that they had no heart; a third propounded that it was all imagination; a fourth that it was all vanity. Lord Castlefyshe muttered something about their passions; and Charley Doricourt declared that they had no passions whatever. But they all agreed in one thing, to wit, that the man who permitted himself a moment's uneasiness about a woman was a fool.

All this time Captain Armine spoke little, but ever to the purpose, and chiefly to the Count Mirabel, who pleased him. Being very handsome, and, moreover, of a distinguished appearance, this silence on the part of Ferdinand made him a general favourite, and even Mr. Bevil whispered his approbation to Lord Catchimwhocan.

'The fact is,' said Charles Doricourt, 'it is only boys and old men who are plagued by women. They take advantage of either state of childhood. Eh! Castlefyshe?'

'In that respect, then, somewhat resembling you, Charley,' replied his lordship, who did not admire the appeal. 'For no one can doubt you plagued your father; I was out of my teens, fortunately, before you played écarté.'

'Come, good old Fyshe,' said Count Mirabel, 'take a glass of claret, and do not look so fierce. You know very well that Charley learned everything of you.'

'He never learned from me to spend a fortune upon an actress,' said his lordship. 'I have spent a fortune, but, thank heaven, it was on myself.'

'Well, as for that,' said the Count, 'I think there is something great in being ruined for one's friends. If I were as rich as I might have been, I would not spend much on myself. My wants are few; a fine house, fine carriages, fine horses, a complete wardrobe, the best opera-box, the first cook, and pocket-money; that is all I require. I have these, and I get on pretty well; but if I had a princely fortune I would make every good fellow I know quite happy.'

'Well,' said Charles Doricourt, 'you are a lucky fellow, Mirabel. I have had horses, houses, carriages, opera-boxes, and cooks, and I have had a great estate; but pocket-money I never could get. Pocket-money was the thing which always cost me the most to buy of all.'

The conversation now fell upon the theatre. Mr. Bond Sharpe was determined to have a theatre. He believed it was reserved for him to revive the drama. Mr. Bond Sharpe piqued himself upon his patronage of the stage. He certainly had a great admiration of actresses. There was something in the management of a great theatre which pleased the somewhat imperial fancy of Mr. Bond Sharpe. The manager of a great theatre is a kind of monarch. Mr. Bond Sharpe longed to seat himself on the throne, with the prettiest women in London for his court, and all his fashionable friends rallying round their sovereign. He had an impression that great results might be obtained with his organising energy and illimitable capital. Mr. Bond Sharpe had unbounded confidence in the power of capital. Capital was his deity. He was confident that it could always produce alike genius and triumph. Mr. Bond Sharpe was right: capital is a wonderful thing, but we are scarcely aware of this

fact until we are past thirty; and then, by some singular process, which we will not now stop to analyse, one's capital is in general sensibly diminished. As men advance in life, all passions resolve themselves into money. Love, ambition, even poetry, end in this.

'Are you going to Shropshire's this autumn, Charley?' said Lord Catchimwhocan.

'Yes, I shall go.'

'I don't think I shall,' said his lordship; 'it is such a bore.'

'It is rather a bore; but he is a good fellow.'

'I shall go,' said Count Mirabel.

'You are not afraid of being bored,' said Ferdinand, smiling.

'Between ourselves, I do not understand what this being bored is,' said the Count. 'He who is bored appears to me a bore. To be bored supposes the inability of being amused; you must be a dull fellow. Wherever I may be, I thank heaven that I am always diverted.'

'But you have such nerves, Mirabel,' said Lord Catchimwhocan. 'By Jove! I envy you. You are never floored.'

'Floored! what an idea! What should floor me? I live to amuse myself, and I do nothing that does not amuse me. Why should I be floored?'

'Why, I do not know; but every other man is floored now and then. As for me, my spirits are sometimes something dreadful.'

'When you have been losing.'

'Well, we cannot always win. Can we, Sharpe? That would not do. But, by Jove! you are always in good humour, Mirabel, when you lose.'

'Fancy a man ever being in low spirits,' said the Count Mirabel. 'Life is too short for such *bêtises*. The most unfortunate wretch alive calculates unconsciously that it is better to live than to die. Well, then, he has something in his favour. Existence is a pleasure, and the greatest. The world cannot rob us of that; and if it is better to live than to die, it is better to live in a good humour than a bad one. If a man be convinced that existence is the greatest pleasure, his happiness may be increased by good fortune, but it will be essentially independent of it. He who feels that the greatest source of pleasure always remains to him ought never to be miserable. The sun shines on all: every man can go to sleep: if you cannot ride a fine horse, it is something to look upon one; if you have not a fine dinner, there is some amusement in a crust of bread and Gruyère. Feel slightly, think little, never plan, never brood. Everything depends upon the circulation; take care of it. Take the world as you find it; enjoy everything. *Vive la bagatelle!*'

Here the gentlemen rose, took their coffee, and ordered their carriages.

'Come with us,' said Count Mirabel to Ferdinand.

Our hero accepted the offer of his agreeable acquaintance. There was a great prancing and rushing of cabs and *vis-à-vis* at Mr. Bond Sharpe's door, and in a few minutes the whole party were dashing up St. James'-street, where they stopped before a splendid building, resplendent with lights and illuminated curtains.

'Come, we will make you an honorary member, *mon cher* Captain Armine,' said the Count; 'and do not say *Lasciate ogni speranza* when you enter here.'

They ascended a magnificent staircase, and entered a sumptuous and crowded saloon, in which the entrance of Count Mirabel and his friends made no little sensation. Mr. Bond Sharpe glided along, dropping oracular sentences, without condescending to stop to speak to those whom he addressed. Charley Doricourt and Mr. Blandford walked away together, towards a further apartment. Lord Castlefyshe and Lord Catchimwhocan were soon busied with écarté.

'Well, Faneville, good general, how do you do?' said Count Mirabel. 'Where have you dined to-day? at the Balcombes'? You are a very brave man, mon general! Ah! Stock, good Stock, excellent Stock!' he continued, addressing Mr. Million de Stockville, 'that Burgundy you sent me is capital. How are you, my dear fellow? Quite well? Fitzwarrene, I did that for you: your business is all right. Ah! my good Massey, *mon cher, mon brave,* Anderson will let you have that horse. And what is doing here? Is there any fun? Fitzwarrene, let me introduce you to my friend Captain Armine:' (in a lower tone) 'excellent *garçon!* You will like him very much. We have been all dining at Bond's.'

'A good dinner?'

'Of course a good dinner. I should like to see a man who would give me a bad dinner: that would be a *bêtise,*—to ask me to dine, and then give me a bad dinner.'

'I say, Mirabel,' exclaimed a young man, 'have you seen Horace Poppington about the match?'

'It is arranged; 'tis the day after to-morrow, at nine o'clock.'

'Well, I bet on you, you know.'

'Of course you bet on me. Would you think of

betting on that good Pop, with that gun? Pah! *Eh! bien!* I shall go in the next room.' And the Count walked away, followed by Mr. Bevil.

Ferdinand remained talking for some time with Lord Fitzwarrene. By degrees the great saloon had become somewhat thinner: some had stolen away to the House, where a division was expected; quiet men, who just looked in after dinner, had retired; and the play-men were engaged in the contiguous apartments. Mr. Bond Sharpe approached Ferdinand, and Lord Fitzwarrene took this opportunity of withdrawing.

'I believe you never play, Captain Armine,' said Mr. Bond Sharpe.

'Never,' said Ferdinand.

'You are quite right.'

'I am rather surprised at your being of that opinion,' said Ferdinand, with a smile.

Mr. Bond Sharpe shrugged his shoulders. 'There will always be votaries enough,' said Mr. Bond Sharpe, 'whatever may be my opinion.'

'This is a magnificent establishment of yours,' said Ferdinand.

'Yes; it is a very magnificent establishment. I have spared no expense to produce the most perfect thing of the kind in Europe; and it is the most perfect thing of the kind. I am confident that no noble in any country has an establishment better appointed. I despatched an agent to the Continent to procure this furniture: his commission had no limit, and he was absent two years. My cook was with Charles X.; the cellar is the most choice and considerable that was ever collected. I take a pride in the thing, but I lose money by it.'

'Indeed!'

'I have made a fortune; there is no doubt of that; but I did not make it here.'

'It is a great thing to make a fortune,' said Ferdinand.

'Very great,' said Mr. Bond Sharpe. 'There is only one thing greater, and that is, to keep it when made.'

Ferdinand smiled.

'Many men make fortunes; few can keep them, said Mr. Bond Sharpe. 'Money is power, and rare are the heads that can withstand the possession of great power.'

'At any rate, it is to be hoped that you have discovered this more important secret,' said Ferdinand; 'though I confess to judge from my own experience, I should fear that you are too generous.'

'I had forgotten that to which you allude,' said his companion, quietly. 'But with regard to myself, whatever may be my end, I have not yet reached my acme.'

'You have at least my good wishes,' said Ferdinand.

'I may some day claim them,' said Mr. Bond Sharpe. 'My position,' he continued, 'is difficult. I have risen by pursuits which the world does not consider reputable, yet if I had not had recourse to them, I should be less than nothing. My mind, I think, is equal to my fortune; I am still young, and I would now avail myself of my power and establish myself in the land, a recognised member of society. But this cannot be. Society shrinks from an obscure foundling, a prizefighter, a leg, a hell-keeper, and an usurer. Debarred therefore from a fair theatre for my

energy and capital, I am forced to occupy, perhaps exhaust, myself in multiplied speculations. Hitherto they have flourished, and perhaps my theatre, or my newspaper, may be as profitable as my stud. But I would gladly emancipate myself. These efforts seem to me, as it were, unnecessary and unnatural. The great object has been gained. It is a tempting of fate. I have sometimes thought myself the Napoleon of the sporting world; I may yet find my St. Helena.'

'Forewarned, forearmed, Mr. Sharpe.'

'I move in a magic circle: it is difficult to extricate myself from it. Now, for instance, there is not a man in the room who is not my slave. You see how they treat me. They place me upon an equality with them. They know my weakness; they fool me to the top of my bent. And yet there is not a man in that room who, if I were to break to-morrow, would walk down St. James'-street to serve me. Yes! there is one; there is the Count. He has a great and generous soul. I believe Count Mirabel sympathises with my situation. I believe he does not think, because a man has risen from an origin the most ignoble and obscure to a powerful position, by great courage and dexterity, and let me add also, by some profound thought, by struggling too, be it remembered, with a class of society as little scrupulous, though not so skilful as himself, that he is necessarily an infamous character. What if, at eighteen years of age, without a friend in the world, trusting to the powerful frame and intrepid spirit with which Nature had endowed me, I flung myself into the ring? Who should be a gladiator if I were not? Is that a crime? What if, at a later period, with a brain for calculation which none can rival, I invariably succeeded in that in which

the greatest men in the country fail! Am I to be branded because I have made half a million by a good book? What if I have kept a gambling-house? From the back parlour of an oyster-shop my hazard table has been removed to this palace. Had the play been foul, this metamorphosis would never have occurred. It is true I am an usurer. My dear sir, if all the usurers in this great metropolis could only pass in procession before you at this moment, how you would start! You might find some Right Honourables among them; many a great functionary, many a grave magistrate; fathers of families, the very models of respectable characters, patrons and presidents of charitable institutions, and subscribers for the suppression of those very gaming-houses whose victims, in nine cases out of ten, are their principal customers. I speak not in bitterness. On the whole, I must not complain of the world, but I have seen a great deal of mankind, and more than most, of what is considered its worst portion. The world, Captain Armine, believe me, is neither so bad nor so good as some are apt to suppose. And after all,' said Mr. Bond Sharpe, shrugging up his shoulders, 'perhaps we ought to say with our friend the Count, *Vive la bagatelle!* Will you take some supper?'

CHAPTER XIV.

Miss Grandison Piques the Curiosity of Lord Montfort, and Count Mirabel Drives Ferdinand Down to Richmond, Which Drive Ends in an Agreeable Adventure and an Unexpected Confidence.

THE discovery that Henrietta Temple was the secret object of Ferdinand's unhappy passion, was a secret which Miss Grandison prized like a true woman. Not only had she made this discovery, but from her previous knowledge and her observation during her late interview with Miss Temple, Katherine was persuaded that Henrietta must still love her cousin as before. Miss Grandison was attached to Henrietta; she was interested in her cousin's welfare, and devoted to the Armine family. All her thoughts and all her energies were engaged in counteracting, if possible, the consequences of those unhappy misconceptions which had placed them all in this painful position.

It was on the next day that she had promised to accompany the duchess and Henrietta on a water excursion. Lord Montfort was to be their cavalier. In

the morning she found herself alone with his lordship in St. James'-square.

'What a charming day!' said Miss Grandison. 'I anticipate so much pleasure! Who is our party?'

'Ourselves alone,' said Lord Montfort. 'Lady Armine cannot come, and Captain Armine is engaged. I fear you will find it very dull, Miss Grandison.'

'Oh! not at all. By-the-bye, do you know I was surprised yesterday at finding that Ferdinand and Henrietta were such old acquaintances.'

'Were you?' said Lord Montfort, in a peculiar tone.

'It is odd that Ferdinand never will go with us anywhere. I think it is very bad taste.'

'I think so too,' said Lord Montfort.

'I should have thought that Henrietta was the very person he would have admired; that he would have been quite glad to be with us. I can easily understand his being wearied to death with a cousin,' said Miss Grandison; 'but Henrietta,—it is so strange that he should not avail himself of the delight of being with her.'

'Do you really think that such a cousin as Miss Grandison can drive him away?'

'Why, to tell you the truth, dear Lord Montfort, Ferdinand is placed in a very awkward position with me. You are our friend, and so I speak to you in confidence. Sir Ratcliffe and Lady Armine both expect that Ferdinand and myself are going to be married. Now, neither of us has the slightest intention of anything of the sort.'

'Very strange, indeed,' said Lord Montfort. 'The world will be much astonished, more so than myself, for I confess to a latent suspicion on the subject.'

'Yes, I was aware of that,' said Miss Grandison, 'or I should not have spoken with so much frankness. For my own part, I think we are very wise to insist upon having our own way, for an ill-assorted marriage must be a most melancholy business.' Miss Grandison spoke with an air almost of levity, which was rather unusual with her.

'An ill-assorted marriage,' said Lord Montfort. 'And what do you call an ill-assorted marriage, Miss Grandison?'

'Why, many circumstances might constitute such an union,' said Katherine; 'but I think if one of the parties were in love with another person, that would be quite sufficient to ensure a tolerable portion of wretchedness.'

'I think so too,' said Lord Montfort; 'an union, under such circumstances, would be ill-assorted. But Miss Grandison is not in that situation?' he added with a faint smile.

'That is scarcely a fair question,' said Katherine, with gaiety, 'but there is no doubt Ferdinand Armine is.'

'Indeed!'

'Yes; he is in love, desperately in love; that I have long discovered. I wonder with whom it can be!'

'I wonder!' said Lord Montfort.

'Do you?' said Miss Grandison. 'Well, I have sometimes thought that you might have a latent suspicion of that subject, too. I thought you were his confidant.'

'I!' said Lord Montfort; 'I, of all men in the world?'

'And why not you of all men in the world?' said Miss Grandison.

'Our intimacy is so slight,' said Lord Montfort.

'Hum!' said Miss Grandison. 'And now I think of it, it does appear to me very strange how we have all become suddenly such intimate friends. The Armines and your family not previously acquainted: Miss Temple, too, unknown to my aunt and uncle. And yet we never live now out of each other's sight. I am sure I am grateful for it; I am sure it is very agreeable, but still it does appear to me to be very odd. I wonder what the reason can be?'

'It is that you are so charming, Miss Grandison,' said Lord Montfort.

'A compliment from you!'

'Indeed, no compliment, dearest Miss Grandison,' said Lord Montfort, drawing near her. 'Favoured as Miss Temple is in so many respects, in none, in my opinion, is she more fortunate than in the possession of so admirable a friend.'

'Not even in the possession of so admirable a lover, my lord?'

'All must love Miss Temple who are acquainted with her,' said Lord Montfort, seriously.

'Indeed, I think so,' said Katherine, in a more subdued voice. 'I love her; her career fills me with a strange and singular interest. May she be happy, for happiness she indeed deserves!'

'I have no fonder wish than to secure that happiness, Miss Grandison,' said Lord Montfort; 'by any means,' he added.

'She is so interesting!' said Katherine. 'When you first knew her she was very ill?'

'Very.'

'She seems quite recovered.'

'I hope so.'

'Mr. Temple says her spirits are not what they used to be. I wonder what was the matter with her?'

Lord Montfort was silent.

'I cannot bear to see a fine spirit broken,' continued Miss Grandison. 'There was Ferdinand. Oh! if you had but known my cousin before he was unhappy. Oh! that was a spirit! He was the most brilliant being that ever lived. And then I was with him during all his illness. It was so terrible. I almost wish we could have loved each other. It is very strange, he must have been ill at Armine, at the very time Henrietta was ill in Italy. And I was with him in England, while you were solacing her. And now we are all friends. There seems a sort of strange destiny in our lots, does there not?'

'A happy lot that can in any way be connected with Miss Grandison,' said Lord Montfort.

At this moment her Grace and Henrietta entered; the carriage was ready; and in a few minutes they were driving to Whitehall Stairs, where a beautiful boat awaited them.

In the mean time, Ferdinand Armine was revolving the strange occurrences of yesterday. Altogether it was an exciting and satisfactory day. In the first place, he had extricated himself from his most pressing difficulties; in the next, he had been greatly amused; and thirdly, he had made a very interesting acquaintance, for such he esteemed Count Mirabel. Just at the moment when, lounging over a very late breakfast, he was thinking of Bond Sharpe and his great career, and then turning in his mind whether it were possible to follow the gay counsels of his friends of yesterday, and never plague himself about a woman again, the Count Mirabel was announced.

Mon cher Armine,' said the Count, 'you see I kept my promise, and would find you at home.'

The Count stood before him, the best-dressed man in London, fresh and gay as a bird, with not a care on his sparkling visage, and his eye bright with *bonhomie*. And yet Count Mirabel had been the very last to desert the recent mysteries of Mr. Bond Sharpe; and, as usual, the dappled light of dawn had guided him to his luxurious bed, that bed which always afforded him serene slumbers, whatever might be the adventures of the day, or the result of the night's campaign. How the Count Mirabel did laugh at those poor devils who wake only to moralise over their own folly with broken spirits and aching heads! Care he knew nothing about; Time he defied; indisposition he could not comprehend. He had never been ill in his life, even for five minutes.

Ferdinand was really very glad to see him; there was something in Count Mirabel's very presence which put everybody in good spirits. His lightheartedness was caught by all. Melancholy was a farce in the presence of his smile; and there was no possible combination of scrapes that could withstand his kind and brilliant raillery. At the present moment, Ferdinand was in a sufficiently good humour with his destiny, and he kept up the ball with effect; so that nearly an hour passed in amusing conversation.

'You were a stranger among us yesterday,' said Count Mirabel; 'I think you were rather diverted. I saw you did justice to that excellent Bond Sharpe. That shows that you have a mind above prejudice. Do you know he was by far the best man at the table except ourselves?'

Ferdinand smiled.

'It is true, he has a heart and a brain. Old Castlefyshe has neither. As for the rest of our friends, some have hearts without brains, and the rest brains without hearts. Which do you prefer?'

''Tis a fine question,' said Ferdinand; 'and yet I confess I should like to be callous.'

'Ah! but you cannot be,' said the Count, 'you have a soul of great sensibility; I see that in a moment.'

'You see very far, and very quickly, Count Mirabel,' said Ferdinand, with a little reserve.

'Yes; in a minute,' said the Count, 'in a minute I read a person's character. I know you are very much in love, because you changed countenance yesterday when we were talking of women.'

Ferdinand changed countenance again. 'You are a very extraordinary man, Count,' he at length observed.

'Of course; but, *mon cher* Armine, what a fine day this is! What are you going to do with yourself?'

'Nothing; I never do anything,' said Ferdinand, in an almost mournful tone.

'A melancholy man! *Quelle bêtise!* I will cure you. I will be your friend and put you all right. Now, we will just drive down to Richmond; we will have a light dinner, a flounder, a cutlet, and a bottle of champagne, and then we will go to the French play. I will introduce you to Jenny Vertpré. She is full of wit; perhaps she will ask us to supper. *Allons, mon ami, mon cher* Armine; *allons, mon brave!*' Ceremony was a farce with Alcibiades de Mirabel.

Ferdinand had nothing to do; he was attracted to his companion. The effervescence produced by yesterday's fortunate adventure had not quite subsided; he was determined to forget his sorrows, and, if only for a day, join in the lively chorus of *Vive la bagatelle!* So, in a few moments, he was safely ensconced in the most perfect cabriolet in London, whirled along by a horse that stepped out with a proud consciousness of its master.

The Count Mirabel enjoyed the drive to Richmond as if he had never been to Richmond in his life. The warm sun, the western breeze, every object he passed and that passed him called for his praise or observation. He inoculated Ferdinand with his gaiety, as Ferdinand listened to his light, lively tales, and his flying remarks, so full of merriment and poignant truth and daring fancy. When they had arrived at the Star and Garter, and ordered their dinner, they strolled into the Park, along the Terrace walk; and they had not proceeded fifty paces when they came up with the duchess and her party, who were resting on a bench and looking over the valley.

Ferdinand would gladly have bowed and passed on; but that was impossible. He was obliged to stop and speak to them, and it was difficult to disembarrass himself of friends who greeted him so kindly. Ferdinand presented his companion. The ladies were charmed to know so celebrated a gentleman, of whom they had heard so much. Count Mirabel, who had the finest tact in the world, but whose secret spell, after all, was perhaps only that he was always natural, adapted himself in a moment to

the characters, the scene, and the occasion. He was quite delighted at these sources of amusement, that had so unexpectedly revealed themselves; and in a few minutes they had all agreed to walk together, and in due time the duchess was begging Ferdinand and his friend to dine with them. Before Ferdinand could frame an excuse, Count Mirabel had accepted the proposition. After passing the morning together so agreeably, to go and dine in separate rooms, it would be a *bêtise.* This word *bêtise* settled everything with Count Mirabel; when once he declared that anything was a *bêtise,* he would hear no more.

It was a charming stroll. Never was Count Mirabel more playful, more engaging, more completely winning. Henrietta and Katherine alike smiled upon him, and the duchess was quite enchanted. Even Lord Montfort, who might rather have entertained a prejudice against the Count before he knew him — though none could after — and who was prepared for something rather brilliant, but pretending, presumptuous, fantastic, and affected, quite yielded to his amiable gaiety, and his racy and thoroughly genuine and simple manner. So they walked and talked and laughed, and all agreed that it was the most fortunately fine day and the most felicitous *rencontre* that had ever occurred, until the dinner hour was at hand. The Count was at her Grace's side, and she was leaning on Miss Temple's arm. Lord Montfort and Miss Grandison had fallen back apace, as their party had increased. Ferdinand fluttered between Miss Temple and his cousin; but would have attached himself to the latter, had not Miss Temple occasionally addressed

him. He was glad, however, when they returned to dinner.

'We have only availed ourselves of your Grace's permission to join our dinners,' said Count Mirabel, offering the duchess his arm. He placed himself at the head of the table; Lord Montfort took the other end. To the surprise of Ferdinand, Miss Grandison, with a heedlessness that was quite remarkable, seated herself next to the duchess, so that Ferdinand was obliged to sit by Henrietta Temple, who was thus separated from Lord Montfort.

The dinner was as gay as the stroll. Ferdinand was the only person who was silent.

'How amusing he is!' said Miss Temple, turning to Ferdinand, and speaking in an undertone.

'Yes; I envy him his gaiety.'

'Be gay.'

'I thank you; I dare say I shall in time. I have not yet quite embraced all Count Mirabel's philosophy. He says that the man who plagues himself for five minutes about a woman is an idiot. When I think the same, which I hope I may soon, I dare say I shall be as gay.'

Miss Temple addressed herself no more to Ferdinand.

They returned by water. To Ferdinand's great annoyance, the Count did not hesitate for a moment to avail himself of the duchess's proposal that he and his companion should form part of the crew. He gave immediate orders that his cabriolet should meet him at Whitehall Stairs, and Ferdinand found there was no chance of escape.

It was a delicious summer evening. The setting

sun bathed the bowers of Fulham with refulgent light, just as they were off delicate Rosebank; but the air long continued warm, and always soft, and the last few miles of their pleasant voyage were tinted by the young and glittering moon.

'I wish we had brought a guitar,' said Miss Grandison; 'Count Mirabel, I am sure, would sing to us?'

'And you, you will sing to us without a guitar, will you not?' said the Count, smiling.

'Henrietta, will you sing?' said Miss Grandison.

'With you.'

'Of course; now you must,' said the Count: so they did.

This gliding home to the metropolis on a summer eve, so soft and still, with beautiful faces, as should always be the case, and with sweet sounds, as was the present — there is something very ravishing in the combination. The heart opens; it is a dangerous moment. As Ferdinand listened once more to the voice of Henrietta, even though it was blended with the sweet tones of Miss Grandison, the passionate past vividly recurred to him. Fortunately he did not sit near her; he had taken care to be the last in the boat. He turned away his face, but its stern expression did not escape the observation of the Count Mirabel.

'And now, Count Mirabel, you must really favour us,' said the duchess.

'Without a guitar?' said the Count, and he began thrumming on his arm for an accompaniment. 'Well, when I was with the Duc d'Angoulême in Spain, we sometimes indulged in a serenade at Seville. I will try to remember one.'

A SERENADE OF SEVILLE.

I.

Come forth, come forth, the star we love
Is high o'er Guadalquivir's grove,
And tints each tree with golden light;
Ah! Rosalie, one smile from thee were far more bright.

II.

Come forth, come forth, the flowers that fear
To blossom in the sun's career
The moonlight with their odours greet;
Ah! Rosalie, one sigh from thee were far more sweet!

III.

Come forth, come forth, one hour of night,
When flowers are fresh and stars are bright,
Were worth an age of gaudy day;
Then, Rosalie, fly, fly to me, nor longer stay!

'I hope the lady came,' said Miss Temple, 'after such a pretty song.'

'Of course,' said the Count, 'they always come.'

'Ferdinand, will you sing?' said Miss Grandison.

'I cannot, Katherine.'

'Henrietta, ask Ferdinand to sing,' said Miss Grandison; 'he makes it a rule never to do anything I ask him, but I am sure you have more influence.'

Lord Montfort came to the rescue of Miss Temple. 'Miss Temple has spoken so often to us of your singing, Captain Armine,' said his lordship; and yet Lord Montfort, in this allegation, a little departed from the habitual exactitude of his statements.

'How very strange!' thought Ferdinand; 'her callousness or her candour baffles me. I will try to

sing,' he continued aloud, 'but it is a year, really, since I have sung.'

In a voice of singular power and melody, and with an expression which increased as he proceeded, until the singer seemed scarcely able to control his emotions, Captain Armine thus proceeded:—

CAPTAIN ARMINE'S SONG.

I.

My heart is like a silent lute
  Some faithless hand has thrown aside;
Those chords are dumb, those tones are mute,
  That once sent forth a voice of pride!
Yet even o'er the lute neglected
  The wind of heaven will sometimes fly,
And even thus the heart dejected,
  Will sometimes answer to a sigh!

II.

And yet to feel another's power
  May grasp the prize for which I pine,
And others now may pluck the flower
  I cherished for this heart of mine!
No more, no more! The hand forsaking,
  The lute must fall, and shivered lie
In silence: and my heart thus breaking,
  Responds not even to a sigh.

Miss Temple seemed busied with her shawl; perhaps she felt the cold. Count Mirabel, next whom she sat, was about to assist her. Her face was turned to the water; it was streaming with tears. Without appearing to notice her, Count Mirabel leant forward, and engaged everybody's attention; so that she was unobserved and had time to recover. And yet she was aware that the Count Mirabel had remarked her

emotion, and was grateful for his quick and delicate consideration. It was fortunate that Westminster-bridge was now in sight, for after this song of Captain Armine, everyone became dull or pensive; even Count Mirabel was silent.

The ladies and Lord Montfort entered their britzka. They bid a cordial adieu to Count Mirabel, and begged him to call upon them in St. James'-square, and the Count and Ferdinand were alone.

'*Cher* Armine,' said the Count, as he was driving up Charing-cross, 'Catch told me you were going to marry your cousin. Which of those two young ladies is your cousin?'

'The fair girl; Miss Grandison.'

'So I understood. She is very pretty, but you are not going to marry her, are you?'

'No; I am not.'

'And who is Miss Temple?'

'She is going to be married to Lord Montfort.'

'*Diable!* But what a fortunate man! What do you think of Miss Temple?'

'I think of her as all, I suppose, must.'

'She is beautiful: she is the most beautiful woman I ever saw. She marries for money, I suppose?'

'She is the richest heiress in England; she is much richer than my cousin.'

'*C'est drôle.* But she does not want to marry Lord Montfort.'

'Why?'

'Because, my dear fellow, she is in love with you.'

'By Jove, Mirabel, what a fellow you are! What do you mean?'

'*Mon cher* Armine, I like you more than anybody. I wish to be, I am, your friend. Here is some cursed

contretemps. There is a mystery, and both of you are victims of it. Tell me everything. I will put you right.'

'Ah! my dear Mirabel, it is past even your skill. I thought I could never speak on these things to human being, but I am attracted to you by the same sympathy which you flatter me by expressing for myself. I want a confidant, I need a friend; I am most wretched.'

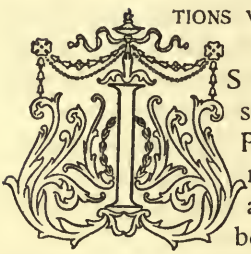
'*Eh! bien!* we will not go to the French play. As for Jenny Vertpré, we can sup with her any night. Come to my house, and we will talk over everything. But trust me, if you wish to marry Henrietta Temple, you are an idiot if you do not have her.'

So saying, the Count touched his bright horse, and in a few minutes the cabriolet stopped before a small but admirably appointed house in Berkeley-square.

'Now, *mon cher,*' said the Count, 'coffee and confidence.'

CHAPTER XV.

In Which the Count Mirabel Commences His Operations with Great Success.



S THERE a more gay and graceful spectacle in the world than Hyde Park, at the end of a long sunny morning in the merry months of May and June? Where can we see such beautiful women, such gallant cavaliers, such fine horses, and such brilliant equipages? The scene, too, is worthy of such agreeable accessories: the groves, the gleaming waters, and the triumphal arches. In the distance, the misty heights of Surrey, and the bowery glades of Kensington.

It was the day after the memorable voyage from Richmond. Eminent among the glittering throng, Count Mirabel cantered along on his Arabian, scattering gay recognitions and bright words. He reined in his steed beneath a tree, under whose shade was assembled a knot of listless cavaliers. The Count received their congratulations, for this morning he had won his pigeon match.

'Only think of that old fool, Castlefyshe, betting on Poppington,' said the Count. 'I want to see him, old idiot! Who knows where Charley is?'

'I do, Mirabel,' said Lord Catchimwhocan. 'He has gone to Richmond with Blandford and the two little Furzlers.'

'That good Blandford! Whenever he is in love he always gives a dinner. It is a droll way to succeed.'

'Apropos, will you dine with me to-day, Mirabel?' said Mr. de Stockville.

'Impossible, my dear fellow; I dine with Fitzwarrene.'

'I say, Mirabel,' drawled out a young man, 'I saw you yesterday driving a man down to Richmond yourself. Who is your friend?'

'No one you know, or will know. 'Tis the best fellow that ever lived; but he is under my guidance, and I shall be very particular to whom he is introduced.'

'Lord! I wonder who he can be!' said the young man.

'I say, Mirabel, you will be done on Goshawk, if you don't take care, I can tell you that.'

'Thank you, good Coventry; if you like to bet the odds, I will take them.'

'No, my dear fellow, I do not want to bet, but at the same time——'

'You have an opinion that you will not back. That is a luxury, for certainly it is of no use. I would advise you to enjoy it.'

'Well, I must say, Mirabel,' said Lord Catchimwhocan, 'I think the same about Goshawk.'

'Oh, no, Catch, you do not think so; you think you think. Go and take all the odds you can get upon Goshawk. Come, now, to-morrow you will tell me you have a very pretty book. Eh! *mon cher* Catch?'

'But do you really think Goshawk will win?' asked Lord Cathimwhocan, earnestly.

'Certain!'

'Well, damned if I don't go and take the odds,' said his lordship.

'Mirabel,' said a young noble, moving his horse close to the Count, and speaking in a low voice, 'shall you be at home to-morrow morning?'

'Certainly. But what do you want?'

'I am in a devil of a scrape; I do not know what to do. I want you to advise me.'

'The Count moved aside with this cavalier. 'And what is it?' said he. 'Have you been losing?'

'No, no,' said the young man, shaking his head. 'Much worse. It is the most infernal business; I do not know what I shall do. I think I shall cut my throat.'

'*Bêtise!* It cannot be very bad, if it be not money.'

'Oh, my dear Mirabel, you do not know what trouble I am in.'

'*Mon cher Henri, soyez tranquille,*' said the Count, in a kind voice. 'I am your friend. Rest assured, I will arrange it. Think no more of it until to-morrow at one o'clock, and then call on me. If you like, I am at your service at present.'

'No, no, not here: there are letters.'

'Ha, ha! Well, to-morrow, at one. In the meantime, do not write any nonsense.'

At this moment, the duchess, with a party of equestrians, passed and bowed to the Count Mirabel.

'I say, Mirabel,' exclaimed a young man, 'who is that girl? I want to know. I have seen her several times lately. By Jove, she is a fine creature!'

'Do not you know Miss Temple?' said the Count. 'Fancy a man not knowing Miss Temple! She is the only woman in London to be looked at.'

Now there was a great flutter in the band, and nothing but the name of Miss Temple was heard. All vowed they knew her very well, at least by sight, and never thought of anybody else. Some asked the Count to present them, others meditated plans by which that great result might be obtained; but, in the midst of all this agitation, Count Mirabel rode away, and was soon by the very lady's side.

'What a charming voyage yesterday,' said the Count to Miss Temple. 'You were amused?'

'Very.'

'And to think you should all know my friend Armine so well! I was astonished, for he will never go anywhere, or speak to anyone.'

'You know him intimately?' said Miss Temple.

'He is my brother! There is not a human being in the world I love so much! If you only knew him as I know him. Ah! *chère* Miss Temple, there is not a man in London to be compared with him, so clever and so good! What a heart! so tender! and what talent! There is no one so *spirituel.*'

'You have known him long, Count?'

'Always; but of late I find a great change in him. I cannot discover what is the matter with him. He has grown melancholy. I think he will not live.'

'Indeed!'

'No, I am never wrong. That *cher* Armine will not live.'

'You are his friend, surely——'

'Ah! yes; but I do not know what it is. Even me he cares not for. I contrive sometimes to get

him about a little; yesterday, for instance; but to-day, you see, he will not move. There he is, sitting alone, in a dull hotel, with his eyes fixed on the ground, dark as night. Never was a man so changed. I suppose something has happened to him abroad. When you first knew him, I daresay now, he was the gayest of the gay?'

'He was indeed very different,' said Miss Temple, turning away her face.

'You have known that dear Armine a long time?'

'It seems a long time,' said Miss Temple.

'If he dies, and die he must, I do not think I shall ever be in very good spirits again,' said the Count. 'It is the only thing that would quite upset me. Now do not you think, Miss Temple, that our *cher* Armine is the most interesting person you ever met?'

'I believe Captain Armine is admired by all those who know him.'

'He is so good, so tender, and so clever. Lord Montfort, he knows him very well?'

'They were companions in boyhood, I believe; but they have resumed their acquaintance only recently.'

'We must interest Lord Montfort in his case. Lord Montfort must assist in our endeavours to bring him out a little.'

'Lord Montfort needs no prompting, Count. We are all alike interested in Captain Armine's welfare.'

'I wish you would try to find out what is on his mind,' said Count Mirabel. 'After all, men cannot do much. It requires a more delicate sympathy than we can offer. And yet I would do anything for the *cher* Armine, because I really love him the same as if he were my brother.'

'He is fortunate in such a friend.'

'Ah! he does not think so any longer,' said the Count; 'he avoids me, he will not tell me anything. *Chère* Miss Temple, this business haunts me; it will end badly. I know that dear Armine so well; no one knows him like me; his feelings are too strong: no one has such strong feelings. Now, of all my friends, he is the only man I know who is capable of committing suicide.'

'God forbid!' said Henrietta Temple, with emphasis.

'I rise every morning with apprehension,' said the Count. 'When I call upon him every day, I tremble as I approach his hotel.'

'Are you indeed serious?'

'Most serious. I knew a man once in the same state. It was the Duc de Crillon. He was my brother friend, like this dear Armine. We were at college together; we were in the same regiment. He was exactly like this dear Armine, young, beautiful, and clever, but with a heart all tenderness, terrible passions. He loved Mademoiselle de Guise, my cousin, the most beautiful girl in France. Pardon me, but I told Armine yesterday that you reminded me of her. They were going to be married; but there was a *contretemps*. He sent for me; I was in Spain; she married the Viscount de Marsagnac. Until that dreadful morning he remained exactly in the same state as our dear Armine. Never was a melancholy so profound. After the ceremony he shot himself.'

'No, no!' exclaimed Miss Temple in great agitation.

'Perfectly true. It is the terrible recollection of that dreadful adventure that overcomes me when I

see our dear friend here, because I feel it must be love. I was in hopes it was his cousin. But it is not so; it must be something that has happened abroad. Love alone can account for it. It is not his debts that would so overpower him. What are his debts? I would pay them myself. It is a heart-rending business. I am going to him. How I tremble!'

'How good you are!' exclaimed Miss Temple, with streaming eyes. 'I shall ever be grateful; I mean, we all must. Oh! do go to him, go to him directly; tell him to be happy.'

'It is the song I ever sing,' said the Count. 'I wish some of you would come and see him, or send him a message. It is wise to show him that there are some who take interest in his existence. Now, give me that flower, for instance, and let me give it to him from you.'

'He will not care for it,' said Miss Temple.

'Try. It is a fancy I have. Let me bear it.'

Miss Temple gave the flower to the Count, who rode off with his prize.

It was about eight o'clock: Ferdinand was sitting alone in his room, having just parted with Glastonbury, who was going to dine in Brook-street. The sun had set, and yet it was scarcely dark enough for artificial light, particularly for a person without a pursuit. It was just that dreary dismal moment, when even the most gay grow pensive, if they be alone. And Ferdinand was particularly dull; a reaction had followed the excitement of the last eight-and-forty hours, and he was at this moment feeling singularly disconsolate, and upbraiding himself for being so weak as to permit himself to be influenced by Mirabel's fantastic promises and projects, when his door flew

open, and the Count, full dressed, and graceful as a Versailles Apollo, stood before him.

'*Cher ami!* I cannot stop one minute. I dine with Fitzwarrene, and I am late. I have done your business capitally. Here is a pretty flower! Who do you think gave it me? She did, pardy. On condition, however, that I should bear it to you, with a message; and what a message! that you should be happy.'

'Nonsense, my dear Count.'

'It is true; but I romanced at a fine rate for it. It is the only way with women. She thinks we have known each other since the Deluge. Do not betray me. But, my dear fellow, I cannot stop now. Only, mind, all is changed. Instead of being gay, and seeking her society, and amusing her, and thus attempting to regain your influence, as we talked of last night; mind, suicide is the system. To-morrow I will tell you all. She has a firm mind and a high spirit, which she thinks is principle. If we go upon the tack of last night, she will marry Montfort, and fall in love with you afterwards. That will never do. So we must work upon her fears, her generosity, pity, remorse, and so on. Call upon me to-morrow morning, at half-past two; not before, because I have an excellent boy coming to me at one, who is in a scrape. At half-past two, *cher, cher* Armine, we will talk more. In the meantime, enjoy your flower; and rest assured that it is your own fault if you do not fling the good Montfort in a very fine ditch.'

CHAPTER XVI.

In Which Mr. Temple Surprises His Daughter Weeping.

HE Count Mirabel proceeded with his projects with all the ardour, address, and audacity of one habituated to success. By some means or other he contrived to see Miss Temple almost daily. He paid assiduous court to the duchess, on whom he had made a favourable impression from the first; in St. James'-square he met Mr. Temple, who was partial to the society of a distinguished foreigner. He was delighted with Count Mirabel. As for Miss Grandison, the Count absolutely made her his confidante, though he concealed this bold step from Ferdinand. He established his intimacy in the three families, and even mystified Sir Ratcliffe and Lady Armine so completely that they imagined he must be some acquaintance that Ferdinand had made abroad; and they received him accordingly as one of their son's oldest and most cherished friends. But the most amusing circumstance of all was that the Count, who even in business never lost sight of what might divert or interest him, became great friends with Mr. Glastonbury. Count

Mirabel comprehended and appreciated that good man's character.

All Count Mirabel's efforts were directed to restore the influence of Ferdinand Armine over Henrietta Temple; and with this view he omitted no opportunity of impressing the idea of his absent friend on that lady's susceptible brain. His virtues, his talents, his accomplishments, his sacrifices; but, above all, his mysterious sufferings, and the fatal end which the Count was convinced awaited him, were placed before her in a light so vivid that they engrossed her thought and imagination. She could not resist the fascination of talking about Ferdinand Armine to Count Mirabel. He was the constant subject of their discourse. All her feelings now clustered round his image. She had quite abandoned her old plan of marrying him to his cousin. That was desperate. Did she regret it? She scarcely dared urge to herself this secret question; and yet it seemed that her heart, too, would break were Ferdinand another's. But, then, what was to become of him? Was he to be left desolate? Was he indeed to die? And Digby, the amiable, generous Digby; ah! why did she ever meet him? Unfortunate, unhappy woman! And yet she was resolved to be firm; she could not falter; she would be the victim of her duty even if she died at the altar. Almost she wished that she had ceased to live, and then the recollection of Armine came back to her so vividly! And those long days of passionate delight! All his tenderness and all his truth; for he had been true to her, always had he been true to her. She was not the person who ought to complain of his conduct. And yet she was the person who alone punished him. How different was the generous con-

duct of his cousin! She had pardoned all; she sympathised with him, she sorrowed for him, she tried to soothe him. She laboured to unite him to her rival. What must he think of herself? How hard-hearted, how selfish must the contrast prove her! Could he indeed believe now that she had ever loved him? Oh, no! he must despise her. He must believe that she was sacrificing her heart to the splendour of rank. Oh! could he believe this! Her Ferdinand, her romantic Ferdinand, who had thrown fortune and power to the winds but to gain that very heart! What a return had she made him! And for all his fidelity he was punished; lone, disconsolate, forlorn, overpowered by vulgar cares, heart-broken, meditating even death——. The picture was too terrible, too harrowing. She hid her face in the pillow of the sofa on which she was seated, and wept bitterly.

She felt an arm softly twined round her waist; she looked up; it was her father.

'My child,' he said, 'you are agitated.'

'Yes; yes, I am agitated,' she said, in a low voice.

'You are unwell.'

'Worse than unwell.'

'Tell me what ails you, Henrietta.'

'Grief for which there is no cure.'

'Indeed! I am greatly astonished.'

His daughter only sighed.

'Speak to me, Henrietta. Tell me what has happened.'

'I cannot speak; nothing has happened; I have nothing to say.'

'To see you thus makes me quite unhappy,' said Mr. Temple; 'if only for my sake, let me know the cause of this overwhelming emotion.'

'It is a cause that will not please you. Forget, sir, what you have seen.'

'A father cannot. I entreat you tell me. If you love me, Henrietta, speak.'

'Sir, sir, I was thinking of the past.'

'Is it so bitter?'

'Ah! that I should live!' said Miss Temple.

'Henrietta, my own Henrietta, my child, I beseech you tell me all. Something has occurred; something must have occurred to revive such strong feelings. Has—has—— I know not what to say, but so much happens that surprises me; I know, I have heard, that you have seen one who once influenced your feelings, that you have been thrown in unexpected contact with him; he has not—he has not dared——'

'Say nothing harshly of him,' said Miss Temple wildly; 'I will not bear it, even from you.'

'My daughter!'

'Ay! your daughter, but still a woman. Do I murmur? Do I complain? Have I urged you to compromise your honour? I am ready for the sacrifice. My conduct is yours, but my feelings are my own.'

'Sacrifice, Henrietta! What sacrifice? I have heard only of your happiness; I have thought only of your happiness. This is a strange return.'

'Father, forget what you have seen; forgive what I have said. But let this subject drop for ever.'

'It cannot drop here. Captain Armine prefers his suit?' continued Mr. Temple, in a tone of stern enquiry.

'What if he did? He has a right to do so.'

'As good a right as he had before. You are rich now, Henrietta, and he perhaps would be faithful.'

'O Ferdinand!' exclaimed Miss Temple, lifting up her hands and eyes to heaven, 'and you must endure even this!'

'Henrietta,' said Mr. Temple in a voice of affected calmness, as he seated himself by her side, 'listen to me: I am not a harsh parent; you cannot upbraid me with insensibility to your feelings. They have ever engrossed my thought and care; and how to gratify, and when necessary how to soothe them, has long been the principal occupation of my life. If you have known misery, girl, you made that misery yourself. It was not I that involved you in secret engagements and clandestine correspondence; it was not I that made you, you, my daughter, on whom I have lavished all the solicitude of long years, the dupe of the first calculating libertine who dared to trifle with your affections, and betray your heart.'

''Tis false,' exclaimed Miss Temple, interrupting him; 'he is as true and pure as I am; more, much more,' she added, in a voice of anguish.

'No doubt he has convinced you of it,' said Mr. Temple, with a laughing sneer. 'Now, mark me,' he continued, resuming his calm tone, 'you interrupted me; listen to me. You are the betrothed bride of Lord Montfort; Lord Montfort, my friend, the man I love most in the world; the most generous, the most noble, the most virtuous, the most gifted of human beings. You gave him your hand freely, under circumstances which, even if he did not possess every quality that ought to secure the affection of a woman, should bind you to him with an unswerving faith. Falter one jot and I whistle you off for ever. You are no more daughter of mine. I am as firm as I am fond; nor would I do this, but that I know well I am doing

rightly. Yes! take this Armine once more to your heart, and you receive my curse, the deepest, the sternest, the deadliest that ever descended on a daughter's head.'

'My father, my dear, dear father, my beloved father!' exclaimed Miss Temple, throwing herself at his feet. 'Oh! do not say so; oh! recall those words, those wild, those terrible words. Indeed, indeed, my heart is breaking. Pity me, pity me; for God's sake, pity me.'

'I would do more than pity you; I would save you.'

'It is not as you think,' she continued, with streaming eyes: 'indeed it is not. He has not preferred his suit, he has urged no claim. He has behaved in the most delicate, the most honourable, the most considerate manner. He has thought only of my situation. He met me by accident. My friends are his friends. They know not what has taken place between us. He has not breathed it to human being. He has absented himself from his home, that we might not meet.'

'You must marry Lord Montfort at once.'

'Oh! my father, even as you like. But do not curse me; dream not of such terrible things; recall those fearful words; love me, love me; say I am your child. And Digby, I am true to Digby. But, indeed, can I recall the past; can I alter it? Its memory overcame me. Digby knows all; Digby knows we met; he did not curse me; he was kind and gentle. Oh! my father!'

'My Henrietta,' said Mr. Temple, moved; 'my child!'

'Oh! my father, I will do all you wish; but speak not again as you have spoken of Ferdinand. We have

done him great injustice; I have done him great injury. He is good and pure; indeed, he is; if you knew all, you would not doubt it. He was ever faithful; indeed, indeed he was. Once you liked him. Speak kindly of him, father. He is the victim. If you meet him, be gentle to him, sir: for, indeed, if you knew all, you would pity him.'

CHAPTER XVII.

IN WHICH FERDINAND HAS A VERY STORMY INTERVIEW WITH HIS FATHER.

IF WE pause now to take a calm and comprehensive review of the state and prospects of the three families, in whose feelings and fortunes we have attempted to interest the reader, it must be confessed that, however brilliant and satisfactory they might appear on the surface, the elements of discord, gloom, and unhappiness might be more profoundly discovered, and might even be held as rapidly stirring into movement. Miss Temple was the affianced bride of Lord Montfort, but her heart was Captain Armine's: Captain Armine, in the estimation of his parents, was the pledged husband of Miss Grandison, while he and his cousin had, in fact, dissolved their engagement. Mr. Temple more than suspected his daughter's partiality for Ferdinand. Sir Ratcliffe, very much surprised at seeing so little of his son, and resolved that the marriage should be no further delayed, was about to precipitate confessions, of which he did not dream, and which were to shipwreck all the hopes of his life. The Count Mirabel and Miss Grandison were both engaged in an active conspiracy. Lord Montfort alone was calm, and if he

had a purpose to conceal, inscrutable. All things, however, foreboded a crisis.

Sir Ratcliffe, astonished at the marked manner in which his son absented himself from Brook-street, resolved upon bringing him to an explanation. At first, he thought there might be some lovers' quarrel; but the demeanour of Katherine, and the easy tone in which she ever spoke of her cousin, soon disabused him of this fond hope. He consulted his wife. Now, to tell the truth, Lady Armine, who was a shrewd woman, was not without her doubts and perplexities, but she would not confess them to her husband. Many circumstances had been observed by her which filled her with disquietude, but she had staked all her hopes upon this cast, and she was of a sanguine temper. She was leading an agreeable life. Katherine appeared daily more attached to her, and Lady Armine was quite of opinion that it is always very injudicious to interfere. She endeavoured to persuade Sir Ratcliffe that everything was quite right, and she assured him that the season would terminate, as all seasons ought to terminate, by the marriage.

And perhaps Sir Ratcliffe would have followed her example, only it so happened that as he was returning home one morning, he met his son in Grosvenor-square.

'Why, Ferdinand, we never see you now,' said Sir Ratcliffe.

'Oh! you are all so gay,' said Ferdinand. 'How is my mother?'

'She is very well. Katherine and herself have gone to see the balloon, with Lord Montfort and Count Mirabel. Come in,' said Sir Ratcliffe, for he was now almost at his door.

The father and son entered. Sir Ratcliffe walked into a little library on the ground floor, which was his morning room.

'We dine at home to-day, Ferdinand,' said Sir Ratcliffe. 'Perhaps you will come.'

'Thank you, sir, I am engaged.'

'It seems to me you are always engaged. For a person who does not like gaiety, it is very odd.'

'Heigho!' said Ferdinand. 'How do you like your new horse, sir?'

'Ferdinand, I wish to speak a word to you,' said Sir Ratcliffe. 'I do not like ever to interfere unnecessarily with your conduct; but the anxiety of a parent will, I think, excuse the question I am about to ask. When do you propose being married?'

'Oh, I do not know exactly.'

'Your grandfather has been dead now, you know, much more than a year. I cannot help thinking your conduct singular. There is nothing wrong between you and Katherine, is there?'

'Wrong, sir?'

'Yes, wrong? I mean, is there any misunderstanding? Have you quarrelled?'

'No, sir, we have not quarrelled; we perfectly understand each other.'

'I am glad to hear it, for I must say I think your conduct is very unlike that of a lover. All I can say is, I did not win your mother's heart by such proceedings.'

'Katherine has made no complaint of me, sir?'

'Certainly not, and that surprises me still more.'

Ferdinand seemed plunged in thought. The silence lasted some minutes. Sir Ratcliffe took up the newspaper; his son leant over the mantel-piece, and

gazed upon the empty fire-place. At length he turned round and said, 'Father, I can bear this no longer; the engagement between Katherine and myself is dissolved.'

'Good God! when, and why?' exclaimed Sir Ratcliffe, the newspaper falling from his hand.

'Long since, sir; ever since I loved another woman, and she knew it.'

'Ferdinand! Ferdinand!' exclaimed the unhappy father; but he was so overpowered that he could not give utterance to his thoughts. He threw himself in a chair, and wrung his hands. Ferdinand stood still and silent, like a statue of Destiny, gloomy and inflexible.

'Speak again,' at length said Sir Ratcliffe. 'Let me hear you speak again. I cannot believe what I have heard. Is it indeed true that your engagement with your cousin has been long terminated?'

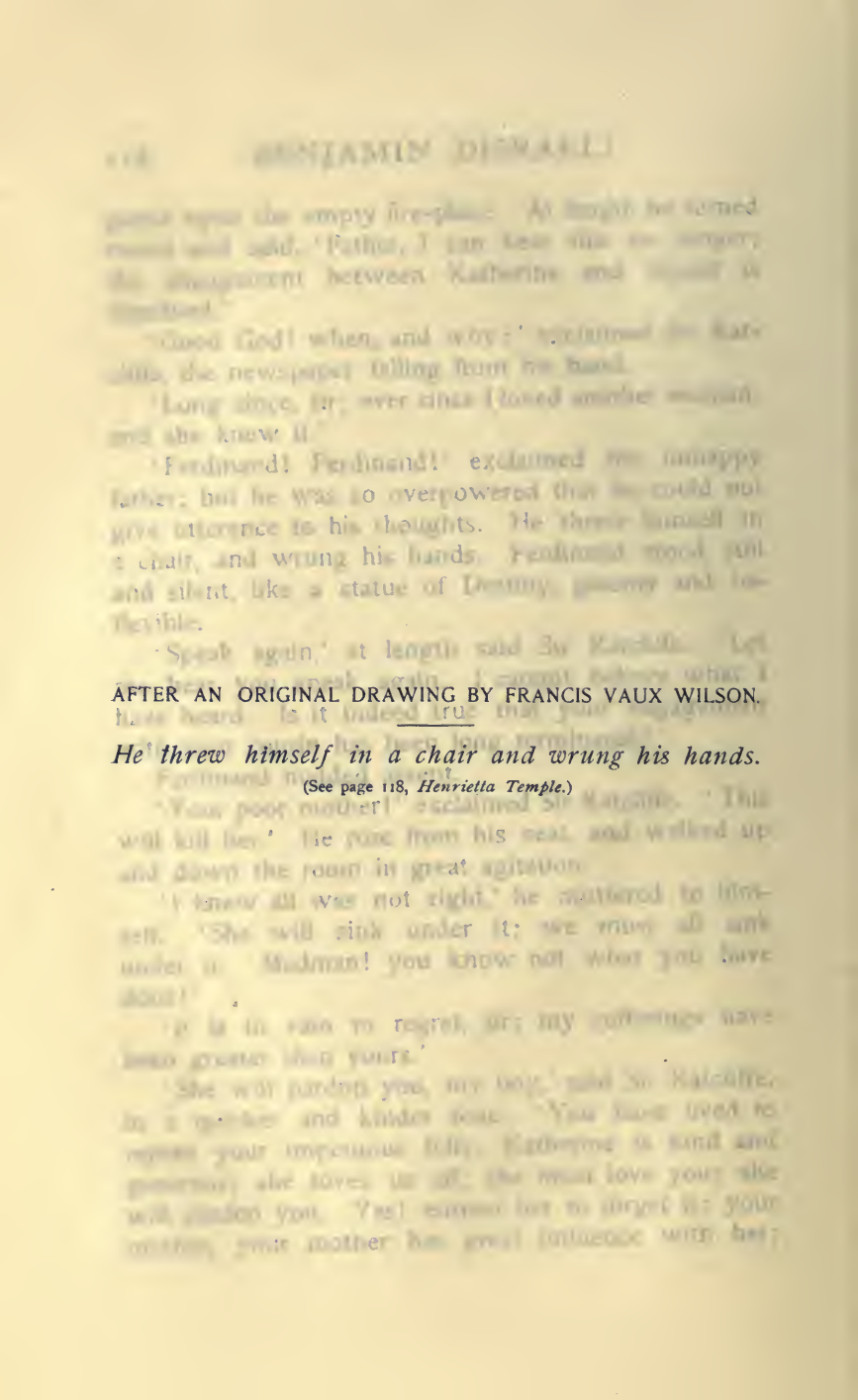
Ferdinand nodded assent.

'Your poor mother!' exclaimed Sir Ratcliffe. 'This will kill her.' He rose from his seat, and walked up and down the room in great agitation.

'I knew all was not right,' he muttered to himself. 'She will sink under it; we must all sink under it. Madman! you know not what you have done!'

'It is in vain to regret, sir; my sufferings have been greater than yours.'

'She will pardon you, my boy,' said Sir Ratcliffe, in a quicker and kinder tone. 'You have lived to repent your impetuous folly; Katherine is kind and generous; she loves us all; she must love you; she will pardon you. Yes! entreat her to forget it; your mother, your mother has great influence with her;



AFTER AN ORIGINAL DRAWING BY FRANCIS VAUX WILSON.

He threw himself in a chair and wrung his hands.

(See page 118, *Henrietta Temple.*)

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she will exercise it, she will interfere; you are very young, all will yet be well.'

'It is as impossible for me to marry Katherine Grandison, as for you yourself to do it, sir,' said Ferdinand, in a tone of calmness.

'You are not married to another?'

'In faith; I am bound by a tie which I can never break.'

'And who is this person?'

'She must be nameless, for many reasons.'

'Ferdinand,' said Sir Ratcliffe, 'you know not what you are doing. My life, your mother's, the existence of our family, hang upon your conduct. Yet, yet there is time to prevent this desolation. I am controlling my emotions; I wish you to save us, you, all! Throw yourself at your cousin's feet. She is soft-hearted; she may yet be yours!'

'Dear father, it cannot be.'

'Then—then, welcome ruin!' exclaimed Sir Ratcliffe, in a hoarse voice. 'And,' he continued, pausing between every word, from the difficulty of utterance, 'if the conviction that you have destroyed all our hopes, rewarded us for all our affection, our long devotion, by blasting every fond idea that has ever illumined our sad lives, that I and Constance, poor fools, have clung and clung to; if this conviction can console you, sir, enjoy it——

'Ferdinand! my son, my child, that I never have spoken an unkind word to, that never gave me cause to blame or check him, your mother will be home soon, your poor, poor mother. Do not let me welcome her with all this misery. Tell me it is not true; recall what you have said; let us forget these harsh words; reconcile yourself to your cousin; let us be happy.'

'Father, if my heart's blood could secure your happiness, my life were ready; but this I cannot do.'

'Do you know what is at stake? Everything. All, all, all! We can see Armine no more; our home is gone. Your mother and myself must be exiles. Oh! you have not thought of this: say you have not thought of this.'

Ferdinand hid his face; his father, emboldened, urged the fond plea. 'You will save us, Ferdinand, you will be our preserver? It is all forgotten, is it not? It is a lovers' quarrel, after all?'

'Father, why should I trifle with your feelings? why should I feign what can never be? This sharp interview, so long postponed, ought not now to be adjourned. Indulge no hopes, for there are none.'

'Then by every sacred power I revoke every blessing that since your birth I have poured upon your head. I recall the prayers that every night I have invoked upon your being. Great God! I cancel them. You have betrayed your cousin; you have deserted your mother and myself; you have first sullied the honour of our house, and now you have destroyed it. Why were you born? What have we done that your mother's womb should produce such a curse? Sins of my father, they are visited upon me! And Glastonbury, what will Glastonbury say? Glastonbury, who sacrificed his fortune for you.'

'Mr. Glastonbury knows all, sir, and has always been my confidant.'

'Is he a traitor? For when a son deserts me, I know not whom to trust.'

'He has no thoughts but for our welfare, sir. He will convince you, sir, I cannot marry my cousin.'

'Boy, boy! you know not what you say. Not marry your cousin! Then let us die. It were better for us all to die.'

'My father! Be calm, I beseech you; you have spoken harsh words; I have not deserted you or my mother; I never will. If I have wronged my cousin, I have severely suffered, and she has most freely forgiven me. She is my dear friend. As for our house: tell me, would you have that house preserved at the cost of my happiness? You are not the father I supposed, if such indeed be your wish.'

'Happiness! Fortune, family, beauty, youth, a sweet and charming spirit, if these will not secure a man's happiness, I know not what might. And these I wished you to possess.'

'Sir, it is in vain for us to converse upon this subject. See Glastonbury, if you will. He can at least assure you that neither my feelings are light nor my conduct hasty. I will leave you now.'

Ferdinand quitted the room; Sir Ratcliffe did not notice his departure, although he was not unaware of it. He heaved a deep sigh, and was apparently plunged in profound thought.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Ferdinand Is Arrested by Messrs. Morris and Levison, and Taken to a Spunging-House.

IT MUST be confessed that the affairs of our friends were in a critical state: everyone interested felt that something decisive in their respective fortunes was at hand. And yet, so vain are all human plans and calculations, that the unavoidable crisis was brought about by an incident which no one anticipated. It so happened that the stormy interview between Sir Ratcliffe and his son was overheard by a servant. This servant, who had been engaged by Miss Grandison in London, was a member of a club to which a confidential clerk of Messrs. Morris and Levison belonged. In the ensuing evening, when this worthy knight of the shoulder-knot just dropped out for an hour to look in at this choice society, smoke a pipe, and talk over the affairs of his mistress and the nation, he announced the important fact that the match between Miss Grandison and Captain Armine was 'no go,' which, for his part, he did not regret, as he thought his mistress ought to look higher. The confidential clerk of Messrs. Morris and

Levison listened in silence to this important intelligence, and communicated it the next morning to his employers. And so it happened that a very few days afterwards, as Ferdinand was lying in bed at his hotel, the door of his chamber suddenly opened, and an individual, not of the most prepossessing appearance, being much marked with smallpox, reeking with gin, and wearing top-boots and a belcher handkerchief, rushed into his room and enquired whether he were Captain Armine.

'The same,' said Ferdinand. 'And pray, sir, who are you?'

'Don't wish to be unpleasant,' was the answer, 'but, sir, you are my prisoner.'

There is something exceedingly ignoble in an arrest: Ferdinand felt that sickness come over him which the uninitiated in such ceremonies must experience. However, he rallied, and enquired at whose suit these proceedings were taken.

'Messrs. Morris and Levison, sir.'

'Cannot I send for my lawyer and give bail?'

The bailiff shook his head. 'You see, sir, you are taken in execution, so it is impossible.'

'And the amount of the debt?'

'Is 2,800*l.*, sir.'

'Well, what am I to do?'

'Why, sir, you must go along with us. We will do it very quietly. My follower is in a hackney-coach at the door, sir. You can just step in as pleasant as possible. I suppose you would like to go to a house, and then you can send for your friends, you know.'

'Well, if you will go down stairs, I will come to you.'

The bailiff grinned. 'Can't let you out of my sight, sir.'

'Why, I cannot dress if you are here.'

The bailiff examined the room to see if there were any mode of escape; there was no door but the entrance; the window offered no chance. 'Well, sir,' he said, 'I likes to do things pleasant. I can stand outside, sir; but you must be quick.'

Ferdinand rang for his servant. When Louis clearly understood the state of affairs, he was anxious to throw the bailiff out of the window, but his master prevented him. Mr. Glastonbury had gone out some two hours; Ferdinand sent Louis with a message to his family, to say he was about leaving town for a few days; and impressing upon him to be careful not to let them know in Brook-street what had occurred, he completed his rapid toilet and accompanied the sheriff's officer to the hackney-coach that was prepared for him.

As they jogged on in silence, Ferdinand revolved in his mind how it would be most advisable for him to act. Any application to his own lawyer was out of the question. That had been tried before, and he felt assured that there was not the slightest chance of that gentleman discharging so large a sum, especially when he was aware that it was only a portion of his client's liabilities; he thought of applying for advice to Count Mirabel or Lord Catchimwhocan, but with what view? He would not borrow the money of them, even if they would lend it; and as it was, he bitterly reproached himself for having availed himself so easily of Mr. Bond Sharpe's kind offices. At this moment, he could not persuade himself that his conduct had been strictly honourable to that gentleman. He had

not been frank in the exposition of his situation. The money had been advanced under a false impression, if not absolutely borrowed under a false pretence. He cursed Catchimwhocan and his levity. The honour of the Armines was gone, like everything else that once belonged to them. The result of Ferdinand's reflections was, that he was utterly done up; that no hope or chance of succour remained for him; that his career was closed; and not daring to contemplate what the consequences might be to his miserable parents, he made a desperate effort to command his feelings.

Here the coach turned up a dingy street, leading out of the lower end of Oxford-street, and stopped before a large but gloomy dwelling, which Ferdinand's companion informed him was a spunging-house. 'I suppose you would like to have a private room, sir; you can have every accommodation here, sir, and feel quite at home, I assure you.'

In pursuance of this suggestion, Captain Armine was ushered into the best drawing-room, with barred windows, and treated in the most aristocratic manner. It was evidently the chamber reserved only for unfortunate gentlemen of the utmost distinction. It was amply furnished with a mirror, a loo-table, and a very hard sofa. The walls were hung with old-fashioned caricatures by Bunbury; the fire-irons were of polished brass; over the mantel-piece was the portrait of the master of the house, which was evidently a speaking likeness, and in which Captain Armine fancied he traced no slight resemblance to his friend Mr. Levison; and there were also some sources of literary amusement in the room, in the shape of a Hebrew Bible and the Racing Calendar.

After walking up and down the room for an hour, meditating over the past, for it seemed hopeless to trouble himself any further with the future, Ferdinand began to feel faint, for it may be recollected that he had not even breakfasted. So pulling the bell-rope with such force that it fell to the ground, a funny little waiter immediately appeared, awed by the sovereign ring, and having, indeed, received private intelligence from the bailiff that the gentleman in the drawing-room was a regular nob.

And here, perhaps, I should remind the reader, that of all the great distinctions in life none perhaps is more important than that which divides mankind into the two great sections of Nobs and Snobs. It might seem at the first glance, that if there were a place in the world which should level all distinctions, it would be a debtors' prison. But this would be quite an error. Almost at the very moment that Captain Armine arrived at his sorrowful hotel, a poor devil of a tradesman who had been arrested for fifty pounds, and torn from his wife and family, had been forced to repair to the same asylum. He was introduced into what is styled the coffee-room, being a long, low, unfurnished sanded chamber, with a table and benches; and being very anxious to communicate with some friend, in order, if possible, to effect his release, and prevent himself from being a bankrupt, he had continued meekly to ring at intervals for the last half-hour in order that he might write and forward his letter. The waiter heard the coffee-room bell ring, but never dreamed of noticing it, though the moment the signal of the private room sounded, and sounded with so much emphasis, he rushed upstairs, three steps at a time, and instantly appeared before our

hero: and all this difference was occasioned by the simple circumstance, that Captain Armine was a NOB, and the poor tradesman a SNOB.

'I am hungry,' said Ferdinand. 'Can I get anything to eat at this damned place?'

'What would you like, sir? Anything you choose, sir. Mutton chop, rump steak, weal cutlet? Do you a fowl in a quarter of an hour; roast or boiled, sir?'

'I have not breakfasted yet; bring me some breakfast.'

'Yes, sir,' said the little waiter. 'Tea, sir? Coffee, eggs, toast, buttered toast, sir? Like any meat, sir? Ham, sir? Tongue, sir? Like a devil, sir?'

'Anything, everything, only be quick.'

'Yes, sir,' responded the waiter. 'Beg pardon, sir. No offence, I hope, but custom to pay here, sir. Shall be happy to accommodate you, sir. Know what a gentleman is.'

'Thank you, I will not trouble you,' said Ferdinand; 'get me that note changed.'

'Yes, sir,' replied the little waiter, bowing very low as he disappeared.

'Gentleman in best drawing-room wants breakfast. Gentleman in best drawing-room wants change for a ten-pound note. Breakfast immediately for gentleman in best drawing-room. Tea, coffee, toast, ham, tongue, and a devil. A regular nob!'

Ferdinand was so exhausted that he had postponed all deliberation as to his situation until he had breakfasted; and when he had breakfasted, he felt dull. It is the consequence of all meals. In whatever light he viewed his affairs, they seemed inextricable. He was now in a spunging-house; he could not long remain here, he must be soon in a gaol. A gaol! What a

bitter termination of all his great plans and hopes! What a situation for one who had been betrothed to Henrietta Temple! He thought of his cousin, he thought of her great fortune, which might have been his. Perhaps at this moment they were all riding together in the Park. In a few days all must be known to his father. He did not doubt of the result. Armine would immediately be sold, and his father and mother, with the wretched wreck of their fortune, would retire to the Continent. What a sad vicissitude! And he had done it all; he, their only child, their only hope, on whose image they had lived, who was to restore the house. He looked at the bars of his windows, it was a dreadful sight. His poor father, his fond mother, he was quite sure their hearts would break. They never could survive all this misery, this bitter disappointment of all their hopes. Little less than a year ago and he was at Bath, and they were all joy and triumph. What a wild scene had his life been since! O Henrietta! why did we ever meet? That fatal, fatal morning! The cedar tree rose before him, he recalled, he remembered everything. And poor Glastonbury—it was a miserable end. He could not disguise it from himself, he had been most imprudent, he had been mad. And yet so near happiness, perfect, perfect happiness! Henrietta might have been his, and they might have been so happy! This confinement was dreadful; it began to press upon his nerves. No occupation, not the slightest resource. He took up the Racing Calendar, he threw it down again. He knew all the caricatures by heart, they infinitely disgusted him. He walked up and down the room till he was so tired that he flung himself upon the hard sofa. It was intolerable.

A gaol must be preferable to this. There must be some kind of wretched amusement in a gaol; but this ignoble, this humiliating solitude, he was confident he should go mad if he remained here. He rang the bell again.

'Yes, sir,' said the little waiter.

'This place is intolerable to me,' said Captain Armine. 'I really am quite sick of it. What can I do?'

The waiter looked a little perplexed.

'I should like to go to gaol at once,' said Ferdinand.

'Lord! sir!' said the little waiter.

'Yes! I cannot bear this,' he continued; 'I shall go mad.'

'Don't you think your friends will call soon, sir?'

'I have no friends,' said Ferdinand. 'I hope nobody will call.'

'No friends!' said the little waiter, who began to think Ferdinand was not such a nob as he had imagined. 'Why, if you have no friends, sir, it would be best to go to the Fleet, I think.'

'By Jove, I think it would be better.'

'Master thinks your friends will call, I am sure.'

'Nobody knows I am here,' said Ferdinand.

'Oh!' said the little waiter, 'You want to let them know, do you, sir?'

'Anything sooner; I wish to conceal my disgrace.'

'O sir! you are not used to it; I dare say you never were nabbed before?'

'Certainly not.'

'There it is; if you will be patient, you will see everything go well.'

'Never, my good fellow; nothing can go well.'

'O sir! you are not used to it. A regular nob like you, nabbed for the first time, and for such a long figure, sir, sure not to be diddled. Never knowed such a thing yet. Friends sure to stump down, sir.'

'The greater the claim, the more difficulty in satisfying it, I should think,' said Ferdinand.

'Lord! no, sir: you are not used to it. It is only poor devils nabbed for their fifties and hundreds that are ever done up. A nob was never nabbed for the sum you are, sir, and ever went to the wall. Trust my experience. I never knowed such a thing.'

Ferdinand could scarcely refrain from a smile. Even the conversation of the little waiter was a relief to him.

'You see, sir,' continued that worthy, 'Morris and Levison would never have given you such a deuce of a tick unless they knowed your resources. Trust Morris and Levison for that. You done up, sir! a nob like you, that Morris and Levison have trusted for such a tick! Lord! sir, you don't know nothing about it. I could afford to give them fifteen shillings in the pound for their debt myself and a good day's business, too. Friends will stump down, sir, trust me.'

'Well, it is some satisfaction for me to know that they will not, and that Morris and Levison will not get a farthing.'

'Well, sir,' said the incredulous little functionary, 'when I find Morris and Levison lose two or three thousand pounds by a nob who is nabbed for the first time, I will pay the money myself, that is all I know.'

Here the waiter was obliged to leave Ferdinand, but he proved his confidence in that gentleman's fortunes by his continual civility, and in the course of

the day brought him a stale newspaper. It seemed to Ferdinand that the day would never close. The waiter pestered him about dinner, eulogising the cook, and assuring him that his master was famous for champagne. Although he had no appetite, Ferdinand ordered dinner in order to ensure the occurrence of one incident. The champagne made him drowsy; he was shown to his room; and for a while he forgot his cares in sleep.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Crisis Rapidly Advances.

HENRIETTA TEMPLE began once more to droop. This change was not unnoticed by her constant companion Lord Montfort, and yet he never permitted her to be aware of his observation. All that he did was still more to study her amusement; if possible, to be still more considerate and tender. Miss Grandison, however, was far less delicate; she omitted no opportunity of letting Miss Temple know that she thought that Henrietta was very unwell, and that she was quite convinced Henrietta was thinking of Ferdinand. Nay! she was not satisfied to confine these intimations to Miss Temple; she impressed her conviction of Henrietta's indisposition on Lord Montfort, and teased him with asking his opinion of the cause.

'What do you think is the cause, Miss Grandison?' said his lordship, very quietly.

'Perhaps London does not agree with her; but then, when she was ill before she was in the country; and it seems to me to be the same illness. I wonder you do not notice it, Lord Montfort. A lover to be so insensible, I am surprised!'

'It is useless to notice that which you cannot remedy.'

'Why do you not call in those who can offer remedies?' said Miss Grandison. 'Why not send for Sir Henry?'

'I think it best to leave Henrietta alone,' said Lord Montfort.

'Do you think it is the mind, then?' said Miss Grandison.

'It may be,' said Lord Montford.

'It may be! Upon my word, you are very easy.'

'I am not indifferent, Miss Grandison. There is nothing that I would not do for Henrietta's welfare.'

'Oh! yes, there is; there is something,' said Miss Grandison, rather maliciously.

'You are really an extaordinary person, Miss Grandison,' said Lord Montfort. 'What can you mean by so strange an observation?'

'I have my meaning; but I suppose I may have a mystery as well as anybody else.'

'A mystery, Miss Grandison?'

'Yes! a mystery, Lord Montfort. There is not a single individual in the three families who has not a mystery, except myself; but I have found out something. I feel quite easy now: we are all upon an equality.'

'You are a strange person.'

'It may be so; but I am happy, for I have nothing on my mind. Now that poor Ferdinand has told Sir Ratcliffe we are not going to marry, I have no part to play. I hate deception; it is almost as bitter as marrying one who is in love with another person.'

'That must indeed be bitter. And is that the reason that you do not marry your cousin?' enquired Lord Montfort.

'I may be in love with another person, or I may not,' said Miss Grandison. 'But, however that may be, the moment Ferdinand very candidly told me he was, we decided not to marry. I think we were wise; do not you, Lord Montfort?'

'If you are happy, you were wise,' said Lord Montfort.

'Yes, I am pretty happy: as happy as I can well be when all my best friends are miserable.'

'Are they?'

'I think so: my aunt is in tears; my uncle in despair; Ferdinand meditates suicide; Henrietta is pining away; and you, who are the philosopher of the society, you look rather grave. I fancy I think we are a most miserable set.'

'I wish we could be all happy,' said Lord Montfort.

'And so we might, I think,' said Miss Grandison; 'at least, some of us.'

'Make us, then,' said Lord Montfort.

'I cannot make you.'

'I think you could, Miss Grandison.'

At this moment Henrietta entered, and the conversation assumed a different turn.

'Will you go with us to Lady Bellair's, Kate?' said Miss Temple. 'The duchess has asked me to call there this morning.'

Miss Grandison expressed her willingness: the carriage was waiting, and Lord Montfort offered to attend them. At this moment the servant entered with a note for Miss Grandison.

'From Glastonbury,' she said; 'dear Henrietta, he wishes to see me immediately. What can it be? Go to Lady Bellair's, and call for me on your return. You must, indeed; and then we can all go out together.'

And so it was arranged. Miss Temple, accompanied by Lord Montfort, proceeded to Bellair House.

'Don't come near me,' said the old lady when she saw them; 'don't come near me; I am in despair; I do not know what I shall do; I think I shall sell all my china. Do you know anybody who wants to buy old china? They shall have it a bargain. But I must have ready money; ready money I must have. Do not sit down in that chair; it is only made to look at. Oh! if I were rich, like you! I wonder if my china is worth three hundred pounds. I could cry my eyes out, that I could. The wicked men; I should like to tear them to pieces. Why is not he in Parliament? and then they could not take him up. They never could arrest Charles Fox. I have known him in as much trouble as anyone. Once he sent all his furniture to my house from his lodgings. He lodged in Bury-street. I always look at the house when I pass by. Don't fiddle the pens; I hate people who fiddle. Where is Gregory? where is my bell! Where is the page? Naughty boy! why do not you come? There, I do not want anything; I do not know what to do. The wicked men! The greatest favourite I had: he was so charming! Charming people are never rich; he always looked melancholy. I think I will send to the rich man I dine with; but I forget his name. Why do not you tell me his name?'

'My dear Lady Bellair, what is the matter?'

'Don't ask me; don't speak to me. I tell you I am in despair. Oh! if I were rich, how I would punish those wicked men!'

'Can I do anything?' said Lord Montfort.

'I do not know what you can do. I have got the tic. I always have the tic when my friends are in trouble.'

'Who is in trouble, Lady Bellair?'

'My dearest friend; the only friend I care about. How can you be so hard-hearted? I called upon him this morning, and his servant was crying. I must get him a place; he is such a good man, and loves his master. Now, do you want a servant? You never want anything. Ask everybody you know whether they want a servant, an honest man, who loves his master. There he is crying down stairs, in Gregory's room. Poor, good creature! I could cry myself, only it is of no use.'

'Who is his master?' said Lord Montfort.

'Nobody you know; yes! you know him very well. It is my dear, dear friend; you know him very well. The bailiffs went to his hotel yesterday, and dragged him out of bed, and took him to prison. Oh! I shall go quite distracted. I want to sell my china to pay his debts. Where is Miss Twoshoes?' continued her ladyship; 'why don't you answer? You do everything to plague me.'

'Miss Grandison, Lady Bellair?'

'To be sure; it is her lover.'

'Captain Armine?'

'Have I not been telling you all this time? They have taken him to prison.'

Miss Temple rose and left the room.

'Poor creature! she is quite shocked. She knows

him, too,' said her ladyship. 'I am afraid he is quite ruined. There is a knock. I will make a subscription for him. I dare say it is my grandson. He is very rich, and very good-natured.'

'My dear Lady Bellair,' said Lord Montfort, rising, 'favour me by not saying a word to anybody at present. I will just go in the next room to Henrietta. She is intimate with the family, and much affected. Now, my dear lady, I entreat you,' continued his lordship, 'do not say a word. Captain Armine has good friends, but do not speak to strangers. It will do harm; it will indeed.'

'You are a good creature; you are a good creature. Go away.'

'Lady Frederick Berrington, my lady,' announced the page.

'She is very witty, but very poor. It is no use speaking to her. I won't say a word. Go to Miss Thingabob: go, go.' And Lord Montfort escaped into the saloon as Lady Frederick entered.

Henrietta was lying on the sofa, her countenance was hid, she was sobbing convulsively.

'Henrietta,' said Lord Montfort, but she did not answer. 'Henrietta,' he again said, 'dear Henrietta! I will do whatever you wish.'

'Save him, save him!' she exclaimed. 'Oh! you cannot save him! And I have brought him to this! Ferdinand! dearest Ferdinand! oh! I shall die!'

'For God's sake, be calm,' said Lord Montfort, 'there is nothing I will not do for you, for him.'

'Ferdinand, Ferdinand, my own, own Ferdinand, oh! why did we ever part? Why was I so unjust, so wicked? And he was true! I cannot survive his disgrace and misery. I wish to die!'

'There shall be no disgrace, no misery,' said Lord Montfort, 'only for God's sake, be calm. There is a chattering woman in the next room. Hush! hush! I tell you I will do everything.'

'You cannot; you must not; you ought not! Kind, generous Digby! Pardon what I have said; forget it; but indeed I am so wretched, I can bear this life no longer.'

'But you shall not be wretched, Henrietta; you shall be happy; everybody shall be happy. I am Armine's friend, I am indeed. I will prove it. On my honour, I will prove that I am his best friend.'

'You must not. You are the last person, you are indeed. He is so proud! Anything from us will be death to him. Yes! I know him, he will die sooner than be under an obligation to either of us.'

'You shall place him under still greater obligations than this,' said Lord Montfort. 'Yes! Henrietta, if he has been true to you, you shall not be false to him.'

'Digby, Digby, speak not such strange words. I am myself again. I left you that I might be alone. Best and most generous of men, I have never deceived you; pardon the emotions that even you were not to witness.'

'Take my arm, dearest, let us walk into the garden. I wish to speak to you. Do not tremble. I have nothing to say that is not for your happiness; at all times, and under all circumstances, the great object of my thoughts.'

He raised Miss Temple gently from the sofa, and they walked away far from the observation of Lady Bellair, or the auricular powers, though they were not inconsiderable, of her lively guest.

CHAPTER XX.

In Which Ferdinand Receives More than One Visit, and Finds That Adversity Has Not Quite Deprived Him of His Friends.

IN THE mean time morning broke upon the unfortunate Ferdinand. He had forgotten his cares in sleep, and, when he woke, it was with some difficulty that he recalled the unlucky incident of yesterday, and could satisfy himself that he was indeed a prisoner. But the bars of his bedroom window left him not very long in pleasing doubt.

His friend, the little waiter, soon made his appearance. 'Slept pretty well, sir? Same breakfast as yesterday, sir? Tongue and ham, sir? Perhaps you would like a kidney instead of a devil? It will be a change.'

'I have no appetite.'

'It will come, sir. You an't used to it. Nothing else to do here but to eat. Better try the kidney, sir. Is there anything you fancy?'

'I have made up my mind to go to gaol to-day.'

'Lord! sir, don't think of it. Something will turn up, sir, take my word.'

And sooth to say, the experienced waiter was not wrong. For bringing in the breakfast, followed by an underling with a great pomp of plated covers, he informed Ferdinand with a chuckle, that a gentleman was enquiring for him. 'Told you your friends would come, sir.'

The gentleman was introduced, and Ferdinand beheld Mr. Glastonbury.

'My dear Glastonbury,' said Ferdinand, scarcely daring to meet his glance, 'this is very kind, and yet I wished to have saved you this.'

'My poor child,' said Glastonbury.

'Oh! my dear friend, it is all over. This is a more bitter moment for you even than for me, kind friend. This is a terrible termination of all your zeal and labours.'

'Nay!' said Glastonbury; 'let us not think of anything but the present. For what are you held in durance?'

'My dear Glastonbury, if it were only ten pounds, I could not permit you to pay it. So let us not talk of that. This must have happened sooner or later. It has come, and come unexpectedly: but it must be borne, like all other calamities.'

'But you have friends, my Ferdinand.'

'Would that I had not! All that I wish now is that I were alone in the world. If I could hope that my parents would leave me to myself, I should be comparatively easy. But when I think of them, and the injury I must do them, it is hell, it is hell.'

'I wish you would tell me your exact situation,' said Mr. Glastonbury.

'Do not let us talk of it; does my father know of this?'

'Not yet.'

''Tis well; he may yet have a happy day. He will sell Armine.'

Glastonbury shook his head and sighed. 'Is it so bad?' he said.

'My dearest friend, if you will know the worst, take it. I am here for nearly three thousand pounds, and I owe at least ten more.'

'And they will not take bail?'

'Not for this debt; they cannot. It is a judgment debt, the only one.'

'And they gave you no notice?'

'None: they must have heard somehow or other that my infernal marriage was off. They have all waited for that. And now that you see that affairs are past remedy; let us talk of other topics, if you will be so kind as to remain half an hour in this dungeon. I shall quit it directly; I shall go to gaol at once.'

Poor Glastonbury, he did not like to go, and yet it was a most melancholy visit. What could they converse about? Conversation, except on the interdicted subject of Ferdinand's affairs, seemed quite a mockery. At last, Ferdinand said, 'Dear Glastonbury, do not stay here; it only makes us both unhappy. Send Louis with some clothes for me, and some books. I will let you know before I leave this place. Upon reflection, I shall not do so for two or three days, if I can stay as long. See my lawyer; not that he will do anything; nor can I expect him; but he may as well call and see me. Adieu, dear friend.'

Glastonbury was about to retire, when Ferdinand called him back. 'This affair should be kept quiet,' he said. 'I told Louis to say I was out of town in

Brook-street. I should be sorry were Miss Temple to hear of it, at least until after her marriage.'

Ferdinand was once more alone with the mirror, the loo-table, the hard sofa, the caricatures which he hated even worse than his host's portrait, the Hebrew Bible, and the Racing Calendar. It seemed a year that he had been shut up in this apartment, instead of a day, he had grown so familiar with every object. And yet the visit of Glastonbury had been an event, and he could not refrain from pondering over it. A spunging-house seemed such a strange, such an unnatural scene, for such a character. Ferdinand recalled to his memory the tower at Armine, and all its glades and groves, shining in the summer sun, and freshened by the summer breeze. What a contrast to this dingy, confined, close dungeon! And was it possible that he had ever wandered at will in that fair scene with a companion fairer? Such thoughts might well drive a man mad. With all his errors, and all his disposition at present not to extenuate them, Ferdinand Armine could not refrain from esteeming himself unlucky. Perhaps it is more distressing to believe ourselves unfortunate, than to recognise ourselves as imprudent.

A fond mistress or a faithful friend, either of these are great blessings; and whatever may be one's scrapes in life, either of these may well be sources of consolation. Ferdinand had a fond mistress once, and had Henrietta Temple loved him, why, he might struggle with all these calamities; but that sweet dream was past. As for friends, he had none, at least he thought not. Not that he had to complain of human nature. He had experienced much kindness from mankind, and many were the services he

had received from kind acquaintances. With the recollection of Catch, to say nothing of Bond Sharpe, and above all, Count Mirabel, fresh in his mind, he could not complain of his companions. Glastonbury was indeed a friend, but Ferdinand sighed for a friend of his own age, knit to him by the same tastes and sympathies, and capable of comprehending all his secret feelings; a friend who could even whisper hope, and smile in a spunging-house.

The day wore away, the twilight shades were descending; Ferdinand became every moment more melancholy, when suddenly his constant ally, the waiter, rushed into the room. 'My eye, sir, here is a regular nob enquiring for you. I told you it would be all right.'

'Who is it?'

'Here he is coming up.'

Ferdinand caught the triumphant tones of Mirabel on the staircase.

'Which is the room? Show me directly. Ah! Armine, *mon ami! mon cher!* Is this your friendship? To be in this cursed hole, and not send for me! *C'est une mauvaise plaisanterie* to pretend we are friends! How are you, good fellow, fine fellow, excellent Armine? If you were not here I would quarrel with you. There, go away, man.' The waiter disappeared, and Count Mirabel seated himself on the hard sofa.

'My dear fellow,' continued the Count, twirling the prettiest cane in the world, 'this is a *bêtise* of you to be here and not send for me. Who has put you here?'

'My dear Mirabel, it is all up.'

'Pah! How much is it?'

'I tell you I am done up. It has got about that the marriage is off, and Morris and Levison have nabbed me for all the arrears of my cursed annuities.'

'But how much?'

'Between two and three thousand.'

The Count Mirabel gave a whistle.

'I brought five hundred, which I have. We must get the rest somehow or other.'

'My dear Mirabel, you are the most generous fellow in the world; but I have troubled my friends too much. Nothing will induce me to take a sou from you. Besides, between ourselves, not my least mortification at this moment is some 1,500*l.*, which Bond Sharpe let me have the other day for nothing, through Catch.'

'Pah! I am sorry about that, though, because he would have lent us this money. I will ask Bevil.'

'I would sooner die.'

'I will ask him for myself.'

'It is impossible.'

'We will arrange it: I tell you who will do it for us. He is a good fellow, and immensely rich: it is Fitzwarrene; he owes me great favours.'

'Dear Mirabel, I am delighted to see you. This is good and kind. I am so damned dull here. It quite gladdens me to see you; but do not talk about money.'

'Here is 500*l.*; four other fellows at 500*l.* we can manage it.'

'No more, no more! I beseech you.'

'But you cannot stop here. *Quel drôle appartement!* Before Charley Doricourt was in Parliament he was always in this sort of houses, but I got him

out somehow or other; I managed it. Once I bought of the fellow five hundred dozen of champagne.'

'A new way to pay old debts, certainly,' said Ferdinand.

'I tell you—have you dined?'

'I was going to; merely to have something to do.'

'I will stop and dine with you,' said the Count, ringing the bell, 'and we will talk over affairs. Laugh, my friend; laugh, my Armine: this is only a scene. This is life. What can we have for dinner, man? I shall dine here.'

'Gentleman's dinner is ordered, my lord; quite ready,' said the waiter. 'Champagne in ice, my lord?'

'To be sure; everything that is good. *Mon cher* Armine, we shall have some fun.'

'Yes, my lord,' said the waiter, running down stairs. 'Dinner for best drawing-room directly; green-pea-soup, turbot, beefsteak, roast duck and boiled chicken, everything that is good, champagne in ice; two regular nobs!'

The dinner soon appeared, and the two friends seated themselves.

'Potage admirable!' said Count Mirabel. 'The best champagne I ever drank in my life. *Mon brave*, your health. This must be Charley's man, by the wine. I think we will have him up; he will lend us some money. Finest turbot I ever ate! I will give you some of the fins. Ah! you are glad to see me, my Armine, you are glad to see your friend. *Encore* champagne! Good Armine, excellent Armine! Keep up your spirits, I will manage these fellows. You must take some bifteac. The most tender bifteac I ever tasted! This is a fine dinner. *Encore un verre!* Man, you may go; don't wait.'

'By Jove, Mirabel, I never was so glad to see anybody in my life. Now, you are a friend; I feel quite in spirits.'

'To be sure! always be in spirits. *C'est une bêtise* not to be in spirits. Everything is sure to go well. You will see how I will manage these fellows, and I will come and dine with you every day until you are out: you shall not be here eight-and-forty hours. As I go home I will stop at Mitchell's and get you a novel by Paul de Kock. Have you ever read Paul de Kock's books?'

'Never,' said Ferdinand.

'What a fortunate man to be arrested! Now you can read Paul de Kock! By Jove, you are the most lucky fellow I know. You see, you thought yourself very miserable in being arrested. 'Tis the finest thing in the world, for now you will read *Mon Voisin Raymond*. There are always two sides to a case.'

'I am content to believe myself very lucky in having such a friend as you,' said Ferdinand; 'but now as these things are cleared away, let us talk over affairs. Have you seen Henrietta?'

'Of course, I see her every day.'

'I hope she will not know of my crash until she has married.'

'She will not, unless you tell her.'

'And when do you think she will be married?'

'When you please.'

'Cher ami! point de moquerie!'

'By Jove, I am quite serious,' exclaimed the Count. 'I am as certain that you will marry her as that we are in this damned spunging-house.'

'Nonsense!'

'The very finest sense in the world. If you will not marry her, I will myself, for I am resolved that good Montfort shall not. It shall never be said that I interfered without a result. Why, if she were to marry Montfort now, it would ruin my character. To marry Montfort after all my trouble: dining with that good Temple, and opening the mind of that little Grandison, and talking fine things to that good duchess; it would be a failure.'

'What an odd fellow you are, Mirabel!'

'Of course! Would you have me like other people and not odd? We will drink *la belle Henriette!* Fill up! You will be my friend when you are married, eh? *Mon Armine, excellent garçon!* How we shall laugh some day; and then this dinner, this dinner will be the best dinner we ever had!'

'But why do you think there is the slightest hope of Henrietta not marrying Montfort?'

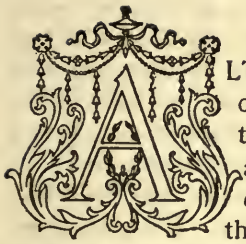
'Because my knowledge of human nature assures me that a young woman, very beautiful, very rich, with a very high spirit, and an only daughter, will never go and marry one man when she is in love with another, and that other one, my dear fellow, like you. You are more sure of getting her because she is engaged.'

What a wonderful thing is a knowledge of human nature! thought Ferdinand to himself. The Count's knowledge of human nature is like my friend the waiter's experience. One assures me that I am certain to marry a woman because she is engaged to another person, and the other, that it is quite clear my debts will be paid because they are so large! The Count remained with his friend until eleven o'clock, when everybody was locked up. He invited himself

to dine with him to-morrow, and promised that he should have a whole collection of French novels before he awoke. And assuring him over and over again that he looked upon him as the most fortunate of all his friends, and that if he broke the bank at Crocky's to-night, which he fancied he should, he would send him two or three thousand pounds; at the same time he shook him heartily by the hand, and descended the staircase of the spunging-house, humming *Vive la Bagatelle.*

CHAPTER XXI.

The Crisis.



LTHOUGH, when Ferdinand was once more left alone to his reflections, it did not appear to him that anything had occurred which should change his opinion of his forlorn lot, there was something, nevertheless, inspiring in the visit of his friend Count Mirabel. It did not seem to him, indeed, that he was one whit nearer extrication from his difficulties than before; and as for the wild hopes as to Henrietta, he dismissed them from his mind as the mere fantastic schemes of a sanguine spirit, and yet his gloom, by some process difficult to analyse, had in great measure departed. It could not be the champagne, for that was a remedy he had previously tried; it was in some degree doubtless the magic sympathy of a joyous temperament: but chiefly it might, perhaps, be ascribed to the flattering conviction that he possessed the hearty friendship of a man whose good-will was, in every view of the case, a very enviable possession. With such a friend as Mirabel, he could not deem himself quite so unlucky as in the morning. If he were fortunate, and fortunate so unexpectedly, in this instance, he might be so in others. A vague presentiment that he had

seen the worst of life came over him. It was equally in vain to justify the consoling conviction or to resist it; and Ferdinand Armine, although in a spunging-house, fell asleep in better humour with his destiny than he had been for the last eight months.

His dreams were charming: he fancied that he was at Armine, standing by the Barbary rose-tree. It was moonlight; it was, perhaps, a slight recollection of the night he had looked upon the garden from the window of his chamber, the night after he had first seen Henrietta. Suddenly, Henrietta Temple appeared at his window, and waved her hand to him with a smiling face. He immediately plucked for her a flower, and stood with his offering beneath her window. She was in a riding-habit, and she told him that she had just returned from Italy. He invited her to descend, and she disappeared; but instead of Henrietta, there came forward from the old Place——the duchess, who immediately enquired whether he had seen his cousin; and then her Grace, by some confused process common in dreams, turned into Glastonbury, and pointed to the rose-tree, where, to his surprise, Katherine was walking with Lord Montfort. Ferdinand called out for Henrietta, but, as she did not appear, he entered the Place, where he found Count Mirabel dining by himself, and just drinking a glass of champagne. He complained to Mirabel that Henrietta had disappeared, but his friend laughed at him, and said that, after such a long ride, leaving Italy only yesterday, he could scarcely expect to see her. Satisfied with this explanation, Ferdinand joined the Count at his banquet, and was awakened from his sleep, and his dream apparently, by Mirabel drawing a cork.

Ah! why did he ever wake? It was so real; he had seen her so plainly; it was life; it was the very smile she wore at Ducie; that sunny glance, so full of joy, beauty, and love, which he could live to gaze on! And now he was in prison, and she was going to be married to another. Oh! there are things in this world that may well break hearts!

The cork of Count Mirabel was, however, a substantial sound, a gentle tap at his door: he answered it, and the waiter entered his chamber.

'Beg pardon, sir, for disturbing you; only eight o'clock.'

'Then why the deuce do you disturb me?'

'There has been another nob, sir. I said as how you were not up, and he sent his compliments, and said as how he would call in an hour, as he wished to see you particular.'

'Was it the Count?'

'No, sir; but it was a regular nob, sir, for he had a coronet on his cab. But he would not leave his name.'

'Catch, of course,' thought Ferdinand to himself. 'And sent by Mirabel. I should not wonder, if after all, they have broken the bank at Crocky's. Nothing shall induce me to take a ducat.'

However, Ferdinand thought fit to rise, and contrived to descend to the best drawing-room about a quarter of an hour after the appointed time. To his extreme surprise he found Lord Montfort.

'My dear friend,' said Lord Montfort, looking a little confused; 'I am afraid I have sadly disturbed you. But I could not contrive to find you yesterday until it was so late that I was ashamed to knock them up here, and I thought, therefore, you would excuse

this early call, as, as, as, I wished to see you very much indeed.'

'You are extremely kind,' said Captain Armine. 'But really I much regret that your lordship should have had all this trouble.'

'Oh! what is trouble under such circumstances!' replied his lordship. 'I cannot pardon myself for being so stupid as not reaching you yesterday. I never can excuse myself for the inconvenience you have experienced.'

Ferdinand bowed, but was so perplexed that he could not say a word.

'I hope, my dear Armine,' said his lordship, advancing rather slowly, putting his arm within that of Ferdinand, and then walking up and down the room together, 'I hope you will act at this moment towards me as I would towards you, were our respective situations changed.'

Ferdinand bowed, but said nothing.

'Money, you know, my good fellow,' continued Lord Montfort, 'is a disagreeable thing to talk about; but there are circumstances which should deprive such conversation between us of any awkwardness which otherwise might arise.'

'I am not aware of them, my lord,' said Ferdinand, 'though your good feelings command my gratitude.'

'I think, upon reflection, we shall find that there are some,' said Lord Montfort. 'For the moment I will only hope that you will esteem those good feelings, and which, on my part, I am anxious should ripen into sincere and intimate friendship, as sufficient authority for my placing your affairs in general in that state that they may in future never deprive your family and friends of society necessary to their happiness.'

'My lord, I am sure that adversity has assumed a graceful hue with me, for it has confirmed my most amiable views of human nature. I shall not attempt to express what I feel towards your lordship for this generous goodness, but I will say I am profoundly impressed with it; not the less, because I cannot avail myself in the slightest degree of your offer.'

'You are too much a man of the world, I am sure, my dear Armine, to be offended by my frankness. I shall, therefore, speak without fear of misconception. It does appear to me that the offer which I have made you is worthy of a little more consideration. You see, my dear friend, that you have placed yourself in such a situation that however you may act the result cannot be one completely satisfactory. The course you should pursue, therefore, as, indeed, all conduct in this world should be, is a matter of nice calculation. Have you well considered the consequences of your rushing upon ruin? In the first place, your family will receive a blow from which even future prosperity may not recover them. Your family estate, already in a delicate position, may be irrecoverably lost; the worldly consequences of such a vicissitude are very considerable; whatever career you pursue, so long as you visibly possess Armine, you rank always among the aristocracy of the land, and a family that maintains such a position, however decayed, will ultimately recover. I hardly know an exception to this rule. I do not think, of all men, that you are most calculated to afford one.'

'What you say has long pressed itself upon us,' said Captain Armine.

'Then, again,' resumed Lord Montfort, 'the feelings and even interests of your friends are to be consid-

ered. Poor Glastonbury! I love that old man myself. The fall of Armine might break his heart; he would not like to leave his tower. You see, I know your place.'

'Poor Glastonbury!' said Ferdinand.

'But above all,' continued Lord Montfort, 'the happiness, nay, the very health and life of your parents, from whom all is now concealed, would perhaps be the last and costliest sacrifices of your rashness.'

Ferdinand threw himself on the sofa and covered his face.

'Yet all this misery, all these misfortunes, may be avoided, and you yourself become a calm and happy man, by—for I wish not to understate your view of the subject, Armine—putting yourself under a pecuniary obligation to me. A circumstance to be avoided in the common course of life, no doubt; but is it better to owe me a favour and save your family estate, preserve your position, maintain your friend, and prevent the misery, and probable death, of your parents, or be able to pass me in the street, in haughty silence if you please, with the consciousness that the luxury of your pride has been satisfied at the cost of every circumstance which makes existence desirable?'

'You put the case strongly,' said Ferdinand; 'but no reasoning can ever persuade me that I am justified in borrowing 3,000*l.*, which I can never repay.'

'Accept it, then.'

''Tis the same thing,' said Ferdinand.

'I think not,' said Lord Montfort; 'but why do you say never?'

'Because it is utterly impossible that I ever can.'

'How do you know you may not marry a woman of large fortune?' said Lord Montfort. 'Now you

seem to me exactly the sort of man who would marry an heiress.'

'You are thinking of my cousin,' said Ferdinand. 'I thought that you had discovered, or that you might have learnt, that there was no real intention of our union.'

'No, I was not thinking of your cousin,' said Lord Montfort; 'though, to tell you the truth, I was once in hopes that you would marry her. However, that I well know is entirely out of the question, for I believe Miss Grandison will marry some one else.'

'Indeed!' exclaimed Ferdinand, a little agitated. 'Well! may she be happy! I love Kate from the bottom of my heart. But who is the fortunate fellow?'

''Tis a lady's secret,' said Lord Montfort. 'But let us return to our argument. To be brief: either, my dear Armine, you must be convinced by my reasoning, or I must remain here a prisoner like yourself; for, to tell you the truth, there is a fair lady before whom I cannot present myself except in your company.'

Ferdinand changed countenance. There wanted but this to confirm his resolution, which had scarcely wavered. To owe his release to Henrietta's influence with Lord Montfort was too degrading.

'My lord,' he said, 'you have touched upon a string that I had hoped might have been spared me. This conversation must, indeed, cease. My mouth is sealed from giving you the reasons, which nevertheless render it imperative on me to decline your generous offer.'

'Well, then,' said Lord Montfort, 'I must see if another can be more successful,' and he held forth a

note to the astounded Ferdinand, in Henrietta's writing. It dropped from Ferdinand's hand as he took it. Lord Montfort picked it up, gave it him again, and walked to the other end of the room. It was with extreme difficulty that Ferdinand prevailed on himself to break the seal. The note was short; the hand that traced the letters must have trembled. Thus it ran:—

'DEAREST FERDINAND,—Do everything that Digby wishes. He is our best friend. Digby is going to marry Katherine; are you happy? HENRIETTA.'

Lord Montfort looked round; Ferdinand Armine was lying senseless on the sofa.

Our friend was not of a swooning mood, but we think the circumstances may excuse the weakness.

As for Lord Montfort, he rang the bell for the little waiter, who, the moment he saw what had occurred, hurried away and rushed up stairs again with cold water, a bottle of brandy, and a blazing sheet of brown paper, which he declared was an infallible specific. By some means or other Ferdinand was in time recovered, and the little waiter was fairly expelled.

'My dear friend,' said Ferdinand, in a faint voice, 'I am the happiest man that ever lived; I hope you will be, I am sure you will be; Katherine is an angel. But I cannot speak. It is so strange.'

'My dear fellow, you really must take a glass of brandy,' said Lord Montfort. 'It is strange, certainly. But we are all happy.'

'I hardly know where I am,' said Ferdinand, after a few minutes. 'Am I really alive?'

'Let us think how we are to get out of this place. I suppose they will take my cheque. If not, I must be off.'

'Oh, do not go,' said Ferdinand. 'If you go I shall not believe it is true. My dear Montfort, is it really true?'

'You see, my dear Armine,' said Lord Montfort, smiling, 'it was fated that I should marry a lady you rejected. And to tell you the truth, the reason why I did not get to you yesterday, as I ought to have done, was an unexpected conversation I had with Miss Grandison. I really think this arrest was a most fortunate incident. It brought affairs to a crisis. We should have gone on playing at cross purposes for ever.'

Here the little waiter entered again with a note and a packet.

'The same messenger brought them?' asked Ferdinand.

'No, sir; the Count's servant brought the note, and waits for an answer; the packet came by another person.'

Ferdinand opened the note and read as follows:—

'BERKELEY-SQUARE, *half-past 7, morning.*

'MON AMI,—Best joke in the world! I broke Crocky's bank three times. Of course; I told you so. I win 15,000*l.* Directly I am awake I will send you the three thousand, and I will lend you the rest till your marriage. It will not be very long. I write this before I go to bed, that you may have it early. Adieu, *cher ami.*

'*Votre affectionné,*

'DE MIRABEL.

'My arrest was certainly the luckiest incident in the world,' said Ferdinand, handing the note to Lord Montfort. 'Mirabel dined here yesterday, and went and played on purpose to save me. I treated it as a joke. But what is this?' Ferdinand opened the packet. The handwriting was unknown to him. Ten bank notes of 300*l.* each fell to the ground.

'Do I live in fairyland?' he exclaimed. 'Now who can this be? It cannot be you; it cannot be Mirabel. It is wondrous strange.'

'I think I can throw some light upon it,' said Lord Montfort. 'Katherine was mysteriously engaged with Glastonbury yesterday morning. They were out together, and I know they went to her lawyer's. There is no doubt it is Katherine. I think, under the circumstances of the case, we need have no delicacy in availing ourselves of this fortunate remittance. It will at least save us time,' said Lord Montfort, ringing the bell. 'Send your master here directly,' he continued to the waiter.

The sheriff's officer appeared; the debt, the fees, all were paid, and the discharge duly taken. Ferdinand in the meantime went up stairs to lock up his dressing-case; the little waiter rushed after him to pack his portmanteau. Ferdinand did not forget his zealous friend, who whispered hope when all was black. The little waiter chuckled as he put his ten guineas in his pocket. 'You see, sir,' he said, 'I was quite right. Knowed your friends would stump down. Fancy a nob like you being sent to quod! Fiddledeedee! You see, sir, you weren't used to it.'

And so Ferdinand Armine bid adieu to the spunging-house, where, in the course of less than eight-

and-forty hours, he had known alike despair and rapture. Lord Montfort drove along with a gaiety unusual to him.

'Now, my dear Armine,' he said, 'I am not a jot the less in love with Henrietta than before. I love her as you love Katherine. What folly to marry a woman who was in love with another person! I should have made her miserable, when the great object of all my conduct was to make her happy. Now Katherine really loves me as much as Henrietta loves you. I have had this plan in my head for a long time. I calculated finely; I was convinced it was the only way to make us all happy. And now we shall all be related; we shall be constantly together; and we will be brother friends.'

'Ah! my dear Montfort,' said Ferdinand, 'what will Mr. Temple say?'

'Leave him to me,' said Lord Montfort.

'I tremble,' said Ferdinand, 'if it were possible to anticipate difficulties to-day.'

'I shall go to him at once,' said Lord Montfort; 'I am not fond of suspense myself, and now it is of no use. All will be right.'

'I trust only to you,' said Ferdinand; 'for I am as proud as Temple. He dislikes me, and he is too rich for me to bow down to him.'

'I take it upon myself,' said Lord Montfort. 'Mr. Temple is a calm, sensible man. You will laugh at me, but the truth is, with him it must be a matter of calculation: on the one hand, his daughter's happiness, a union with a family second to none in blood, alliances, and territorial position, and only wanting his wealth to revive all its splendour; on the other,

his daughter broken-hearted, and a duke for his son-in-law. Mr. Temple is too sensible a man to hesitate, particularly when I remove the greatest difficulty he must experience. Where shall I put you down? Berkeley-Square?'

CHAPTER XXII.

Ferdinand Meditates over His Good Fortune.

N MOMENTS of deep feeling, alike in sudden bursts of prosperity as in darker hours, man must be alone. It requires some self-communion to prepare ourselves for good fortune, as well as to encounter difficulty, and danger, and disgrace. This violent and triumphant revolution in his prospects and his fortunes was hardly yet completely comprehended by our friend, Ferdinand Armine; and when he had left a note for the generous Mirabel, whose slumbers he would not disturb at this early hour, even with good news, he strolled along up Charles-street, and to the Park, in one of those wild and joyous reveries in which we brood over coming bliss, and create a thousand glorious consequences.

It was one of those soft summer mornings which are so delightful in a great city. The sky was clear, the air was bland, the water sparkled in the sun, and the trees seemed doubly green and fresh to one who so recently had gazed only on iron bars. Ferdinand felt his freedom as well as his happiness. He seated

himself on a bench and thought of Henrietta Temple! he took out her note, and read it over and over again. It was indeed her handwriting! Restless with impending joy, he sauntered to the bridge, and leant over the balustrade, gazing on the waters in charmed and charming vacancy. How many incidents, how many characters, how many feelings flitted over his memory! Of what sweet and bitter experience did he not chew the cud! Four-and-twenty hours ago, and he deemed himself the most miserable and forlorn of human beings, and now all the blessings of the world seemed showered at his feet! A beautiful bride awaited him, whom he had loved with intense passion, and who he had thought but an hour ago was another's. A noble fortune, which would permit him to redeem his inheritance, and rank him among the richest commoners of the realm, was to be controlled by one a few hours back a prisoner for desperate debts. The most gifted individuals in the land emulated each other in proving which entertained for him the most sincere affection. What man in the world had friends like Ferdinand Armine? Ferdinand Armine, who, two days back, deemed himself alone in the world! The unswerving devotion of Glastonbury, the delicate affection of his sweet cousin, all the magnanimity of the high-souled Montfort, and the generosity of the accomplished Mirabel, passed before him, and wonderfully affected him. He could not flatter himself that he indeed merited such singular blessings; and yet with all his faults, which with him were but the consequences of his fiery youth, Ferdinand had been faithful to Henrietta. His constancy to her was now rewarded. As for his friends, the future must prove his gratitude to them.

Ferdinand Armine had great tenderness of disposition, and somewhat of a meditative mind; schooled by adversity, there was little doubt that his coming career would justify his favourable destiny.

It was barely a year since he had returned from Malta, but what an eventful twelvemonth! Everything that had occurred previously seemed of another life; all his experience was concentrated in that wonderful drama that had commenced at Bath, the last scene of which was now approaching; the characters, his parents, Glastonbury, Katherine, Henrietta, Lord Montfort, Count Mirabel, himself, and Mr. Temple!

Ah! that was a name that a little disturbed him; and yet he felt confidence now in Mirabel's prescience; he could not but believe that with time even Mr. Temple might be reconciled! It was at this moment that the sound of military music fell upon his ear; it recalled old days; parades and guards at Malta; times when he did not know Henrietta Temple; times when, as it seemed to him now, he had never paused to think or moralise. That was a mad life. What a Neapolitan ball was his career then! It was indeed dancing on a volcano. And now all had ended so happily! Oh! could it indeed be true? Was it not all a dream of his own creation, while his eye had been fixed in abstraction on that bright and flowing river? But then there was Henrietta's letter. He might be enchanted, but that was the talisman.

In the present unsettled, though hopeful state of affairs, Ferdinand would not go home. He was resolved to avoid any explanations until he heard from Lord Montfort. He shrank from seeing Glastonbury or his cousin. As for Henrietta, it seemed to him

that he never could have heart to meet her again, unless they were alone. Count Mirabel was the only person to whom he could abandon his soul, and Count Mirabel was still in his first sleep.

So Ferdinand entered Kensington Gardens, and walked in those rich glades and stately avenues. It seems to the writer of this history that the inhabitants of London are scarcely sufficiently sensible of the beauty of its environs. On every side the most charming retreats open to them, nor is there a metropolis in the world surrounded by so many rural villages, picturesque parks, and elegant casinos. With the exception of Constantinople, there is no city in the world that can for a moment enter into competition with it. For himself, though in his time something of a rambler, he is not ashamed in this respect to confess to a legitimate Cockney taste; and for his part he does not know where life can flow on more pleasantly than in sight of Kensington Gardens, viewing the silver Thames winding by the bowers of Rosebank, or inhaling from its terraces the refined air of graceful Richmond.

In exactly ten minutes it is in the power of every man to free himself from all the tumult of the world; the pangs of love, the throbs of ambition, the wear and tear of play, the recriminating boudoir, the conspiring club, the rattling hell; and find himself in a sublime sylvan solitude superior to the cedars of Lebanon, and inferior only in extent to the chestnut forests of Anatolia. Kensington Gardens is almost the only place that has realised his idea of the forests of Spenser and Ariosto. What a pity, that instead of a princess in distress we meet only a nurserymaid! But here is the fitting and convenient locality to

brood over our thoughts; to project the great and to achieve the happy. It is here that we should get our speeches by heart, invent our impromptus; muse over the caprices of our mistresses, destroy a cabinet, and save a nation.

About the time that Ferdinand directed his steps from these green retreats towards Berkeley-Square, a servant summoned Miss Temple to her father.

'Is papa alone?' enquired Miss Temple.

'Only my lord with him,' was the reply.

'Is Lord Montfort here!' said Miss Temple, a little surprised.

'My lord has been with master these three hours,' said the servant.

CHAPTER XXIII.

FERDINAND RECEIVES THE MOST INTERESTING INVITATION TO DINNER EVER OFFERED TO HIM.

'IS NOT it wonderful?' said Ferdinand, when he had finished his history to Count Mirabel.

'Not the least,' said the Count, 'I never knew anything less surprising. 'Tis exactly what I said, 'tis the most natural termination in the world.'

'Ah, my dear Mirabel, you are a prophet! What a lucky fellow I am to have such a friend as you!'

'To be sure you are. Take some more coffee. What are you going to do with yourself?'

'I do not know what to do with myself. I really do not like to go anywhere until I have heard from Montfort. I think I shall go to my hotel.'

'I will drive you. It is now three o'clock.'

But just at this moment, Mr. Bevil called on the Count, and another hour disappeared. When they were fairly in the cabriolet, there were so many places to call at, and so many persons to see, that it was nearly six o'clock when they reached the hotel. Ferdinand ran up stairs to see if there were any letter from Lord Montfort. He found his lordship's

card, and also Mr. Temple's; they had called about half an hour ago; there was also a note. These were its contents:—

'GROSVENOR-SQUARE, *Thursday.*

'MY DEAR CAPTAIN ARMINE,

'I have prepared myself with this note, as I fear I shall hardly be so fortunate as to find you at home. It is only very recently that I have learnt from Henrietta that you were in London, and I much regret to hear that you have been so great an invalid. It is so long since we met that I hope you will dine with us to-day; and indeed I am so anxious to see you, that I trust, if you have unfortunately made any other engagement, you may yet contrive to gratify my request. It is merely a family party; you will only meet our friends from St. James'-square, and your own circle in Brook-street. I have asked no one else, save old Lady Bellair, and your friend Count Mirabel; and Henrietta is so anxious to secure his presence, that I shall be greatly obliged by your exerting your influence to induce him to accompany you, as I fear there is little hope of finding him free.

'Henrietta joins with me in kindest regards; and I beg you to believe me,

'My dear Captain Armine,

'Most cordially yours,

'PELHAM TEMPLE.'

'Well, what is the matter?' said the Count, when Ferdinand returned to the cabriolet, with the note in his hand, and looking very agitated.

'The strangest note!' said Ferdinand.

'Give it me,' said the Count. 'Do you call that strange? 'Tis the most regular epistle I ever read; I expected it. 'Tis an excellent fellow, that Mr. Temple; I will certainly dine with him, and send an excuse to that old Castlefyshe. A family party, all right; and he asks me, that is proper. I should not wonder if it ended by my being your trustee, or your executor, or your first child's godfather. Ah, that good Temple is a sensible man. I told you I would settle this business for you. You should hear me talk to that good Temple. I open his mind. A family party; it will be amusing! I would not miss it for a thousand pounds. Besides, I must go to take care of you, for you will be committing all sorts of *bêtises*. I will give you one turn in the park. Jump in, *mon enfant*. Good Armine, excellent fellow, jump in! You see, I was right; I am always right. But I will confess to you a secret: I never was so right as I have been in the present case. 'Tis the best business that ever was!'

CHAPTER XXIV.

Some Account of the Party, and Its Result.

IN SPITE of the Count Mirabel's inspiring companionship, it must be confessed that Ferdinand's heart failed him when he entered Mr. Temple's house. Indeed, had it not been for the encouragement and jolly raillery of his light-hearted friend, it is not quite clear that he would have succeeded in ascending the staircase. A mist came over his vision as he entered the room; various forms, indeed, glanced before him, but he could distinguish none. He felt so embarrassed, that he was absolutely miserable. It was Mr. Temple's hand that he found he had hold of; the calm demeanour and bland tones of that gentleman somewhat reassured him. Mr. Temple was cordial, and Count Mirabel hovered about Ferdinand, and covered his confusion. Then he recognised the duchess and his mother; they were sitting together, and he went up and saluted them. He dared not look round for the lady of the house. Lady Bellair was talking to his father. At last he heard his name called by the Count.

'Armine, *mon cher,* see this beautiful work!' and Ferdinand advanced, or rather staggered, to a window

where stood the Count before a group, and in a minute he clasped the hand of Henrietta Temple. He could not speak. Katherine was sitting by her, and Lord Montfort standing behind her chair. But Count Mirabel never ceased talking, and with so much art and tact, that in a few moments he had succeeded in producing comparative ease on all sides.

'I am so glad that you have come to-day,' said Henrietta. Her eyes sparkled with a strange meaning, and then she suddenly withdrew her gaze. The rose of her cheek alternately glowed and faded. It was a moment of great embarrassment, and afterwards they often talked of it.

Dinner, however, was soon announced as served, for Mirabel and Ferdinand had purposely arrived at the last moment. As the duke advanced to offer his arm to Miss Temple, Henrietta presented Ferdinand with a flower, as if to console him for the separation. It was a round table; the duchess and Lady Bellair sat on each side of Mr. Temple, the duke on the right hand of Miss Temple; where there were so many members of the same family, it was difficult to arrange the guests. Ferdinand held back, when Count Mirabel, who had secured a seat by Henrietta, beckoned to Ferdinand, and saying that Lady Bellair wished him to sit next to her, pushed Ferdinand, as he himself walked away, into the vacated seat. Henrietta caught the Count's eye as he moved off; it was a laughing eye.

'I am glad you sit next to me,' said Lady Bellair to the Count, 'because you are famous. I love famous people, and you are very famous. Why don't you come and see me? Now I have caught you at last, and you shall come and dine with me the 7th,

8th, or 9th of next month; I have dinner parties every day. You shall dine with me on the 8th, for then Lady Frederick dines with me, and she will taste you. You shall sit next to Lady Frederick, and mind you flirt with her. I wonder if you are as amusing as your grandfather. I remember dancing a minuet with him at Versailles seventy years ago.'

'It is well recollected in the family,' said the Count.

'Ah! you rogue!' said the little lady, chuckling, 'you lie! I like a lie sometimes,' she resumed, 'but then it must be a good one. Do you know, I only say it to you, but I am half afraid lies are more amusing than truth.'

'Naturally,' said the Count, 'because truth must in general be commonplace, or it would not be true.'

In the meantime, Ferdinand was seated next to Henrietta Temple. He might be excused for feeling a little bewildered. Indeed, the wonderful events of the last four-and-twenty hours were enough to deprive anyone of a complete command over his senses. What marvel, then, that he nearly carved his soup, ate his fish with a spoon, and drank water instead of wine! In fact, he was labouring under a degree of nervous excitement which rendered it quite impossible for him to observe the proprieties of life. The presence of all these persons was insupportable to him. Five minutes alone with her in the woods of Ducie, and he would have felt quite reassured. Miss Temple avoided his glance! She was, in truth, as agitated as himself, and talked almost entirely to the duke; yet sometimes she tried to address him, and say kind things. She called him Ferdinand; that was quite sufficient to make him happy, although he felt

very awkward. He had been seated some minutes before he observed that Glastonbury was next to him.

'I am so nervous, dear Glastonbury,' said Ferdinand, 'that I do not think I shall be able to remain in the room.'

'I have heard something,' said Glastonbury, with a smile, 'that makes me quite bold.'

'I cannot help fancying that it is all enchantment,' said Ferdinand.

'There is no wonder, my dear boy, that you are enchanted,' said Glastonbury.

'Ferdinand,' said Miss Temple in a low voice, 'papa is taking wine with you.' Ferdinand looked up and caught Mr. Temple's kind salute.

'That was a fine horse you were riding to-day,' said Count Mirabel, across the table to Miss Grandison.

'Is it not pretty? It is Lord Montfort's.'

'Lord Montfort's!' thought Ferdinand. 'How strange all this seems!'

'You were not of the riding party this morning,' said his Grace to Henrietta.

'I have not been very well this day or two,' said Miss Temple.

'Well, I think you are looking particularly well to-day,' replied the duke. 'What say you, Captain Armine?'

Ferdinand blushed, and looked confused at this appeal, and muttered some contradictory compliments.

'Oh! I am very well now,' said Miss Temple.

'You must come and dine with me,' said Lady Bellair to Count Mirabel, 'because you talk well across a table. I want a man who talks well across a table.

So few can do it without bellowing. I think you do it very well.'

'Naturally,' replied the Count. 'If I did not do it well, I should not do it at all.'

'Ah! you are audacious,' said the old lady. 'I like a little impudence. It is better to be impudent than to be servile.'

'Mankind are generally both,' said the Count.

'I think they are,' said the old lady. 'Pray, is the old Duke of Thingabob alive? You know whom I mean: he was an *émigré*, and a relation of yours.'

'De Crillon. He is dead, and his son too.'

'He was a great talker,' said Lady Bellair, 'but then, he was the tyrant of conversation. Now, men were made to listen as well as to talk.'

'Without doubt,' said the Count; 'for Nature has given us two ears, but only one mouth.'

'You said that we might all be very happy,' whispered Lord Montfort to Miss Grandison. 'What think you; have we succeeded?'

'I think we all look very confused,' said Miss Grandison. 'What a fortunate idea it was inviting Lady Bellair and the Count. They never could look confused.'

'Watch Henrietta,' said Lord Montfort.

'It is not fair. How silent Ferdinand is!'

'Yes, he is not quite sure whether he is Christopher Sly or not,' said Lord Montfort. 'What a fine embarrassment you have contrived, Miss Grandison!'

'Nay, Digby, you were the author of it. I cannot help thinking of your interview with Mr. Temple. You were prompt!'

'Why, I can be patient, fair Katherine,' said Lord Montfort; 'but in the present instance I shrank from

suspense, more, however, for others than myself. It certainly was a singular interview.'

'And were you not nervous?'

'Why, no; I felt convinced that the interview could have only one result. I thought of your memorable words; I felt I was doing what you wished, and that I was making all of us happy. However, all honour be to Mr. Temple! He has proved himself a man of sense.'

As the dinner proceeded, there was an attempt on all sides to be gay. Count Mirabel talked a great deal, and Lady Bellair laughed at what he said, and maintained her reputation for repartee. Her ladyship had been for a long time anxious to seize hold of her gay neighbour, and it was evident that he was quite 'a favourite.' Even Ferdinand grew a little more at his ease. He ventured to relieve the duke from some of his labours, and carve for Miss Temple.

'What do you think of our family party?' said Henrietta to Ferdinand, in a low voice.

'I can think only of one thing,' said Ferdinand.

'I am so nervous,' she continued, 'that it seems to me I shall every minute shriek, and leave the room.'

'I feel the same; I am stupefied.'

'Talk to Mr. Glastonbury; drink wine, and talk. Look, look at your mother; she is watching us. She is dying to speak to you, and so is some one else.'

At length the ladies withdrew. Ferdinand attended them to the door of the dining-room. Lady Bellair shook her fan at him, but said nothing. He pressed his mother's hand. 'Good-bye, cousin Ferdinand,' said Miss Grandison in a laughing tone. Henrietta smiled upon him as she passed by. It was a speak-

ing glance, and touched his heart. The gentlemen remained behind much longer than was the custom in Mr. Temple's house. Everybody seemed resolved to drink a great deal of wine, and Mr. Temple always addressed himself to Ferdinand, if anything were required, in a manner which seemed to recognise his responsible position in the family.

Anxious as Ferdinand was to escape to the drawing-room, he could not venture on the step. He longed to speak to Glastonbury on the subject which engrossed his thoughts, but he had not courage. Never did a man, who really believed himself the happiest and most fortunate person in the world, ever feel more awkward and more embarrassed. Was his father aware of what had occurred? He could not decide. Apparently, Henrietta imagined that his mother did, by the observation which she had made at dinner. Then his father must be conscious of everything. Katherine must have told all. Were Lord Montfort's family in the secret? But what use were these perplexing enquiries? It was certain that Henrietta was to be his bride, and that Mr. Temple had sanctioned their alliance. There could be no doubt of that, or why was he there?

At length the gentlemen rose, and Ferdinand once more beheld Henrietta Temple. As he entered, she was crossing the room with some music in her hand, she was a moment alone. He stopped, he would have spoken, but his lips would not move.

'Well,' she said, 'are you happy?'

'My head wanders. Assure me that it is all true,' he murmured in an agitated voice.

'It is all true; there, go and speak to Lady Armine. I am as nervous as you are.'

Ferdinand seated himself by his mother.

'Well, Ferdinand,' she said, 'I have heard wonderful things.'

'And I hope they have made you happy, mother?'

'I should, indeed, be both unreasonable and ungrateful if they did not; but I confess to you, my dear child, I am even as much astonished as gratified.'

'And my father, he knows everything?'

'Everything. But we have heard it only from Lord Montfort and Katherine. We have had no communication with anyone else. And we meet here to-day in this extraordinary manner, and but for them we should be completely in the dark.'

'And the duchess; do they know all?'

'I conclude so.'

''Tis very strange, is it not?'

'I am quite bewildered.'

'O mother! is she not beautiful? Do you not love her? Shall we not all be the happiest family in the world?'

'I think we ought to be, dear Ferdinand. But I have not recovered from my astonishment. Ah, my child, why did you not tell me when you were ill?'

'Is it not for the best that affairs should have taken the course they have done? But you must blame Kate as well as me; dear Kate!'

'I think of her,' said Lady Armine; 'I hope Kate will be happy.'

'She must be, dear mother; only think what an excellent person is Lord Montfort.'

'He is indeed an excellent person,' said Lady Armine; 'but if I had been engaged to you, Ferdinand, and it ended by my marrying Lord Montfort, I should be very disappointed.'

'The duchess would be of a different opinion,' said Ferdinand.

Lady Bellair, who was sitting on a sofa opposite, and had hitherto been conversing with the duchess, who had now quitted her and joined the musicians, began shaking her fan at Ferdinand in a manner which signified her extreme desire that he should approach her.

'Well, Lady Bellair,' said Ferdinand, seating himself by her side.

'I am in the secret, you know,' said her ladyship.

'What secret, Lady Bellair?'

'Ah! you will not commit yourself. Well, I like discretion. I have always seen it from the first. No one has worked for you as I have. I like true love, and I have left her all my china in my will.'

'I am sure the legatee is very fortunate, whoever she may be.'

'Ah, you rogue, you know very well whom I mean. You are saucy; you never had a warmer friend than myself. I always admired you; you have a great many good qualities and a great many bad ones. You always were a little saucy. But I like a little spice of sauciness; I think it takes. I hear you are great friends with Count Thingabob; the Count, whose grandfather I danced with seventy years ago. That is right; always have distinguished friends. Never have fools for friends; they are no use. I suppose he is in the secret too.'

'Really, Lady Bellair, I am in no secret. You quite excite my curiosity.'

'Well, I can't get anything out of you, I see that. However, it all happened at my house, that can't be denied. I tell you what I will do; I will give you all

a dinner, and then the world will be quite certain that I made the match.'

Lady Armine joined them, and Ferdinand seized the opportunity of effecting his escape to the piano.

'I suppose Henrietta has found her voice again, now,' whispered Katherine to her cousin.

'Dear Katherine, really if you are so malicious, I shall punish you,' said Ferdinand.

'Well, the comedy is nearly concluded. We shall join hands, and the curtain will drop.'

'And I hope, in your opinion, not an unsuccessful performance.'

'Why, I certainly cannot quarrel with the catastrophe,' said Miss Grandison.

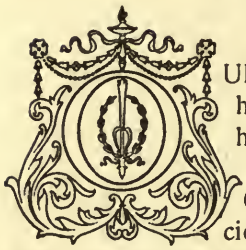
In the meantime, the Count Mirabel had obtained possession of Mr. Temple, and lost no opportunity of confirming every favourable view which that gentleman had been influenced by Lord Montfort to take of Ferdinand and his conduct. Mr. Temple was quite convinced that his daughter must be very happy, and that the alliance, on the whole, would be productive of every satisfaction that he had ever anticipated.

The evening drew on; carriages were announced; guests retired; Ferdinand lingered; Mr. Temple was ushering Lady Bellair, the last guest, to her carriage; Ferdinand and Henrietta were alone. They looked at each other, their eyes met at the same moment, there was but one mode of satisfactorily terminating their mutual embarrassments: they sprang into each other's arms. Ah, that was a moment of rapture, sweet, thrilling, rapid! There was no need of words, their souls vaulted over all petty explanations; upon her lips, her choice and trembling lips, he sealed his gratitude and his devotion.

The sound of footsteps was heard, the agitated Henrietta made her escape by an opposite entrance. Mr. Temple returned, he met Captain Armine with his hat, and enquired whether Henrietta had retired; and when Ferdinand answered in the affirmative, wished him good-night, and begged him to breakfast with them to-morrow.

CHAPTER XXV.

Which, Though Final, It Is Hoped Will Prove Satisfactory.



UR kind reader will easily comprehend that from the happy day we have just noticed, Ferdinand Armine was seldom absent from Grosvenor-square, or from the society of Henrietta Temple. Both were so happy that they soon overcame any little embarrassment which their novel situation might first occasion them. In this effort, however, they were greatly encouraged by the calm demeanour of Lord Montfort and the complacent carriage of his intended bride. The world wondered and whispered, marvelled and hinted, but nothing disturbed Lord Montfort, and Katherine had the skill to silence raillery. Although it was settled that the respective marriages should take place as soon as possible, the settlements necessarily occasioned delay. By the application of his funded property, and by a charge upon his Yorkshire estates, Mr. Temple paid off the mortgages on Armine, which, with a certain life-charge in his own favour, was settled in strict entail upon the issue of his daughter. A certain portion of the income was to be set aside annually to complete the

castle, and until that edifice was ready to receive them, Ferdinand and Henrietta were to live with Mr. Temple, principally at Ducie, which Mr. Temple had now purchased.

In spite, however, of the lawyers, the eventful day at length arrived. Both happy couples were married at the same time and in the same place, and Glastonbury performed the ceremony. Lord and Lady Montfort departed for a seat in Sussex, belonging to his father; Ferdinand and Henrietta repaired to Armine; while Sir Ratcliffe and his lady paid a visit to Mr. Temple in Yorkshire, and Glastonbury found himself once more in his old quarters in Lancashire with the duke and duchess.

Once more at Armine; wandering once more together in the old pleasaunce; it was so strange and sweet, that both Ferdinand and Henrietta almost began to believe that it was well that the course of their true love had for a moment not run so smoothly as at present, and they felt that their adversity had rendered them even more sensible of their illimitable bliss. And the woods of Ducie, they were not forgotten; nor, least of all, the old farmhouse that had been his shelter. Certainly they were the happiest people that ever lived, and though some years have now passed since these events took place, custom has not sullied the brightness of their love. They have no cares now, and yet both have known enough of sorrow to make them rightly appreciate their unbroken and unbounded blessings.

When the honeymoon was fairly over, for neither of them would bate a jot of this good old-fashioned privilege, Sir Ratcliffe and Lady Armine returned to the Place, and Glastonbury to his tower;

while Mr. Temple joined them at Ducie, accompanied by Lord and Lady Montfort. The autumn also brought the Count Mirabel to slaughter the pheasants, gay, brilliant, careless, kind-hearted as ever. He has ever remained one of Ferdinand's most cherished friends; indeed, I hardly think that there is any individual to whom Ferdinand is more attached. And after all, as the Count often observes, if it had not been for Ferdinand's scrapes they would not have known each other. Nor was Lord Catchimwhocan passed over. Ferdinand Armine was not the man to neglect a friend or to forget a good service; and he has conferred on that good-natured, though somewhat improvident, young nobleman, more substantial kindness than the hospitality which is always cheerfully extended to him. When Ferdinand repaid Mr. Bond Sharpe his fifteen hundred pounds, he took care that the interest should appear in the shape of a golden vase, which is now not the least gorgeous ornament of that worthy's splendid sideboard. The deer have appeared again too in the park of Armine, and many a haunch smokes on the epicurean table of Cleveland-row.

Lady Bellair is as lively as ever, and bids fair to amuse society as long as the famous Countess of Desmond,

> Who lived to the age of a hundred and ten,
> And died by a fall from a cherry tree then;
> What a frisky old girl!

In her annual progresses through the kingdom she never omits laying under contribution every establishment of the three families, in whose fortunes she was so unexpectedly mixed up. As her ladyship per-

sists in asserting, and perhaps now really believes, that both matches were the result of her matrimonial craft, it would be the height of ingratitude if she ever could complain of the want of a hearty welcome.

In the daily increasing happiness of his beloved daughter, Mr. Temple has quite forgotten any little disappointment which he might once have felt at not having a duke for a son-in-law, and such a duke as his valued friend, Lord Montfort. But Ferdinand Armine is blessed with so sweet a temper that it is impossible to live with him and not love him; and the most cordial intimacy and confidence subsist between the father of Henrietta Temple and his son-in-law. From the aspect of public affairs also, Mr. Temple, though he keeps this thought to himself, is inclined to believe that a coronet may yet grace the brow of his daughter, and that the barony of Armine may be revived. Soon after the passing of the memorable Act of 1828, Lord Montfort became the representative of his native county, and an active and influential member of the House of Commons. After the reform, Mr. Armine was also returned for a borough situate near the duke's principal seat, and although Lord Montfort and Mr. Armine both adhere to the Whig politics of their families, they have both also, in the most marked manner, abstained from voting on the appropriation clause; and there is little doubt that they will ultimately support that British and national administration which Providence has doubtless in store for these outraged and distracted realms. At least this is Mr. Temple's more than hope, who is also in the House, and acts entirely with Lord Stanley.

The Montforts and the younger Armines contrive, through mutual visits and a town residence during the

Session, to pass the greater part of their lives together; they both honestly confess that they are a little in love with each other's wives, but this only makes their society more agreeable. The family circle at Armine has been considerably increased of late; there is a handsome young Armine who has been christened Glastonbury, a circumstance which repays the tenant of the tower for all his devotion, and this blending of his name and memory with the illustrious race that has so long occupied his thoughts and hopes, is to him a source of constant self-congratulation. The future Sir Glastonbury has also two younger brothers quite worthy of the blood, Temple and Digby; and the most charming sister in the world, with large violet eyes and long dark lashes, who is still in arms, and who bears the hallowed name of Henrietta. And thus ends our LOVE STORY.

THE CARRIER PIGEON

AND

OTHER SKETCHES.

THE CARRIER PIGEON

CHAPTER I.

Charolois and Branchimont.

ALTHOUGH the deepest shades of twilight had descended upon the broad bosom of the valley, and the river might almost be recognised only by its rushing sound, the walls and battlements of the castle of Charolois, situate on one of the loftiest heights, still blazed in the reflected radiance of the setting sun, and cast, as it were, a glance of triumph at the opposing castle of Branchimont, that rose on the western side of the valley, with its lofty turrets and its massy keep black and sharply defined against the resplendent heaven.

Deadly was the hereditary feud between the powerful lords of these high places—the Counts of Charolois and the Barons of Branchimont, but the hostility which had been maintained for ages never perhaps raged with more virulence than at this moment; since the only male heir of the house of Charo-

lois had been slain in a tournament by the late Baron of Branchimont, and the distracted father had avenged his irreparable loss in the life-blood of the involuntary murderer of his son.

Yet the pilgrim, who at this serene hour might rest upon his staff and gaze on the surrounding scene, would hardly deem that the darkest passions of our nature had selected this fair and silent spot for the theatre of their havoc.

The sun set; the evening star, quivering and bright, rose over the dark towers of Branchimont; from the opposite bank a musical bell summoned the devout vassals of Charolois to a beautiful shrine, wherein was deposited the heart of their late young lord, and which his father had raised on a small and richly wooded promontory, distant about a mile from his stern hold.

At the first chime on this lovely eve came forth a lovelier maiden from the postern of Charolois — the Lady Imogene, the only remaining child of the bereaved count, attended by her page, bearing her book of prayers. She took her way along the undulating heights until she reached the sanctuary. The altar was illumined; several groups were already kneeling, — faces of fidelity well known to their adored lady; but as she entered, a palmer, with his broad hat drawn over his face, and closely muffled up in his cloak, dipped his hand at the same time with hers in the fount of holy water placed at the entrance of of the shrine, and pressed the beautiful fingers of the Lady Imogene. A blush, unperceived by the kneeling votaries, rose to her cheek; but apparently such was her self-control, or such her deep respect for the hallowed spot, that she exhibited no other symptom of

emotion, and, walking to the high altar, was soon buried in her devotions.

The mass was celebrated—the vassals rose and retired. According to her custom, the Lady Imogene yet remained, and knelt before the tomb of her brother. A low whisper, occasionally sounding, assured her that someone was at the confessional; and soon the palmer, who was nów shrived, knelt at her side. 'Lothair!' muttered the lady, apparently at her prayers, 'beloved Lothair, thou art too bold!'

'Oh, Imogene! for thee what would I not venture?' was the hushed reply.

'For the sake of all our hopes, wild though they be, I counsel caution.'

'Fear naught. The priest, flattered by my confession, is fairly duped. Let me employ this golden moment to urge what I have before entreated. Your father, Imogene, can never be appeased. Fly, then, my beloved! oh, fly!'

'Oh, my Lothair! it never can be. Alas! whither can we fly?'

'Sweet love! I pray thee listen:—to Italy. At the court of my cousin, the Duke of Milan, we shall be safe and happy. What care I for Branchimont, and all its fortunes? And for that, my vassals are no traitors. If ever the bright hour arrive when we may return in joy, trust me, sweet love, my flag will still wave on my father's walls.'

'Oh, Lothair! why did we meet? Why, meeting, did we not hate each other like our fated race? My heart is distracted. Can this misery be love? Yet I adore thee——'

'Lady!' said the page, advancing, 'the priest approaches.'

The Lady Imogene rose, and crossed herself before the altar.

'To-morrow, at this hour,' whispered Lothair.

The Lady Imogene nodded assent, and, leaning on her page, quitted the shrine.

CHAPTER II.

A Pert Page.

'DEAREST Lady,' said the young page, as they returned to the castle, 'my heart misgives me. As we quitted the shrine, I observed Rufus, the huntsman, slink into the adjoining wood.'

'Hah! He is my father's most devoted instrument: nor is there any bidding which he would hesitate to execute—a most ruthless knave!'

'And can see like a cat in the dark, too,' observed young Theodore.

'I never loved that man, even in my cradle,' said the Lady Imogene; 'though he can fawn, too. Did he indeed avoid us?'

'Indeed I thought so, madam.'

'Ah! my Theodore, we have no friend but you, and you are but a little page.'

'I would I were a stout knight, lady, and I would fight for you.'

'I warrant you,' said Imogene; 'you have a bold heart, little Theodore, and a kind one. O holy Virgin! I pray thee guard in all perils my bright-eyed Lothair!'

'Lord Branchimont is the finest knight I ever set eyes upon,' said Theodore. 'I would I were his squire.'

'Thou shalt be his squire, too, little Theodore, if all goes well.'

'Oh! glorious day, when I shall wear a sword instead of a scarf! Shall I indeed be his squire, lady sweet?'

'Indeed I think thou wilt make a very proper squire.'

'I would I were a knight like Lord Branchimont; as tall as a lance, and as strong as a lion; and such a fine beard too!'

'It is indeed a beard, Theodore,' said the Lady Imogene. 'When wilt thou have one like it?'

'Another summer, perchance,' said Theodore, passing his small palm musingly over his smooth chin.

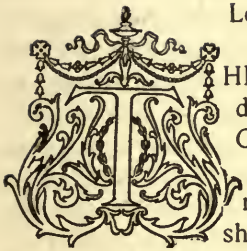
'Another summer!' said the Lady Imogene, laughing; 'why, I may as soon hope to have a beard myself.'

'I hope you will have Lord Branchimont's,' said the page.

'Amen!' responded the lady.

CHAPTER III.

Love's Messenger.



HE apprehensions of the little Theodore proved to be too well founded. On the morning after the meeting of Lady Imogene with Lord Branchimont at the shrine of Charolois, she was summoned to the presence of her father, and, after having been loaded with every species of reproach and invective for her clandestine meeting with their hereditary foe, she was confined to a chamber in one of the loftiest towers of the castle, which she was never permitted to quit, except to walk in a long gloomy gallery with an old female servant remarkable for the acerbity of her mind and manners. Her page escaped punishment by flight; and her only resource and amusement was her mandolin.

The tower in which the Lady Imogene was imprisoned sprang out of a steep so precipitous that the position was considered impregnable. She was therefore permitted to open her lattice, which was not even barred. The landscape before her, which was picturesque and richly wooded, consisted of the enclosed chase of Charolois; but her jailers had taken

due care that her chamber should not command a view of the castle of Branchimont. The valley and all its moving life were indeed entirely shut out from her. Often the day vanished without a human being appearing in sight. Very unhappy was the Lady Imogene, gazing on the silent woods, or pouring forth her passion over her lonely lute.

A miserable week had nearly elapsed. It was noon; the Lady Imogene was seated alone in her chamber, leaning her head upon her hand in thought, and dreaming of her Lothair, when a fluttering noise suddenly roused her, and, looking up, she beheld, to her astonishment, perched on the high back of a chair, a beautiful bird — a pigeon whiter than snow, with an azure beak, and eyes blazing with a thousand shifting tints. Not alarmed was the beautiful bird when the Lady Imogene gently approached it; but it looked up to her with eyes of intelligent tenderness, and flapped with some earnestness its pure and sparkling plume. The Lady Imogene smiled with marvelling pleasure, for the first time since her captivity; and putting forth her hand, which was even whiter than the wing, she patted the bright neck of the glad stranger, and gently stroked its soft plumage.

'Heaven hath sent me a friend,' exclaimed the beautiful Imogene; 'Ah! what — what is this?'

'Didst thou call, Lady Imogene?' inquired the harsh voice of acid Martha, whom the exclamation of her mistress had summoned to the door.

'Nothing — nothing — I want nothing,' quickly answered Imogene, as she seized the bird with her hand, and, pressing it to her bosom, answered Martha over her shoulder. 'Did she see thee, my treasure?' continued the agitated Imogene, 'Oh! did she see thee,

my joy? Methinks we were not discovered.' So saying, and tripping along on the lightest step imaginable, the captive secured the door; then bringing forth the bird from its sweet shelter, she produced a letter, which she had suddenly detected to be fastened under its left wing, and which she had perceived, in an instant, to be written by Lord Branchimont.

Her sight was dizzy, her cheek pale, her breath seemed to have deserted her. She looked up to heaven, she looked down upon the letter, and then she covered it with a thousand kisses; then, making a vigorous effort to collect herself, she read its strange and sweet contents:—

'LOTHAIR TO IMOGENE.

'Soul of my existence! Mignon, in whom you may place implicit trust, has promised me to bear you this sign of my love. Oh, I love you, Imogene! I love you more even than this bird can the beautiful sky! Kiss the dove a thousand times, that I may steal the kisses again from his neck, and catch, even at this distance, your fragrant breath. My beloved, I am planning your freedom and our happiness. Each day Mignon shall come to tell you how we speed; each day shall he bring back some testimony of your fidelity to your own LOTHAIR.'

It was read — it was read with gushing and fast-flowing tears — tears of wild joy. A thousand times, ay, a thousand times, Imogene embraced the faithful Mignon; nor could she indeed have ever again parted with him, had she not remembered that all this time her Lothair was anxiously awaiting the return of his

messenger. So she tore a leaf from her tablets and inscribed her devotion; then, fastening it with care under the wing, she bore Mignon to the window, and, bestowing upon him a last embrace, permitted him to extend his beautiful wings and launch into the air.

Bright in the sun glanced the white bird as it darted into the deep-blue sky. Imogene watched it until the sparkling form changed into a dusky shade, and the dusky shade vanished into the blending distance.

CHAPTER IV.

A Cruel Dart.

IT WAS now a principal object with the fair captive of Charolois, that her unsympathising attendant should enter her chamber as little as possible, and only at seasons when there was no chance of a visit from Mignon. Faithful was the beautiful bird in these daily visits of consolation; and by his assistance, the correspondence with Lothair respecting her escape was actively maintained. A thousand plans were formed by the sanguine lovers—a thousand plans were canvassed, and then decided to be impracticable. One day, Martha was to be bribed; another, young Theodore was to re-enter the castle disguised as a girl, and become, by some contrivance, her attendant; but reflection ever proved that these were as wild as lovers' plans are wont to be; and another week stole away without anything being settled. Yet this second week was not so desolate as the first. On the contrary, it was full of exciting hope; and each day to hear that Lothair still adored her, and each day to be enabled to breathe back to him her own adoration, solaced the hours of her captivity. But

Fate, that will often frown upon the fortunes of true love, decided that this sweet source of consolation should flow on no longer. Rufus, the huntsman, who was ever prowling about, and who at all times had a terribly quick eye for a bird, one day observed the carrier-pigeon sallying forth from the window of the tower. His practised sense instantly assured him that the bird was trained, and he resolved to watch its course.

'Hah, hah!' said Rufus, the huntsman, 'is Branchimont thy dovecot? Methinks, my little rover, thou bearest news I long to read.'

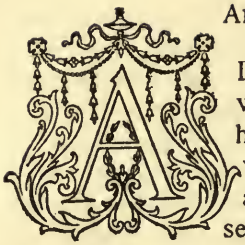
Another and another day passed, and again and again Rufus observed the visits of Mignon; so, taking his cross-bow one fair morning, ere the dew had left the flowers, he wandered forth in the direction of Branchimont. True to his mission, Mignon soon appears, skimming along the sky. Beautiful, beautiful bird! Fond, faithful messenger of love! Who can doubt that thou well comprehendest the kindly purpose of thy consoling visits! Thou bringest joy to the unhappy, and hope to the despairing! She shall kiss thee, bright Mignon! Yes! an embrace from lips sweeter than the scented dawn in which thou revellest, shall repay thee for all thy fidelity! And already the Lady Imogene is at her post, gazing upon the unclouded sky, and straining her beautiful eyes, as it were, to anticipate the slight and gladsome form, whose first presence ever makes her heart tremble with a host of wild and conflicting emotions.

Ah! through the air an arrow from a bow that never erred—an arrow swifter than thy swiftest flight, Mignon, whizzes with fell intent. The snake that darts upon its unconscious prey less fleet and fatal!

It touches thy form — it transfixes thy beautiful breast! Was there no good spirit, then, to save thee, thou hope of the hopeless? Alas, alas! the blood gushes from thy breast, and from thine azure beak! Thy transcendent eye grows dim — all is over! The carrier-pigeon falls to the earth!

CHAPTER V.

Another Message.



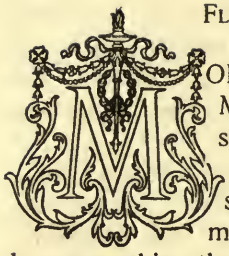
A DAY without hearing from Lothair was madness; and, indeed, when hour after heavy hour rolled away without the appearance of Mignon, and the Lady Imogene found herself gazing upon the vanishing twilight, she became nearly frantic with disappointment and terror. While light remained, an indefinite hope maintained her; but when it was indeed night, and nothing but the outline of the surrounding hills was perceptible, she could no longer restrain herself; and, bursting into hysteric tears, she threw herself upon the floor of her chamber. Were they discovered? Had Lothair forgotten her? Wearied with fruitless efforts, had he left her to her miserable, her solitary fate? There was a slight sound — something seemed to have dropped. She looked up. At her side she beheld a letter, which, wrapped round a stone, had been thrown in at the window. She started up in an ecstasy of joy. She cursed herself for doubting for an instant the fidelity of her lover! She tore open the letter; but so great was her emotion that some minutes elapsed before she could decipher its contents. At length she learned that, on

the ensuing eve, Lothair and Theodore, disguised as huntsmen of Charolois, would contrive to meet in safety beneath her window, and for the rest she must dare to descend. It was a bold, a very perilous plan. It was the project of desperation. But there are moments in life when desperation becomes success. Nor was the spirit of the Lady Imogene one that would easily quail. Hers was a true woman's heart; and she could venture everything for love. She examined the steep; she cast a rapid glance at the means of making the descent: her shawls, her clothes, the hangings of her bed — here were resources — here was hope!

Full of these thoughts, some time elapsed before she was struck at the unusual mode in which the communication reached her. Where was Mignon? But the handwriting was the handwriting of Lothair. That she could not mistake. She might, however, have observed that the characters were faint — that the paper had the appearance of being stained or washed; but this she did not observe. She was sanguine — she was confident in the wisdom of Lothair. She knelt before an image of the Virgin, and poured forth her supplications for the success of their enterprise. And then, exhausted by all the agitation of the day, the Lady Imogene sunk into a deep repose.

CHAPTER VI.

Flight and Discovery.



ORN came at length, but brought no Mignon. 'He has his reasons,' answered the Lady Imogene: 'Lothair is never wrong. And soon, right soon, I hope, we shall need no messenger.' Oh, what a long, long day was this, the last of her captivity! Will the night never come—that night she had once so much dreaded? Sun, wilt thou never set? There is no longer gladness in thy beams. The shadows, indeed, grow longer, and yet thine orb is as high in heaven as if it were an everlasting noon! The unceasing cry of the birds, once so consoling, now only made her restless. She listened, and she listened, until at length the rosy sky called forth their last thrilling chant, and the star of evening summoned them to roost.

It was twilight: pacing her chamber, and praying to the Virgin, the hours at length stole away. The chimes of the sanctuary told her that it wanted but a quarter of an hour to midnight. Already she had formed a rope of shawls: now she fastened it to the lattice with all her force. The bell struck twelve, and the Lady Imogene delivered herself to her fate. Slowly

and fearfully she descended, long suspended in the air, until her feet at length touched a ledge of rock. Cautiously feeling her footing, she now rested, and looked around her. She had descended about twenty feet. The moon shone bright on the rest of the descent, which was more rugged. It seemed not impracticable —she clambered down.

'Hist! hist!' said a familiar voice, 'all is right, lady—but why did you not answer us?'

'Ah! Theodore, where is my Lothair?'

'Lord Branchimont is shaded by the trees—give me thy hand, sweet lady. Courage! all is right; but indeed you should have answered us.'

Imogene de Charolois is in the arms of Lothair de Branchimont.

'We have no time for embraces,' said Theodore; 'the horses are ready. The Virgin be praised, all is right. I would not go through such an eight-and-forty hours again to be dubbed a knight on the spot. Have you Mignon?'

'Mignon, indeed! he has not visited me these two days.'

'But my letter,' said Lothair—'you received it?'

'It was thrown in at my window,' said the Lady Imogene.

'My heart misgives me,' said little Theodore. 'Away! there is no time to lose. Hist! I hear footsteps. This way, dear friends. Hist! a shout! Fly! fly! Lord Branchimont, we are betrayed!'

And indeed from all quarters simultaneous sounds now rose, and torches seemed suddenly to wave in all quarters. Imogene clung to the neck of Lothair. 'We will die together!' she exclaimed, as she hid her face in his breast.

Lord Branchimont placed himself against a tree, and drew his mighty sword.

'Seize him!' shouted a voice, instantly recognised by Imogene; 'seize the robber!' shouted her father.

'At your peril!' answered Lothair to his surrounding foes.

They stood at bay—an awful group! The father and his murdering minions, alike fearful of encountering Branchimont and slaying their chieftain's daughter; the red and streaming torches blending with the silver moonlight that fell full upon the fixed countenance of their entrapped victim and the distracted form of his devoted mistress.

There was a dead, still pause. It was broken by the denouncing tone of the father, 'Cowards! do you fear a single arm? Strike him dead! spare not the traitress!'

But still the vassals would not move; deep as was their feudal devotion, they loved the Lady Imogene, and dared to disobey.

'Let me, then, teach you your duty!' exclaimed the exasperated father. He advanced, but a wild shriek arrested his extended sword; and as thus they stood, all alike prepared for combat, yet all motionless, an arrow glanced over the shoulder of the Count and pierced Lord Branchimont to the heart. His sword fell from his grasp, and he died without a groan.

Yes! the same bow that had for ever arrested the airy course of Mignon, had now, as fatally and as suddenly, terminated the career of the master of the carrier-pigeon. Vile Rufus, the huntsman, the murderous aim was thine!

CHAPTER VII.

The Dove Returns to Imogene.

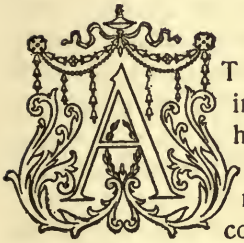
THE bell of the shrine of Charolois is again sounding; but how different its tone from the musical and inspiring chime that summoned the weary vassals to their grateful vespers! The bell of the shrine of Charolois is again sounding. Alas! it tolls a gloomy knell. Oh! valley of sweet waters, still are thy skies as pure as when she wandered by thy banks and mused over her beloved! Still sets thy glowing sun; and quivering and bright, like the ascending soul of a hero, still Hesperus rises from thy dying glory! But she, the maiden fairer than the fairest eve—no more shall her light step trip among the fragrance of its flowers; no more shall her lighter voice emulate the music of thy melodious birds. Oh, yes! she is dead—the beautiful Imogene is dead! Three days of misery heralded her decease. But comfort is there in all things; for the good priest who had often administered consolation to his unhappy mistress over her brother's tomb, and who knelt by the side of her dying couch, assured many a sorrowful vassal, and many a sympathising pilgrim who loved to listen to the

mournful tale, that her death was indeed a beatitude; for he did not doubt, from the distracted expressions that occasionally caught his ear, that the Holy Spirit, in that material form he most loves to honour, to wit, the semblance of a pure white dove, often solaced by his presence the last hours of Imogene de Charolois!

THE CONSUL'S DAUGHTER

CHAPTER I.

Henrietta.



T ONE of the most beautiful ports in the Mediterranean Major Ponsonby held the office of British Consul. The Parliamentary interest of the noble family with which he was connected had obtained for him this office, after serving his country, with no slight distinction, during the glorious war of the Peninsula. Major Ponsonby was a widower, and his family consisted of an only daughter, Henrietta, who was a child of very tender years when he first obtained his appointment, but who had completed her eighteenth year at the period, memorable in her life, which these pages attempt to commemorate. A girl of singular beauty was Henrietta Ponsonby, but not remarkable merely for her beauty. Her father, a very accomplished gentleman, had himself superintended her education with equal care and interest. In their beau-

tiful solitude, for they enjoyed the advantage of very little society save that of those passing travellers who occasionally claimed his protection and hospitality, the chief, and certainly the most engaging pursuit of Major Ponsonby, had been to assist the development of the lively talents of his daughter, and to watch with delight, not unattended with anxiety, the formation of her ardent and imaginative character: he had himself imparted to her a skilful practice in those fine arts in which he himself excelled, and a knowledge of those exquisite languages which he himself not only spoke with facility, but with whose rich and interesting literature he was intimately acquainted. He was careful, also, that, although almost an alien from her native country, she should not be ignorant of the progress of its mind; and no inconsiderable portion of his income had of late years been expended in importing from England the productions of those eminent writers of which we are justly as proud as of the heroes under whose flag he had himself conquered in Portugal and Spain.

The progress of the daughter amply repaid the father for his care, and rewarded him for his solicitude: from the fond child of his affections she had become the cherished companion of his society: her lively fancy and agreeable conversation prevented solitude from degenerating into loneliness: she diffused over their happy home that indefinable charm, that spell of unceasing, yet soothing excitement, with which the constant presence of an amiable, a lovely and accomplished woman can alone imbue existence; without which life, indeed, under any circumstances, is very dreary; and with which life, indeed, under any circumstances, is never desperate.

There were moments, perhaps, when Major Ponsonby, who was not altogether inexperienced in the great world, might sigh, that one so eminently qualified as his daughter to shine even amid its splendour, should be destined to a career so obscure as that which necessarily attended the daughter of a Consul in a distant country. It sometimes cost the father's heart a pang that his fair and fragrant flower should blush unseen, and waste its perfume even in their lovely wilderness; and then, with all a father's pride, and under all the influence of that worldly ambition from which men are never free, he would form plans by which she might visit, and visit with advantage, her native country. All the noble cousins were thought over, under whose distinguished patronage she might enter that great and distant world she was so capable of adorning; and more than once he had endeavoured to intimate to Henrietta that it might be better for them both that they should for a season part: but the Consul's daughter shrunk from these whispers as some beautiful tree from the murmurs of a rising storm. She could not conceive existence without her father —the father under whose breath and sight she had ever lived and flourished—the father to whom she was indebted, not only for existence, but all the attributes that made life so pleasant; her sire, her tutor, her constant company, her dear, dear friend. To part from him, even though but for a season, and to gain splendour, appeared to her pure, yet lively imagination, the most fatal of fortunes; a terrible destiny—an awful dispensation. They had never parted, scarcely for an hour; once, indeed, he had been absent for three days; he had sailed with the fleet on public business to a neighbouring port; he had been obliged to leave

his daughter, and the daughter remembered those terrible three days like a frightful dream, the recollection of which made her shudder.

Major Ponsonby had inherited no patrimony—he possessed only the small income derived from his office, and a slender pension, which rewarded many wounds; but, in the pleasant place in which their lot was cast, these moderate means obtained for them not merely the necessaries, but all the luxuries of life. They inhabited in the town a palace worthy of the high, though extinct nobility, whose portraits and statues lined their lofty saloons, and filled their long corridors and graceful galleries; and about three miles from the town, on a gentle ascent facing the ocean, and embowered in groves of orange and olive trees, the fanciful garden enclosed in a thick wall of Indian fig and blooming aloes, was a most delicate casino, rented at a rate for which a garret may not be hired in England; but, indeed, a paradise. Of this pavilion Miss Ponsonby was the mistress; and here she lived amid fruit and flowers, surrounded by her birds: and here she might be often seen at sunset glancing amid its beauties, with an eye as brilliant, and a step as airy, as the bright gazelle that ever glided or bounded at her side.

CHAPTER II.

A Fair Presentment.

ONE summer day, when everybody was asleep in the little sultry city where Major Ponsonby, even in his siesta, watched over the interests of British commerce — for it was a city, and was blessed with the holy presence of a bishop — a young Englishman disembarked from an imperial merchant brig just arrived from Otranto, and, according to custom, took his way to the Consul's house. He was a man of an age apparently verging towards thirty; and, although the native porter, who bore his luggage and directed his path, proved that, as he was accompanied not even by a single servant, he did not share the general reputation of his countrymen for wealth, his appearance to those practised in society was not undistinguished. Tall, slender, and calm, his air, though unaffected, was that of a man not deficient in self-confidence; and whether it were the art of his tailor, or the result of his own good frame, his garb, although remarkably plain, had that indefinable style which we associate with the costume of a man of some mark and breeding.

On arriving at the Consul's house, he was ushered through a large, dark, cool hall, at the end of which was a magnificent staircase leading to the suite of saloons, into a small apartment on the ground floor fitted up in the English style, which, although it offered the appearance of the library of an English gentleman, was, in fact, the consular office. Dwarf bookcases encircled the room, occasionally crowned by a marble bust, or bronze group. The ample table was covered with papers, and a vacant easy-chair was evidently the consular throne. A portrait of his Britannic majesty figured on the walls of one part of the chamber; and over the mantel was another portrait, which immediately engaged the attention of the traveller, and, indeed, monopolised his observation. He had a very ample opportunity of studying it, for nearly a quarter of an hour elapsed before he was disturbed. It was the full-length portrait of a young lady. She stood on a terrace in a garden, and by her side was a gazelle. Her form was of wonderful symmetry; but although her dress was not English, the expression of her countenance reminded the traveller of the beauties of his native land. The dazzling complexion, the large deep blue eye, the high white forehead, the clustering brown hair, were all northern, but northern of the highest order. She held in her small hand a branch of orange-blossom — the hand was fairer than the flower.

'Signor Ferrers, I believe,' said a shrill voice. The traveller started, and turned round. Before him stood a little, parched-up, grinning, bowing Italian, holding in his hand the card that the traveller had sent up to the Consul.

'My name is Ferrers,' replied the traveller, slightly bowing, and speaking in a low, sweet tone.

'Signor Ponsonby is at the casino,' said the Italian: 'I have the honour to be the chancellor of the British Consulate.'

It is singular that a mercantile agent should be styled a Consul, and his chief clerk a chancellor.

'I have the honour to be the chancellor of the British Consulate,' said the Italian; 'and I will take the earliest opportunity of informing the Consul of your arrival. From Otranto, I believe? All well, I hope, at Otranto?'

'I hope so too,' replied the traveller; 'and so I believe.'

'You will be pleased to leave your passport, sir, with me—the Consul will be most happy to see you at the casino: about sunset he will be very happy to see you at the casino. I am sorry that I detained you for a moment, but I was at my siesta. I will take the earliest opportunity of informing the Consul of your arrival; but at present all the consular messengers are taking their siesta; the moment one is awake I shall send him to the casino. May I take the liberty of inquiring whether you have any letters for the Consul?'

'None,' replied the traveller.

The chancellor shrugged his shoulders a little, as if he regretted he had been roused from his siesta for a traveller who had not even a letter of introduction, and then turned on his heel to depart.

The traveller took up his hat, hesitated a moment, and then said, 'Pray, may I inquire of whom this is a portrait?'

'Certainly,' replied the chancellor; ''tis the Signora Ponsonby.'

CHAPTER III.

The Mysterious Stranger.

T WAS even upon as ignoble an animal as a Barbary ass, goaded by a dusky little islander almost in a state of nudity, that, an hour before sunset on the day of his arrival, the English traveller approached the casino of the Consul's daughter, for there a note from Major Ponsonby had invited him to repair, to be introduced to his daughter, and to taste his oranges. The servant who received him led Mr. Ferrers to a very fine plane-tree, under whose spreading branches was arranged a banquet of fruit and flowers, coffee in cups of oriental filigree, and wines of the Levant, cooled in snow. The worthy Consul was smoking his chibouque, and his daughter, as she rose to greet their guest, let her guitar fall upon the turf.

The original of the portrait proved that the painter had no need to flatter; and the dignified, yet cordial manner, the radiant smile, and the sweet and thrilling voice with which she welcomed her countryman would have completed the spell, had, indeed, the wanderer been one prepared, or capable of being enchanted. As it was, Mr. Ferrers, while he returned

his welcome, with becoming complaisance, exhibited the breeding of a man accustomed to sights of strangeness and of beauty; and, while he expressed his sense of the courtesy of his companions, admired their garden, and extolled the loveliness of the prospect, he did not depart for a moment from that subdued, and even sedate manner, which indicates the individual whom the world has little left to astonish, and less to enrapture, although, perhaps, much to please. Yet he was fluent in conversation, sensible and polished, and very agreeable. It appeared that he had travelled much, though he was far from boasting of his exploits. He had been long absent from England, had visited Egypt and Arabia, and had sojourned at Damascus. While he refused the pipe, he proved, by his observations on its use, that he was learned in its practice; and he declined his host's offer of a file of English journals, as he was not interested in their contents. His host was too polished to originate any inquiry which might throw light upon the connections or quality of his guest, and his guest imitated his example. Nothing could be more perfectly well-bred than his whole demeanour—he listened to the major with deference, and he never paid Miss Ponsonby a single compliment: he never even asked her to sing; but the fond father did not omit this attention. Henrietta, in the most unaffected manner, complied with his request, because, as she was in the habit of singing every evening to her father, she saw no reason why he should, on this occasion, be deprived of an amusement to which he was accustomed. As the welcome sea-breeze rose and stirred the flowers and branches, her voice blended with its fresh and fragrant breath. It was a beautiful

voice; and the wild and plaintive air in which she indulged, indigenous to their isle, harmonised alike with the picturesque scene and the serene hour. Mr. Ferrers listened with attention, and thanked her for her courtesy. Before they withdrew to the casino he even requested the favour of her repeating the gratification, but in so quiet a manner that most young ladies would have neglected to comply with a wish expressed with so little fervour.

The principal chamber of the casino was adorned with drawings by the Consul's daughter: they depicted the surrounding scenery, and were executed by the hand of a master. Mr. Ferrers examined them with interest—his observations proved his knowledge, and made them more than suspect his skill. He admitted that he had some slight practice in the fine arts, and offered to lend his portfolio to Miss Ponsonby, if she thought it would amuse her. Upon the subject of scenery he spoke with more animation than on any other topic: his conversation, indeed, teemed with the observations of a fine eye and cultivated taste.

At length he departed, leaving behind him a very favourable impression. Henrietta and her father agreed that he was a most gentlemanlike personage—that he was very clever and very agreeable; and they were glad to know him. The major detailed all the families and all the persons of the name of Ferrers of whom he had ever heard, and with whom he had been acquainted; and, before he slept, wondered, for the fiftieth time, what Ferrers he was.

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Ferrers Dines with the Consul.

THE next morning, Mr. Ferrers sent his portfolio to Miss Ponsonby, to the Consul s house, in the city; and her father called upon him immediately afterwards, to return his original visit, and to request him to dine with them. Mr. Ferrers declined the invitation; but begged to be permitted to pay his respects again at the casino, in the evening. The major, under the circumstances, ventured to press his new acquaintance to comply with their desire; but Mr. Ferrers became immediately very reserved, and the Consul desisted.

Towards sunset, however, mounted on his Barbary ass, Mr. Ferrers again appeared at the gate of the casino, as mild and agreeable as before. They drank their coffee and ate their fruit, chatted and sang, and again repaired to the pavilion. Here they examined the contents of the portfolio:—they were very rich, for it contained drawings of all kinds, and almost of every celebrated place in the vicinity of the Mediterranean shores; Saracenic palaces, Egyptian temples, mosques of Damascus, and fountains of Stamboul. Here was a Bedouin encampment, shaded by a grove

of palms; and there a Spanish Señorita, shrouded in her mantilla, glided along the Alameda. There was one circumstance, however, about these drawings, which struck Miss Ponsonby as at least remarkable. It was obvious that some pencil-mark in the corner of each drawing, in all probability containing the name and initials of the artist, had been carefully obliterated.

Among the drawings were several sketches of a yacht, which Mr. Ferrers passed over quickly, and without notice. The Consul, however, who was an honorary member of the yacht club, and interested in every vessel of the squadron that visited the Mediterranean, very naturally inquired of Mr. Ferrers, to whom the schooner in question belonged. Mr. Ferrers seemed rather confused; but at length he said: 'Oh, they are stupid things: I did not know they were here. The yacht is a yacht of a friend of mine, who was at Cadiz.'

'Oh, I see the name,' said the major; '"THE KRAKEN." Why, that is Lord Bohun's yacht!'

'The same,' said Mr. Ferrers, but perfectly composed.

'Ah! do you know Lord Bohun?' said Miss Ponsonby. 'We have often expected him here. I wonder he has never paid us a visit, papa. They say he is the most eccentric person in the world. Is he so?'

'I never heard much in his favour,' said Mr. Ferrers. 'I believe he has made himself a great fool, as most young nobles do.'

'Well, I have heard very extraordinary things of him,' said the Consul. 'He is a great traveller, at all events, which I think a circumstance in every man's favour.'

'And then he has been a guerilla chieftain,' said Miss Ponsonby; 'and a Bedouin robber, and—I hardly know what else; but Colonel Garth, who was here last summer, told us the most miraculous tales of his lordship.'

'Affectations!' said Mr. Ferrers, with a sneer. 'Bohun, however, has some excuses for his folly: for he was an orphan, I believe, in his cradle.'

'Is he clever?' inquired Miss Ponsonby.

'Colonel Garth is a much better judge than I am,' replied Mr. Ferrers. 'I confess I have no taste for guerilla chieftains, or Bedouin robbers. I am not at all romantic.'

And here he attracted her attention to what he called an attempt at a bull-fight; the conversation dropped, and Lord Bohun was forgotten.

A fortnight passed away, and Mr. Ferrers was still a visitant of our Mediterranean isle. His intimacy with the Consul and his daughter remained on the same footing. Every evening he paid them a visit; and every evening, when he had retired, the major and his daughter agreed that he was a most agreeable person, though rather odd; the worthy Consul always adding his regret that he would not dine with him, and his wonder as to what Ferrers he was.

Now, it so happened that it was a royal birthday; and the bishop, and several of the leading persons of the town, had agreed to partake of the hospitality of the British Consul. The major was anxious that Mr. Ferrers should meet them. He discussed this important point with his daughter.

'My darling, I don't like to ask him: he really is such a very odd man. The moment you ask him to dinner, he looks as if you had offered him an insult.

Shall we send him a formal invitation? I wonder what Ferrers he is? I should be gratified if he would dine with us. Besides, he would see something of our native society here, which is amusing. What shall we do?'

'I will ask him,' replied Miss Ponsonby. 'I don't think he could refuse me.'

'I am sure I could not,' replied the major, smiling.

And so Miss Ponsonby seized an opportunity of telling Mr. Ferrers that she had a favour to ask him. He was more fortunate than he imagined, was his courteous reply.

'Then you must dine with papa, to-morrow.'

Mr. Ferrers' brow immediately clouded.

'Now, do not look so suspicious,' said Miss Ponsonby. 'Do you think that ours is an Italian banquet? Is there poison in the dish? Or do you live only on fruit and flowers?' continued Miss Ponsonby. 'Do you know,' she added, with an arch smile, 'I think you must be a ghoul.'

A sort of smile struggled with a scowl over the haughty countenance of the Englishman.

'You will come!' said Miss Ponsonby, most winningly.

'I have already trespassed too much upon Major Ponsonby's hospitality,' muttered Mr. Ferrers; 'I have no claim to it.'

'You are our countryman.'

'Unknown.'

'The common consequence of being a traveller.'

'Yes — but — in short — I — '

'You must come,' said Miss Ponsonby, with a glance like sunshine.

'You do with me what you like,' exclaimed Mr. Ferrers, with animation. 'Beautiful — weather,' he concluded.

Mr. Ferrers was therefore their guest; and strange it is to say, that from this day, from some cause, which it is now useless to ascertain, this gentleman became an habitual guest at the Consul's table; accepting a general invitation without even a frown; and, what is more remarkable, availing himself of it, scarcely with an exception.

Could it be the Consul's daughter that effected this revolution? Time may perhaps solve this interesting problem. Certainly, whether it were that she was seldom seen to more advantage than when presiding over society; or whether, elate with her triumph, she was particularly pleasing because she was particularly pleased; certainly Henrietta Ponsonby never appeared to greater advantage than she did upon the day of this memorable festival. Mr. Ferrers, when he quitted the house, sauntered to the mole, and gazed upon the moonlight sea.—A dangerous symptom. Yet the eye of Mr. Ferrers had before this been fixed in mute abstraction on many a summer wave, when Dian was in her bower; and this man, cold and inscrutable as he seemed, was learned in woman, and woman's ways. Shall a Consul's daughter melt a heart that boasted of being callous, and clear a brow that prided itself upon its clouds?

But if the state of Mr. Ferrers' heart were doubtful, I must perforce confess that, as time drew on, Henrietta Ponsonby, if she had ventured to inquire, could have little hesitated as to the state of her own feelings. Her companion, her constant companion,

for such Mr. Ferrers had now insensibly become, exercised over her an influence, of the power of which she was unconscious,—only because it was unceasing. Had for a moment the excitement of her novel feelings ceased, she would have discovered, with wonder, perhaps with some degree of fear, how changed she had become since the first evening he approached their pleasant casino. And yet Mr. Ferrers was not her lover. No act,—no word of gallantry,—no indication of affection, to her inexperienced sense, ever escaped him. All that he did was, that he sought her society; but, then, there was no other. The only wonder was, that he should remain among them; but, then, he had been everywhere. The vague love of lounging and repose, which ever and anon falls upon men long accustomed to singular activity and strange adventure, sufficiently accounted for his conduct. But, whatever might be his motives, certain it is, that the English stranger dangerously interested the feelings of the Consul's daughter; and when she thought the time must arrive for his departure, she drove the recollection from her mind with a swiftness which indicated the pang which she experienced by its occurrence. And no marvel either, that the heart of this young and lovely maiden softened at the thought, and in the presence of her companion: no marvel, and no shame, for nature had invested the Englishman with soul-subduing qualities. His elegant person; his tender, yet reserved manners; his experienced, yet ornate mind; the flashes of a brilliant, yet mellowed imagination, which ever and anon would break forth in his conversation: perhaps, too, the air of melancholy, and even of mystery, which enveloped him, were all spells potent in the charm that enchants

the heart of woman. And the major, what did he think? The good Consul was puzzled. The confirmed intimacy between his daughter and his guest alike perplexed and pleased him. He certainly never had become acquainted with a man whom he would sooner have preferred for a son-in-law, if he had only known who he was. But two months, and more than two months, had elapsed, and threw no light upon this most necessary point of knowledge. The Consul hesitated as to his conduct. His anxiety almost mastered his good breeding. Now he thought of speaking to Mr. Ferrers, and then to his daughter. There were objections to each line of conduct, and his confidence in Mr. Ferrers was very great, although he did not exactly know who he was: he was decidedly a gentleman; and there was, throughout his conduct and conversation, a tone of such strict propriety; there was so much delicacy, and good feeling, and sound principle, in all he said and did, that the Consul at length resolved, that he had no right to suspect, and no authority to question him. He was just on the point, however, of conferring with his daughter, when the town was suddenly enlivened, and his attention suddenly engrossed, by the arrival of two other English gentlemen.

CHAPTER V.

A Tender Avowal.

IT MUST be confessed that Captain Ormsby and Major M'Intyre were two very different sort of men to Mr. Ferrers. Never were two such gay, noisy, pleasant, commonplace persons. They were *'on leave'* from one of the Mediterranean garrisons, had scampered through Italy, shot red-legged partridges all along the Barbary coast, and even smoked a pipe with the Dey of Algiers. They were intoxicated with all the sights they had seen, and all the scrapes they had encountered, which they styled 'regular adventures': and they insisted upon giving everyone a description of what everybody had heard or seen. In consequence of their arrival, Mr. Ferrers discontinued dining with his accustomed host; and resumed his old habit of riding up to the casino, every evening, on his Barbary ass, to eat oranges and talk to the Consul's daughter.

'I suppose you know Florence, Mr. Ferrers?' said Major M'Intyre.

Mr. Ferrers bowed.

'St. Peter's, of course, you have seen?' said Captain Ormsby.

'But have you seen it during Holy Week?' said the major. 'That's the thing.'

'Ah, I see you have been everywhere,' said the captain: 'Algiers, of course?'

'I never was at Algiers,' replied Mr. Ferrers, quite rejoiced at the circumstance; and he walked away, and played with the gazelle.

'By Jove,' said the major, with elevated eyes, 'not been at Algiers! why, Mr. Consul, I thought you said Mr. Ferrers was a very great traveller indeed; and he has not been at Algiers! I consider Algiers more worth seeing than any place we ever visited. Don't you, Ormsby?'

The Consul inquired whether he had met any compatriots at that famous place. The military travellers answered that they had not; but that Lord Bohun's yacht was there; and they understood his lordship was about to proceed to this island. The conversation for some time then dwelt upon Lord Bohun, and his adventures, eccentricities, and wealth. But Captain Ormsby finally pronounced 'Bohun a devilish good fellow.'

'Do you know Lord Bohun?' inquired Mr. Ferrers.

'Why, no!' confessed Captain Ormsby: 'but he is a devilish intimate friend of a devilish intimate friend of mine.'

Mr. Ferrers made a sign to Miss Ponsonby; she rose, and followed him into the garden. 'I cannot endure the jabber of these men,' said Mr. Ferrers.

'They are very good-natured,' said Miss Ponsonby.

'It may be so; and I have no right to criticise them. I dare say they think me very dull. How-

ever, it appears you will have Lord Bohun here in a short time, and then I shall be forgotten.'

'That is not a very kind speech. You would not be forgotten, even if absent; and you have, I hope, no thought of quitting us.'

'I have remained here too long. Besides, I have no wish to play a second part to Lord Bohun.'

'Who thinks of Lord Bohun? and why should you play a second part to anyone? You are a little perverse, Mr. Ferrers.'

'I have been in this island ten weeks,' said Mr. Ferrers, thoughtfully.

'When we begin to count time, we are generally weary,' said Miss Ponsonby.

'You are in error. I would willingly compound that the rest of my existence should be as happy as the last ten weeks. They have been very happy,' said Mr. Ferrers, musingly; 'very happy, indeed. The only *happy* time I ever knew. They have been so serene, and so sweet.'

'And why not remain, then?' said Miss Ponsonby, in a low voice.

'There are many reasons,' said Mr. Ferrers; and he offered his arm to Miss Ponsonby, and they walked together, far away from the casino. 'These ten weeks have been so serene, and so sweet,' he continued, but in a calm voice, 'because you have been my companion. My life has taken its colour from your character. Now, listen to me, dearest Miss Ponsonby, and be not alarmed. I love you!'

Her arm trembled in his.

'Yes, I *love* you; and, believe me, I use that word with no common feeling. It describes the entire devotion of my existence to your life; and my complete

sympathy with every attribute of your nature. Calm as may be my speech, I love you with a burning heart.'

She bowed her head, and covered her face with her right hand.

'Most beauteous lady,' continued Mr. Ferrers, 'pardon me if I agitate you; for my respect is equal to my love. I stand before you a stranger, utterly unknown; and I am so circumstanced that it is not in my power, even at *this* moment, to offer any explanation of my equivocal position. Yet, whatever I may be, I offer my existence, and all its accidents, good or bad, in homage to your heart. May I indulge the delicious hope that, if not now accepted, they are at least considered with kindliness and without suspicion?'

'Oh, yes! without *suspicion*,' murmured Miss Ponsonby—'without suspicion. Nothing, nothing in the world shall ever make me believe that you are not so good as you are——gifted.'

'Darling Henrietta!' exclaimed Mr. Ferrers, in a voice of melting tenderness; and he pressed her to his heart, and sealed his love upon her lips. 'This, this is confidence; this, this is the woman's love I long have sighed for. Doubt me not, dearest; never doubt me! Say you are mine; once more pledge yourself to me. I leave our isle this night. Nay, start not, sweet one. 'Tis for our happiness; this night. I shall return to claim my bride. Now, listen, darling! our engagement, our sweet and solemn engagement, is secret. You will never hear from me until we meet again; you may hear *of* me, and not to my advantage. What matter? You love me; you cannot doubt me. I leave with you my honour: an

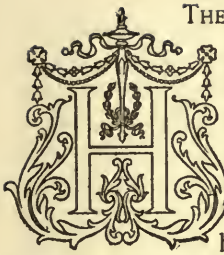
honour *never sullied.* Mind that. Oh no, you cannot doubt me!'

'I am yours: I care not what they say: if there be no faith and truth in you, I will despair of them for ever.'

'Beautiful being! you make me mad with joy. Has fate reserved for me, indeed, this treasure? Am I at length loved, and loved only for myself!'

CHAPTER VI.

The Famous Lord Bohun.



E HAS gone; Mr. Ferrers has departed. What an event! What a marvellous event! A revolution had occurred in the life of Henrietta Ponsonby: she was no longer her own mistress; she was no longer her father's child. She belonged to another; and that other a stranger, an unknown, and departed being! How strange! And yet how sweet! This beautiful young lady passed her days in pondering over her singular position. In vain she attempted to struggle with her destiny. In vain she depicted to herself the error, perhaps the madness, of her conduct. She was fascinated. She could not reason; she could not communicate to her father all that had happened. A thousand times her lips moved to reveal her secret; a thousand times an irresistible power restrained them. She remained silent, moody, and restless: she plucked flowers, and threw them to the wind: she gazed upon the sea, and watched the birds in abstraction wilder than their wing: and yet she would not doubt her betrothed. That voice so sweet and solemn, and so

sincere, still lingered in her ear: the gaze of that pure and lofty brow was engraven on her memory: never could she forget those delicate adieus!

This change in his daughter was not unmarked by the Consul, who, after some reflection, could not hesitate in considering it as the result of the departure of Mr. Ferrers. The thought made him mournful. It pained his noble nature, that the guest whom he so respected might have trifled with the affections of the child whom he so loved. He spoke to the maiden; but the maiden said she was happy. And, indeed, her conduct gave evidence of restlessness rather than misery; for her heart seemed sometimes exuberantly gay; often did she smile, and ever did she sing. The Consul was conscious there was a mystery he could not fathom. It is bitter for a father at all times to feel that his child is unhappy; but doubly bitter is the pang when he feels that the cause is secret.

Three months, three heavy months passed away, and the cloud still rested on this once happy home. Suddenly Lord Bohun arrived, the much talked-of Lord Bohun, in his more talked-of yacht. The bustle which the arrival of this celebrated personage occasioned in the consular establishment was a diversion from the reserve, or the gloom, which had so long prevailed there. Lord Bohun was a young, agreeable, and somewhat affected individual. He had a German chasseur and a Greek page. He was very luxurious, and rather troublesome; but infinitely amusing, both to the Consul and his daughter. He dined with them every day, and recounted his extraordinary adventures with considerable self-complacency. In

the course of the week he scampered over every part of the island; and gave a magnificent entertainment on board the *Kraken,* to the bishop and the principal islanders, in honour of the Consul's daughter. Indeed it was soon very evident that his lordship entertained feelings of no ordinary admiration for his hostess. He paid her on all occasions the most marked attention; and the Consul, who did not for a moment believe that these attentions indicated other than the transient feelings that became a lord, and so adventurous a lord, began to fear that his inexperienced Henrietta might again become the victim of the fugitive admiration of a traveller.

One evening at the casino, his lordship noticed a drawing of his own yacht, and started. The Consul explained to him, that the drawing had been copied by his daughter from a sketch by an English traveller, who preceded him. His name was inquired, and given.

'Ferrers!' exclaimed his lordship. 'What, has Ferrers been here?'

'You know Mr. Ferrers, then?' inquired Henrietta, with suppressed agitation.

'Oh yes, I know Ferrers.'

'A most agreeable and gentleman-like man,' said the Consul, anxious, he knew not why, that the conversation would cease.

'Oh yes, Ferrers is a very agreeable man. He piques himself on being agreeable,—Mr. Ferrers.'

'From what I have observed of Mr. Ferrers,' said Henrietta, in a firm, and rather decided tone, 'I should not have given him credit for any sentiment approaching to *conceit.*'

'He is fortunate in having such a defender,' said his lordship, bowing gallantly.

'Our friends are scarcely worth possessing,' said Miss Ponsonby, 'unless they defend us when absent. But I am not aware that Mr. Ferrers needs any defence.'

His lordship turned on his heel, and hummed an opera air.

'Mr. Ferrers paid us a long visit,' said the Consul, who was now desirous that the conversation should proceed.

'He had evidently a great inducement,' said Lord Bohun. 'I wonder he ever departed.'

'He is a great favourite in this house,' said Miss Ponsonby.

'I perceive it,' said Lord Bohun.

'What Ferrers is he?' inquired the Consul.

'Oh, he has gentle blood in his veins,' said Lord Bohun. 'I never heard his breeding impeached.'

'And I should think, nothing else,' said Miss Ponsonby.

'Oh, I never heard anything particular against Ferrers,' said his lordship; 'except that he was a *roué*, and a little mad. That is all.'

'Enough, I should think,' said Major Ponsonby, with a clouded brow.

'What a *roué* may be, I can scarcely be supposed to judge,' said Henrietta. 'If, however, it be a man remarkable for the delicacy of his thoughts and conduct, Mr. Ferrers has certainly some claim to the title. As for his madness, he was our constant companion for nearly three months: if he be mad, it must be a very *little* indeed.'

'He was a great favourite of Henrietta,' said her father, with a forced smile.

'Fortunate man!' said the lord. 'Fortunate Ferrers!'

Lord Bohun stepped into the garden with the Consul: Miss Ponsonby was left alone. Firm as had been her previous demeanour, now, that she was alone, her agitated countenance denoted the tumult of her mind. A *roué!* Could it be so! Could it be possible! Was she, while she had pledged the freshness of her virgin mind to this unknown man, was she, after all, only a fresh sacrifice to his insatiable vanity! Ferrers a *roué!* That lofty-minded man, who spoke so eloquently and so wisely, was he a *roué,* an eccentric *roué;* one whose unprincipled conduct could only be excused at the expense of the soundness of his intellect? She could not credit it; she would not credit it: and yet his conduct had been so strange, so mysterious, so unnecessarily mysterious: and then she recollected his last dark-muttered words: *'You may hear of me, and not to my advantage.'* Oh, what a prophecy! And *from* him she had never heard. He had, at least, kept this sad promise. Very sorrowful was the Consul's daughter. And then she bethought herself of his pledge, and his honour that had been *never sullied.* She buried her face in her hands,—she conjured up to her recollection all that had happened since his arrival, perhaps his fatal arrival, in their island; all he had said and done, and seemed to think. She would not doubt him. It was madness for a moment to doubt him. No desolation seemed so complete, no misery so full of anguish, as such suspicion: she

could not doubt him; all her happiness was hope. A gentle touch roused her. It was her gazelle; the gazelle that he had so loved. She caressed it, she caressed it for his sake: she arose and joined her father and Lord Bohun in the garden, if not light-hearted, at least serene.

CHAPTER VII.

More Mystery.

HERE must have been something peculiarly captivating in the air of our island; for Lord Bohun, who, according to his own account, had never remained in any place a week in the whole course of his life, exhibited no inclination to quit the city where Major Ponsonby presided over the interests of our commerce. He had remained there nearly a month, made himself very agreeable, and, on the whole, was a welcome guest, certainly with the Consul, if not with the Consul's daughter. As for the name of Mr. Ferrers, it occasionally occurred in conversation. Henrietta piqued herself upon the unsuspected inquiries which she carried on respecting her absent friend. She, however, did not succeed in eliciting much information. Lord Bohun was so vague, that it was impossible to annex a precise idea to anything he ever uttered. Whether Ferrers were rich or poor, really of good family, or, as she sometimes thought, of disgraceful lineage; when and where Lord Bohun and himself had been fellow-travellers — all was alike obscure and shadowy. Not that her noble guest was inattentive to her inquiries; on the contrary, he almost

annoyed her by his constant devotion: she was almost, indeed, inclined to resent his singularly marked expressions of admiration as an insult; when, to her utter astonishment, one morning her father astounded her by an announcement that Lord Bohun had done her the honour of offering her his hand and heart. The beautiful Henrietta was in great perplexity. It was due to Lord Bohun to reject his flattering proposal without reservation: it was difficult, almost impossible, to convince her father of the expediency of such a proceeding. There was in the proposal of Lord Bohun every circumstance which could gratify Major Ponsonby. In the wildest dreams of his paternal ambition, his hopes had never soared higher than the possession of such a son-in-law: high born, high rank, splendid fortune, and accomplished youth, were combined in the individual whom some favouring destiny, it would seem, had wafted to this distant and obscure isle to offer his vows to its accomplished mistress. That his daughter might hesitate, on so brief an acquaintance, to unite her eternal lot in life with a comparative stranger, was what he had in some degree, anticipated; but that she should unhesitatingly and unreservedly decline the proposal, was conduct for which he was totally unprepared. He was disappointed and mortified—for the first time in his life he was angry with his child. It is strange that Lord Bohun, who had required a deputy to make a proposition which, of all others, the most becomes and most requires a principal, should, when his fate was decided, have requested a personal interview with Miss Ponsonby. It was a favour which she could not refuse, for her father required her to grant it. She accordingly prepared herself for a repetition

of the proposal from lips, doubtless unaccustomed to sue in vain. It was otherwise: never had Lord Bohun conducted himself in a more kind and unaffected manner than during this interview: it pained Miss Ponsonby to think she had pained one who was in reality so amiable: she was glad, however, to observe that he did not appear very much moved or annoyed. Lord Bohun expressed his gratitude for the agreeable hours he had spent in her society; and then most delicately ventured to inquire whether time might, perhaps, influence Miss Ponsonby's determination. And when he had received her most courteous, though hopeless answer, he only expressed his wishes for her future happiness, which he could not doubt.

'I feel,' said Lord Bohun, as he was about to depart; 'I feel,' he said, in a very hesitating voice, 'I am taking a great, an unwarrantable liberty; but believe me, dear Miss Ponsonby, the inquiry, if I could venture to make it, is inspired by the sincerest desire for your welfare . . .'

Speak with freedom, Lord Bohun; you will ever, I am sure, speak with kindness.'

'I would not willingly despair then, unless I believed that heart were engaged to another.'

Miss Ponsonby bent down and plucked a flower, and, her brow covered with blushes, with an agitated hand tore the flower to pieces.

'Is this a fair inquiry?' she murmured.

'It is for your sake I inquire,' answered Lord Bohun.

Now an irresistible conviction came over her mind that Lord Bohun was thinking of Ferrers, and a desire on her part as strong to learn at length something of her mysterious lover.

'What, indeed, if I be not mistress of my heart?' She spoke without raising her head.

'In that case I will believe that it belongs to one worthy of such a treasure.'

'You speak of Edmund Ferrers?' said Miss Ponsonby.

'The same.'

'You know him?' she inquired, in a choking voice.

'I know and honour him. I have long believed that the world did not boast a man more gifted; now I know that it does not possess a man more blessed.'

'Shall you see him?' she inquired in a quick tone.

'Probably you will see him first; I am sufficiently acquainted with his movements to know that he will soon be here. This Greek boy whom you have sometimes noticed is his page; I wish him to join his master again; and methinks the readiest way will be to leave him in this isle. Here, Spiridion, bow to your new mistress, and be dutiful for her sake, as well as that of your lord's. Adieu! dearest Miss Ponsonby!'

CHAPTER VIII.

A Welcome Message.

THIS strange conversation with Lord Bohun at parting, was not without a certain wild, but not unpleasing influence over the mind of Henrietta Ponsonby. Much as it at first had agitated her, its result, as she often mused over it, was far from being without solace. It was consoling, indeed, to know that one person, at least, honoured that being in whom she had so implicitly relied: Lord Bohun, also, had before spoken of Ferrers in a very different tone; but she felt confidence in the unusual seriousness of his last communication; and with satisfaction contrasted it with the heedlessness, or the levity, of his former intimations. Here, too, was the page of Ferrers, at her side—the beautiful and bright-eyed Spiridion. How strange it was! how very strange! Her simple life had suddenly become like some shifting fairy-tale; but love, indeed, is a fairy, and full of marvels and magic—it changes all things; and the quietest domestic hearth, when shadowed by its wing, becomes as rife with wonders and adventure

as if it were the passionate theatre of some old romance. Yes! the bright-eyed Greek page of her mysterious and absent lover was at her side—but then he spoke only Greek. In vain she tried to make him comprehend how much she desired to have tidings of his master. The graceful mute could only indulge in airy pantomime, point to the skies and ocean, or press his hand to his heart in token of fidelity. Henrietta amused herself in teaching Spiridion Italian, and repaid herself for all her trouble in occasionally obtaining some slight information of her friend. In time she learned that Ferrers was in Italy, and had seen Lord Bohun before the departure of that nobleman. In answer to her anxious and often-repeated inquiries whether he would soon return, Spiridion was constant to his consoling affirmative. Never was such a sedulous mistress of languages as Henrietta Ponsonby. She learned, also, that an Albanian scarf, which the page wore round his waist, had been given him by his master when Spiridion quitted him; and Henrietta instantly obtained the scarf for a Barbary shawl of uncommon splendour.

Now, it happened one afternoon towards sunset, as the Greek page, rambling, as was his custom, over the neighbouring heights, beheld below the spreading fort, the neighbouring straits, and the distant sea, that a vessel appeared in sight, and soon entered the harbour. It was an English vessel—it was the yacht of Lord Bohun. The page started and watched the vessel with a fixed and earnest gaze; soon he observed the British Consul in his boat row to the side of the vessel, and also immediately return. At that moment the yacht hoisted a signal—upon a white ground a crimson heart—whereupon

Spiridion, drawing from his breast a letter, kissed it twice, and bounded away.

He bounded away towards the city, and scarcely slackened his pace until he arrived at the Consul's mansion—he rushed in, dashed up the staircase, and entered the saloons. At the window of one, gazing on the sunset, was Henrietta Ponsonby—her gaze was serious, but her beautiful countenance was rather tinged by melancholy than touched by gloom—pensive, not sorrowful. By her side lay her guitar, still echoing, as it were, with her touch; and near it the Albanian scarf, on which she had embroidered the name of her beloved. Of him, then, were her gentle musings? Who can doubt it? Her gentle musings were of him whom she had loved with such unexampled trust. Fond, beautiful, confiding maiden! It was the strength of thy mind as much as the simplicity of thy heart that rendered thee so faithful and so firm! Who would not envy thy unknown adorer? Can he be false? Suspicion is for weak minds and cold-blooded spirits. Thou never didst doubt; and thou wast just, for, behold, he is true!

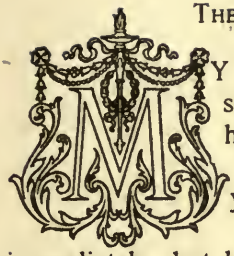
A fluttering sound roused her—she turned her head, and expected to see her gazelle: it was Spiridion; his face was wreathed with smiles as he held towards her a letter. She seized it—she recognised in an instant the handwriting she had so often studied—it was his! Yes! it was his. It was the handwriting of her beloved. Her face was pale, her hand trembled; a cloud moved before her vision; yet at length she read, and she read these words:—

'If, as I hope, and as I believe, you are faithful to those vows which since my departure have been my

only consolation, you will meet me to-morrow, two hours before noon, in our garden. I come to claim my bride; but until my lips have expressed to you how much I adore you, let nothing be known to our father.'

CHAPTER IX.

The Mystery Revealed.



Y DEAREST Henrietta,' said the Consul as he entered, 'who, think you, has returned? Lord Bohun.'

'Indeed!' said Henrietta. 'Have you seen him?'

'No. I paid my respects to him immediately, but he was unwell. He breakfasts with us to-morrow, at ten.'

The morrow came, but ten o'clock brought no Lord Bohun; and even eleven sounded: the Consul sought his daughter to consult her — he was surprised to learn that Miss Ponsonby had not returned from her early ramble. At this moment a messenger arrived from the yacht to say that, from some error, Lord Bohun had repaired to the casino, where he awaited the Consul. The major mounted his barb, and soon reached the pavilion. As he entered the garden, he beheld, in the distance, his daughter and — Mr. Ferrers. He was, indeed, surprised. It appeared that Henrietta was about to run forward to him; but her companion checked her, and she disappeared down a neighbouring walk. Mr. Ferrers advanced, and saluted her father —

'You are surprised to see me, my dear sir?'

'I am surprised, but most happy. You came, of course, with Lord Bohun?'

Mr. Ferrers bowed.

'I am very desirous of having some conversation with you, my dear Major Ponsonby,' continued Mr. Ferrers.

'I am ever at your service, my dearest sir, but at the present moment I must go and greet his lordship.'

'Oh, never mind Bohun,' said Mr. Ferrers, carelessly. 'I have no ceremony with him—he can wait.'

The major was a little perplexed.

'You must know, my dearest sir,' continued Mr. Ferrers, 'that I wish to speak to you on a subject in which my happiness is entirely concerned.'

'Proceed, sir,' said the Consul, looking still more puzzled.

'You can scarcely be astonished, my dearest sir, that I should admire your daughter.'

The Consul bowed.

'Indeed,' said Mr. Ferrers; 'it seems to me impossible to know her and not admire: I should say, adore her.'

'You flatter a father's feelings,' said the Consul.

'I express my own,' replied Mr. Ferrers. 'I love her—I have long loved her devotedly.'

'Hem!' said Major Ponsonby.

'I feel,' continued Mr. Ferrers, 'that there is a great deal to apologise for in my conduct, towards both you and herself: I feel that my conduct may, in some degree, be considered even unpardonable: I will not say that the end justifies the means, Major Ponsonby, but my end was, at least, a great, and, I am sure a virtuous one.'

'I do not clearly comprehend you, Mr. Ferrers.'

'It is some consolation to me,' continued that gentleman, 'that the daughter has pardoned me; now let me indulge the delightful hope that I may be as successful with the father.'

'I will, at least, listen with patience, to you, Mr. Ferrers; but I must own your meaning is not very evident to me: let me, at least, go and shake hands with Lord Bohun.'

'I will answer for Lord Bohun excusing your momentary neglect. Pray, my dear sir, listen to me. I wish to make you acquainted, Major Ponsonby, with the feelings which influenced me when I first landed on this island. This knowledge is necessary for my justification.'

'But what is there to justify?' inquired the major.

'Conceive a man born to a great fortune,' continued Mr. Ferrers, without noticing the interruption, 'and to some accidents of life, which many esteem above fortune; a station as eminent as his wealth—conceive this man master of his destiny from his boyhood, and early experienced in that great world with which you are not unacquainted—conceive him with a heart, gifted, perhaps, with too dangerous a sensibility; the dupe and the victim of all whom he encounters—conceive him, in disgust, flying from the world that had deceived him, and divesting himself of those accidents of existence which, however envied by others, appeared to his morbid imagination the essential causes of his misery—conceive this man, unknown and obscure, sighing to be valued for those qualities of which fortune could not deprive him, and to be loved only for his own sake—a miserable man, sir!'

'It would seem so,' said the Consul.

'Now, then, for a moment imagine this man apparently in possession of all for which he had so long panted; he is loved, he is loved for himself, and loved by a being surpassing the brightest dream of his purest youth: yet the remembrance of the past poisons, even now, his joy. He is haunted by the suspicion that the affection, even of this being, is less the result of his own qualities, than of her inexperience of life—he has everything at stake—he dares to submit her devotion to the sharpest trial—he quits her without withdrawing the dark curtain with which he had enveloped himself—he quits her with the distinct understanding that she shall not even hear from him until he thinks fit to return; and entangles her pure mind, for the first time, in a secret from the parent whom she adores. He is careful, in the meanwhile, that his name shall be traduced in her presence—that the proudest fortune, the loftiest rank, shall be offered for her acceptance, if she only will renounce him, and the dim hope of his return. A terrible trial, Major Ponsonby!'

'Indeed, most terrible.'

'But she is true—truer even than truth—and I have come back to claim my unrivalled bride. Can you pardon me? Can you sympathise with me?'

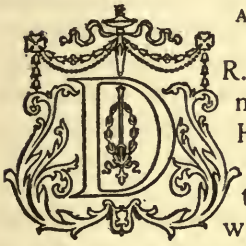
'I speak, then——' murmured the astounded Consul—

'To your son, with your permission—to Lord Bohun!'

WALSTEIN; OR A CURE FOR MELANCHOLY

CHAPTER I.

A Philosophical Conversation between a Physician and His Patient.



R. DE SCHULEMBOURG was the most eminent physician in Dresden. He was not only a physician; he was a philosopher. He studied the idiosyncrasy of his patients, and was aware of the fine and secret connection between medicine and morals. One morning Dr. de Schulembourg was summoned to Walstein. The physician looked forward to the interview with his patient with some degree of interest. He had often heard of Walstein, but had never yet met that gentleman, who had only recently returned from his travels, and who had been absent from his country for several years.

When Dr. de Schulembourg arrived at the house of Walstein, he was admitted into a circular hall containing the busts of the Cæsars, and ascending a

double staircase of noble proportion, was ushered into a magnificent gallery. Copies in marble of the most celebrated ancient statues were ranged on each side of this gallery. Above them were suspended many beautiful Italian and Spanish pictures, and between them were dwarf bookcases full of tall volumes in sumptuous bindings, and crowned with Etruscan vases and rare bronzes. Schulembourg, who was a man of taste, looked around him with great satisfaction. And while he was gazing on a group of diaphanous cherubim, by Murillo, an artist of whom he had heard much and knew little, his arm was gently touched, and turning round, Schulembourg beheld his patient, a man past the prime of youth, but of very distinguished appearance, and with a very frank and graceful manner. 'I hope you will pardon me, my dear sir, for permitting you to be a moment alone,' said Walstein, with an ingratiating smile.

'Solitude, in such a scene, is not very wearisome,' replied the physician. 'There are great changes in this mansion since the time of your father, Mr. Walstein.'

''Tis an attempt to achieve that which we are all sighing for,' replied Walstein, 'the Ideal. But for myself, although I assure you not a *pococurante,* I cannot help thinking there is no slight dash of the commonplace.'

'Which is a necessary ingredient of all that is excellent,' replied Schulembourg.

Walstein shrugged his shoulders, and then invited the physician to be seated. 'I wish to consult you, Dr. Schulembourg,' he observed, somewhat abruptly. 'My metaphysical opinions induce me to believe that a physician is the only philosopher. I am perplexed

by my own case. I am in excellent health, my appetite is good, my digestion perfect. My temperament I have ever considered to be of a very sanguine character. I have nothing upon my mind. I am in very easy circumstances. Hitherto I have only committed blunders in life and never crimes. Nevertheless, I have, of late, become the victim of a deep and inscrutable melancholy, which I can ascribe to no cause, and can divert by no resource. Can you throw any light upon my dark feelings? Can you remove them?'

'How long have you experienced them?' inquired the physician.

'More or less ever since my return,' replied Walstein; 'but most grievously during the last three months.'

'Are you in love?' inquired Schulembourg.

'Certainly not,' replied Walstein, 'and I fear I never shall be.'

'You have been?' inquired the physician.

'I have had some fancies, perhaps too many,' answered the patient; 'but youth deludes itself. My idea of a heroine has never been realised, and, in all probability, never will be.'

'Besides an idea of a heroine,' said Schulembourg, 'you have also, if I mistake not, an idea of a hero?'

'Without doubt,' replied Walstein. 'I have preconceived for myself a character which I have never achieved.'

'Yet, if you have never met a heroine nearer your ideal than your hero, why should you complain?' rejoined Schulembourg.

'There are moments when my vanity completes my own portrait,' said Walstein.

'And there are moments when our imagination completes the portrait of our mistress,' rejoined Schulembourg.

'You reason,' said Walstein. 'I was myself once fond of reasoning, but the greater my experience, the more I have become convinced that man is not a rational animal. He is only truly good or great when he acts from passion.'

'Passion is the ship, and reason is the rudder,' observed Schulembourg.

'And thus we pass the ocean of life,' said Walstein. 'Would that I could discover a new continent of sensation!'

'Do you mix much in society?' said the physician.

'By fits and starts,' said Walstein. 'A great deal when I first returned: of late little.'

'And your distemper has increased in proportion with your solitude?'

'It would superficially appear so,' observed Walstein; 'but I consider my present distemper as not so much the result of solitude, as the reaction of much converse with society. I am gloomy at present from a sense of disappointment of the past.'

'You are disappointed,' observed Schulembourg. 'What, then, did you expect?'

'I do not know,' replied Walstein; 'that is the very thing I wish to discover.'

'How do you in general pass your time?' inquired the physician.

'When I reply *in doing nothing,* my dear Doctor,' said Walstein, 'you will think that you have discovered the cause of my disorder. But perhaps you will only mistake an effect for a cause.'

'Do you read?'

'I have lost the faculty of reading: early in life I was a student, but books become insipid when one is rich with the wisdom of a wandering life.'

'Do you write?'

'I have tried, but mediocrity disgusts me. In literature a second-rate reputation is no recompense for the evils that authors are heirs to.'

'Yet, without making your compositions public, you might relieve your own feelings in expressing them. There is a charm in creation.'

'My sympathies are strong,' replied Walstein. 'In an evil hour I might descend from my pedestal; I should compromise my dignity with the herd; I should sink before the first shaft of ridicule.'

'You did not suffer from this melancholy when travelling?'

'Occasionally: but the fits were never so profound, and were very evanescent.'

'Travel is action,' replied Schulembourg. 'Believe me, that in action you alone can find a cure.'

'What is action?' inquired Walstein. 'Travel I have exhausted. The world is quiet. There are no wars now, no revolutions. Where can I find a career?'

'Action,' replied Schulembourg, 'is the exercise of our faculties. Do not mistake restlessness for action. Murillo, who passed a long life almost within the walls of his native city, was a man of great action. Witness the convents and the churches that are covered with his exploits. A great student is a great actor, and as great as a marshal or a statesman. You must act, Mr. Walstein, you must act; you must have an object in life; great or slight, still you must have an object.

Believe me, it is better to be a mere man of pleasure than a dreamer.'

'Your advice is profound,' replied Walstein, 'and you have struck upon a sympathetic chord. But what am I to do? I have no object.'

'You are a very ambitious man,' replied the physician.

'How know you that?' said Walstein, somewhat hastily, and slightly blushing.

'We doctors know many strange things,' replied Schulembourg, with a smile. 'Come now, would you like to be prime minister of Saxony?'

'Prime minister of Oberon!' said Walstein, laughing; ''tis indeed a great destiny.'

'Ah! when you have lived longer among us, your views will accommodate themselves to our limited horizon. In the meantime, I will write you a prescription, provided you promise to comply with my directions.'

'Do not doubt me, my dear Doctor.'

Schulembourg seated himself at the table, and wrote a few lines, which he handed to his patient.

Walstein smiled as he read the prescription.

'Dr. de Schulembourg requests the honour of the Baron de Walstein's company at dinner, to-morrow at two o'clock.'

Walstein smiled and looked a little perplexed, but he remembered his promise. 'I shall, with pleasure, become your guest, Doctor.'

CHAPTER II.

Containing Some Future Conversation.

WALSTEIN did not forget his engagement with his friendly physician. The house of Schulembourg was the most beautiful mansion in Dresden. It was situated in a delicious garden in the midst of the park, and had been presented to him by a grateful sovereign. It was a Palladian villa, which recalled the Brenda to the recollection of Walstein, with flights of marble steps, airy colonnades, pediments of harmonious proportion, all painted with classic frescoes. Orange trees clustered in groups upon the terrace, perfumed the summer air, rising out of magnificent vases sculptured in high relief; and amid the trees, confined by silver chains were rare birds of radiant plumage, rare birds with prismatic eyes and bold ebon beaks, breasts flooded with crimson, and long tails of violet and green. The declining sun shone brightly in the light blue sky, and threw its lustre upon the fanciful abode, above which, slight and serene, floated the airy crescent of the young white moon.

'My friend, too, I perceive, is a votary of the Ideal,' exclaimed Walstein.

The carriage stopped. Walstein mounted the marble steps and was ushered through a hall, wherein was the statue of a single nymph, into an octagonal apartment. Schulembourg himself had not arrived. Two men moved away, as he was announced, from a lady whom they attended. The lady was Madame de Schulembourg, and she came forward, with infinite grace, to apologise for the absence of her husband, and to welcome her guest.

Her appearance was very remarkable. She was young and strangely beautiful. Walstein thought that he had never beheld such lustrous locks of ebon hair shading a countenance of such dazzling purity. Her large and deep blue eyes gleamed through their long black lashes. The expression of her face was singularly joyous. Two wild dimples played like meteors on her soft round cheeks. A pink veil worn over her head was carelessly tied under her chin, and fastened with a white rose of pearls. Her vest and train of white satin did not conceal her sylph-like form and delicate feet. She held forth a little white hand to Walstein, adorned only by a single enormous ruby, and welcomed him with inspiring ease.

'I do not know whether you are acquainted with your companions, Mr. Walstein,' said Madame de Schulembourg. Walstein looked around and recognised the English minister, and had the pleasure of being introduced, for the first time, to a celebrated sculptor.

'I have heard of your name, not only in Germany,' said Walstein, addressing the latter gentleman. 'You have left your fame behind you at Rome. If the Italians are excusably envious, their envy is at least ac-

companied with admiration.' The gratified sculptor bowed and slightly blushed. Walstein loved art and artists. He was not one of those frigid, petty souls who are ashamed to evince feeling in society. He felt keenly and expressed himself without reserve. But nature had invested him with a true nobility of manner as well as of mind. He was ever graceful, even when enthusiastic.

'It is difficult to remember we are in the North,' said Walstein to Madame Schulembourg, 'amid these colonnades and orange trees.'

'It is thus that I console myself for beautiful Italy,' replied the lady, 'and, indeed, to-day the sun favours the design.'

'You have resided long in Italy?' inquired Walstein.

'I was born at Milan,' replied Madame de Schulembourg, 'my father commanded a Hungarian regiment in garrison.'

'I thought that I did not recognise an Italian physiognomy,' said Walstein, looking somewhat earnestly at the lady.

'Yet I have a dash of the Lombard blood in me, I assure you,' replied Madame de Schulembourg, smiling; 'is it not so, Mr. Revel?'

The Englishman advanced and praised the beauty of the lady's mother, whom he well knew. Then he asked Walstein when he was at Milan; then they exchanged more words respecting Milanese society; and while they were conversing, the Doctor entered, followed by a servant: 'I must compensate for keeping you from dinner,' said their host, 'by having the pleasure of announcing that it is prepared.'

He welcomed Walstein with warmth. Mr. Revel led Madame to the dining-room. The table was round, and Walstein seated himself at her side.

The repast was light and elegant, unusual characteristics of a German dinner. Madame de Schulembourg conversed with infinite gaiety, but with an ease that showed that to charm was with her no effort. The Englishman was an excellent specimen of his nation, polished and intelligent, without that haughty and graceless reserve which is so painful to a finished man of the world. The host was himself ever animated and cheerful, but calm and clear—and often addressed himself to the artist, who was silent, and, like students in general, constrained. Walstein himself, indeed, was not very talkative, but his manner indicated that he was interested, and when he made an observation it was uttered with facility, and arrested attention by its justness or its novelty. It was an agreeable party.

They had discussed several light topics. At length they diverged to the supernatural. Mr. Revel, as is customary with Englishmen, who are very sceptical, affected for the moment a belief in spirits. With the rest of the society, however, it was no light theme. Madame de Schulembourg avowed her profound credulity. The artist was a decided votary. Schulembourg philosophically accounted for many appearances, but he was a magnetiser, and his explanations were more marvellous than the portents.

'And you, Mr. Walstein,' said Madame de Schulembourg, 'what is your opinion?'

'I am willing to yield to any faith that distracts my thoughts from the burthen of daily reality,' replied Walstein.

'You would just suit Mr. Novalis, then,' observed Mr. Revel, bowing to the sculptor.

'Novalis is an astrologer,' said Madame Schulembourg; 'I think he would just suit you.'

'Destiny is a grand subject,' observed Walstein, 'and although I am not prepared to say that I believe in fate, I should nevertheless not be surprised to read my fortunes in the stars.'

'That has been the belief of great spirits,' observed the sculptor, his countenance brightening with more assurance.

'It is true,' replied Walstein, 'I would rather err with my great namesake and Napoleon than share the orthodoxy of ordinary mortality.'

'That is a dangerous speech, Baron,' said Schulembourg.

'With regard to destiny,' said Mr. Revel, who was in fact a materialist of the old school, 'everything depends upon a man's nature; the ambitious will rise, and the grovelling will crawl—those whose volition is strong will believe in fate, and the weak-minded accounts for the consequences of his own incongruities by execrating chance.'

Schulembourg shook his head. 'By a man's nature you mean his structure,' said the physician, 'much, doubtless, depends upon structure, but structure is again influenced by structure. All is subservient to sympathy.'

'It is true,' replied the sculptor; 'and what is the influence of the stars on human conduct but sympathy of the highest degree?'

'I am little accustomed to metaphysical discussions,' remarked Walstein; 'this is, indeed, a sorry subject to amuse a fair lady with, Madame de Schulembourg.'

'On the contrary,' she replied, 'the mystical ever delights me.'

'Yet,' continued Walstein, 'perceiving that the discontent and infelicity of man generally increase in an exact ratio with his intelligence and his knowledge, I am often tempted to envy the ignorant and the simple.'

'A man can only be content,' replied Schulembourg, 'when his career is in harmony with his organisation. Man is an animal formed for great physical activity, and this is the reason why the vast majority, in spite of great physical suffering, are content. The sense of existence, under the influence of the action which is necessary to their living, counterbalances all misery. But when a man has a peculiar structure, when he is born with a predisposition, or is, in vulgar language, a man of genius, his content entirely depends upon the predisposition being developed and indulged. And this is philosophical education, that sublime art so ill-comprehended!'

'I agree with you,' said Revel, who recollected the nonsense-verses of Eton, and the logic of Christ Church; 'all the scrapes and unhappiness of my youth, and I assure you they were not inconsiderable, are to be ascribed to the obstinate resolution of my family to make a priest out of a man who wished to be a soldier.'

'And I was disinherited because I would be a physician,' replied Schulembourg; 'but instead of a poor, insignificant baron, I am now a noble in four kingdoms and have the orders of all Europe, and that lady was not ashamed to marry me.'

'I was a swineherd in the wilds of Pomerania,' said Novalis, his eyes flashing with enthusiasm. 'I

ran away to Italy, but I broke my poor mother's heart.'

There was a dead, painful pause, in which Walstein interposed. 'As for myself, I suppose I have no predisposition, or I have not found it out. Perhaps nature intended me for a swineherd, instead of a baron. This, however, I do know, that life is an intolerable burthen — at least it would be,' he added, turning with a smile to his fair hostess, 'were it not for occasionally meeting some one so inspiring as you.'

'Come,' said Madame, rising, 'the carriages are at the door. Let us take a drive. Mr. Walstein, you shall give me your opinion of my ponies.'

CHAPTER III.

Containing a Drive in the Park with a Very Charming Lady.

ADAME DE SCHULEMBOURG'S carriage, drawn by two beautiful Hanoverian ponies, cream in colour, with long manes and tails like floss silk, was followed by a britzka; but despatches called away Mr. Revel, and Novalis stole off to his studio. The doctor, as usual, was engaged. 'Caroline,' he said, as he bid his guest adieu, 'I commend Mr. Walstein to your care. When I return in the evening, do not let me find that our friend has escaped.'

'I am sure that though unhappy he is not ungallant,' replied Caroline, with a smile; and she took his offered arm, and ascended her seat.

Swiftly the little ponies scudded along the winding roads. The Corso was as yet but slightly attended. Caroline passed through the wide avenue without stopping, but sometimes recognising with bow and smile a flitting friend. They came to a wilder and woodier part of the park, the road lined on each side with linden trees, and in the distance were vast beds of tall fern, tinged with the first rich hues of autumn.

'Here, Mr. Walstein,' said Caroline, 'with your permission, I shall take my afternoon walk.' Thus speaking, she stopped the carriage, which she and her companion quitted. Walstein offered her his arm, but she declined it, folding herself up in her shawl.

'Which do you like best, Mr. Walstein, Constantinople or Dresden?' said Madame de Schulembourg.

'At this moment, decidedly Dresden,' replied her companion.

'Ah! that is a compliment,' said Madame de Schulembourg, after a moment's musing. 'My dear Mr. Walstein,' she continued, looking up with an arch expression, 'never pay me compliments.'

'You mistake me: it was not a compliment,' replied Walstein. 'It was a sincere and becoming tribute of gratitude for three hours of endurable existence.'

'You know that you are my patient,' rejoined Madame de Schulembourg. 'I have orders to cure your melancholy. I am very successful in such complaints.'

'I have no doubt of it,' replied Walstein, with a slight bow.

'If we could but find out the cause!' continued Caroline. 'I venture to believe that, after all, it will turn out an affair of the heart. Come, be frank with your physician. Tell me, have you left it captive with a fair Greek of the Isles, or a dark-eyed maiden of the Nile? Is our heroine a captive behind a Spanish jalousie, or in an Italian convent?'

'Women ever believe that all moods and tempers of man are consequences of their influence,' replied Walstein, 'and in general they are right.'

'But in your case?'

'Very wrong.'

'I am determined to find it out,' said Madame de Schulembourg.

'I wish to heaven you could,' said Baron de Walstein.

'I think a wandering life has spoiled you,' said Caroline. 'I think it must be civilisation that you find wearisome.'

'That would be very sublime,' replied Walstein. 'But I assure you, if there be one thing that disgusts me more than another, it is the anticipation of renewed travel! I have seen all that I wish, and more than I ever expected. All that I could experience now would be exertion without excitement, a dreadful doom. If I am not to experience pleasure, let me at least have the refuge of repose. The magic of change of scene is with me exhausted. If I am to live, I do not think that I could be tempted to quit this city; sometimes I think, scarcely even my house.'

'I see how it is,' exclaimed Madame de Schulembourg, shaking her head very knowingly, 'you must marry.'

'The last resource of feminine fancy!' exclaimed Walstein, almost laughing. 'You would lessen my melancholy, I suppose, on the principle of the division of gloom. I can assure you, my dear Madame de Schulembourg,' he continued, in a very serious tone, 'that, with my present sensations, I should consider it highly dishonourable to implicate any woman in my destiny.'

'Ha! ha! ha!' laughed Madame; 'I can assure you, my dear Mr. Walstein, that I have a great many very pretty friends who will run the risk. 'Tis the best

cure for melancholy, believe me. I was serious myself at times before I married, but you see I have got over my gloom.'

'You have, indeed,' said Walstein; 'and perhaps, were I Doctor de Schulembourg, I might be as gay.'

'Another compliment! However, I accept it, because it is founded on truth. The fact is, I think you are too much alone.'

'I have lived in a desert, and now I live in what is called the world,' replied Walstein. 'Yet in Arabia I was fairly content, and now I am —— what I shall not describe, because it will only procure me your ridicule.'

'Nay! not ridicule, Mr. Walstein. Do not think that I do not sympathise with your affliction, because I wish you to be as cheerful as myself. If you were fairly content in Arabia, I shall begin to consider it an affair of climate.'

'No,' said Walstein, still very serious, 'not an affair of climate — certainly not. The truth is, travel is a preparation, and we bear with its yoke as we do with all that is initiatory — with the solace of expectation. But my preparation can lead to nothing, and there appear to be no mysteries in which I am to be initiated.'

'Then, after all, you want something to do?'

'No doubt.'

'What shall it be?' inquired Madame de Schulembourg, with a thoughtful air.

'Ah! what shall it be?' echoed Walstein, in accents of despondence; 'or, rather, what can it be? What can be more tame, more uninteresting, more unpromising than all around? Where is there a career?'

'A career!' exclaimed Caroline. 'What, you want to set the world in a blaze! I thought you were a poetic dreamer, a listless, superfine speculator of an exhausted world. And all the time you are very ambitious!'

'I know not what I am,' replied Walstein; 'but I feel that my present lot is an intolerable burthen.'

'But what can you desire? You have wealth, youth, and station, all the accidents of fortune which nature can bestow, and all for which men struggle. Believe me, you are born to enjoy yourself; nor do I see that you require any other career than the duties of your position. Believe me, my dear Mr. Walstein, life is a great business, and quite enough to employ any man's faculties.'

'My youth is fast fading, which I don't regret,' replied Walstein, 'for I am not an admirer of youth. As for station, I attribute no magic to it, and wealth I value only because I know from experience its capacity of producing pleasure; were I a beggar tomorrow, I should be haunted by no uneasy sensations. Pardon me, Madame de Schulembourg; your philosophy does not appear to be that of my friend, the Doctor. We were told this afternoon that, to produce happiness, the nature of a being and his career must coincide. Now, what can wealth and station produce of happiness to me, if I have the mind of a bandit, or, perhaps, even of a mechanic?'

'You must settle all this with Augustus,' replied Madame de Schulembourg; 'I am glad, however, to hear you abuse youth. I always tell Sidonia that he makes his heroes too young, which enrages him beyond description. Do you know him?'

'Only by fame.'

'He would suit you. He is melancholy too, but only by fits. Would you like to make his acquaintance?'

'Authors are best known by their writings,' replied Walstein; 'I admire his, because, amid much wildness, he is a great reader of the human heart, and I find many echoes in his pages of what I dare only to think and to utter in solitude.'

'I shall introduce you to him. He is exceedingly vain, and likes to make the acquaintance of an admirer.'

'I entreat you not,' replied Walstein, really alarmed. 'It is precisely because I admire him very much that I never wish to see him. What can the conversation of Sidonia be compared with his writings? His appearance and his manner will only destroy the ideal, in which it is always interesting to indulge.'

'Well, be not alarmed! He is not now in Dresden. He has been leading a wild life for some time in our Saxon Switzerland, in a state of despair. I am the unhappy nymph who occasions his present desperation,' continued Madame de Schulembourg, with a smile. 'Do not think me heartless; all his passion is imagination. Change of scene ever cures him; he has written to me every week—his letters are each time more reasonable. I have no doubt he has by this time relieved his mind in some mad work which will amuse us all very much, and will return again to Dresden quite cool. I delight in Sidonia—he is my especial favourite.'

After some little time the companions re-entered the carriage. The public drive was now full of sparkling equipages. Madame de Schulembourg gaily bowed, as she passed along, to many a beautiful friend.

'Dear girls, come home with us this eve,' she exclaimed, as she curbed her ponies by the side of an open carriage, and addressed two young ladies who were seated within it with their mother. 'Let me introduce Mr. Walstein to you — Madame de Manheim, the Misses de Manheim, otherwise Augusta and Amelia. Ask any of our friends whom you pass. There is Emilius — How do you do? Count Voyna, come home with us, and bring your Bavarian friend.'

'How is Sidonia, Madame de Schulembourg?' inquired Augusta.

'Oh, quite mad. He will not be sane this week. There is his last letter; read it, and return it to me when we meet. Adieu, Madame de Manheim; adieu, dear girls; do not stay long: adieu, adieu.' So they drove away.

IBRAHIM PASHA

THE eyes of all Europe have been lately directed with feverish anxiety towards the East. With the early history of the present ruler of Egypt, and with his projects of military reform, our readers are doubtless well acquainted. We shall, therefore, only rapidly glance at the present condition of Syria, as on the causes that led to the astonishing success of a campaign that at one time threatened to construct, upon a new basis, the political geography of the East.

In contemplating the state of degradation and impotency into which have fallen Syria, and that vast Peninsula which extends westward of the Euphrates, after having occupied so proud a place in the page of history, from the earliest traditionary periods down to the time when the Turkish Sultans abandoned Broussa for Adrianople, we naturally inquire what has become of the intellectual inheritance which the ancient inhabitants of these countries left behind them? Where are the successors of the skilful workmen of Damascus, of Mossul, and of Angora; the navigators of Phœnicia, the artists of Ionia, and the wise men of Chaldea? Several distinct characters of civilisation have succes-

sively flourished in this part of Asia. To the primitive ages, to the reign of the Pelasgi, correspond the subterraneous excavations of Macri, and the Phrygian monuments of Seïdï Gazi; to the Babylonian power, the ruins of Bagdad, and the artificial mountains of Van; to the Hellenic period, the baths, the amphitheatres, and the ruins which strew the coast of the Archipelago; to the Roman empire, the military roads which traverse in every direction the whole Peninsula; to the Greeks of the middle ages, the church of Iznik.

And now that Mussulman civilisation, which at its brightest periods produced the beautiful mosque of the Sultan Bayazid at Amasia, is at its last gasp; for we can, with safety, affirm that not a single grand thought, either social, religious, or political, any longer connects together the four millions of inhabitants which the Porte numbers in this part of her dominions. All unity has disappeared, and the Asmoulis, who compose the predominating race, no longer obey but some old habits and recollections. The downfall of the Janizary system destroyed their last connecting link. Forgetting that their destiny was conquest — that they were only encamped in the land — that they had received a military organisation for a permanent state of warfare — that their headquarters was Constantinople — they have become attached to the soil, and shut themselves up in their harems, have established a feudal system, are divided among themselves by hereditary enmities, and their contempt for foreigners is no longer founded on their courage and power.

Near the coasts of the Archipelago European intercourse has, in some degree, civilised the manners of the Turks, but as the traveller advances into the

interior, civilisation sensibly decreases. On approaching the central plateau of Asia Minor, he perceives that cultivation seldom extends beyond the distance of half a league round a village; the inhabitants are secreted in the mountains, and carefully avoid the vicinity of the great roads; it is a well-known statistical phenomenon, that the most inaccessible districts are the most populous and the richest. This will be easily understood, when it is told that the passage of troops through a district is a pest more dreaded than the fatal plague itself. The once flourishing and magnificent plains of Eske-Seher have been deserts since the Sultan Amurath traversed them, at the head of 300,000 men, to lay siege to Bagdad. His passage was marked by all the devastating effects of the hurricane. When a body of those horsemen called Delhis, who are attached to the suite of every Pasha, enters a village, the consternation is general, and followed by a system of exaction that to the unfortunate villager is equivalent to ruin. To complain to the Pasha would be to court instant destruction.

From this we can conceive the horror of the peasantry of Anatolia at the passage of large bodies of troops through their country, and consequently the obstacles a European army would encounter which should ever be masters of the Black and Mediterranean Seas. The Turcomans, a Nornase tribe, who sometimes pitch their tents on the shores of the Archipelago, and who pay but a moderate tribute to the Porte, are also another cause of devastation. But it is the Musseleins, the farmers of the Pasha, who are the oppressors *par excellence;* they are always present to despoil the unfortunate fellah, to leave him, to use a common expression in the mouths of this oppressed race, 'but

eyes wherewith to weep.' The welfare of the people, respect for the orders of the Porte, are things to them of the utmost indifference; to govern is to raise men and taxes; to obey, is to fear. Thus the law of force reigns almost exclusively at forty or fifty leagues from the capital.

But on a nearer approach to the Euphrates, the dissolution of every social tie becomes more striking. We find ourselves amid the independent tribes —the cruel Lendes; among the Tezdis—a people who adore the spirit of Erib. Towards the north we fall in with the Lazzi, and all those fierce natives who are entrenched like vultures amid the fastnesses of the Caucasus. Again, in the South we discover the wandering Arabs, the pirates of the desert, and the mountaineers of Lebanon, who live in a state of perpetual discord. Over this immense line of countries centuries have passed, and left no trace behind; all that the ancients and the crusaders have related to us of them, is typical of their condition at this day. The bows and arrows, the armour, exhibited as objects of curiosity in our museums, are still in use among them. It is only by chance, or by profiting by their intestine divisions, that the authority of the Porte is recognised. The Pashas are mostly hereditary, and live in a state of perpetual insurrection. Thus from the shores of the Archipelago to the banks of the Euphrates and the Tigris, civilisation and vegetation appear to obey the same law of decrease.

It is incontestable that Syria and the Pashalics on the confines of Upper Asia are of no real importance to the Sultan; and that the pride of this monarch would be the only sufferer by their loss. Desolation has reached such a point in the Ottoman Empire, that

it is almost impossible to regenerate her, unless the branches of the tree, lopped of all those parts so eccentric by their position, are detached from it, and organised into independent states. Towards the North, Russia has pushed on her battalions as far as Erzeroum, but it will be found more difficult to govern Armenia from St. Petersburg than from Constantinople. In politics, the calculation of distances is an important element. In the South of Asia, Egypt lays claim to Syria, and that part of Caramania situated between Mount Taurus and the sea—a territory in which she will find those resources she at present stands so much in need of, such as timber for shipbuilding, etc., a Christian population, among whom the seeds of European civilisation will be more easily implanted. She will thus form an empire that will one day become powerful, if not prematurely exhausted by that system of monopoly so rigorously put in force by her present ruler.

The history of the quarrels of the Pasha of Acre with Mehemet Ali, justifies, in some degree, the pretensions of the latter. Abdallah Pasha had rendered himself famous by his extortions, and in 1822 took it into his head to seize Damascus. The neighbouring Pasha formed a league against him, and laid siege to his capital, when Mehemet Ali negotiated his pardon for a sum of 60,000 purses, which of course the people paid. Interest soon prevailed over gratitude; the Pasha of Acre felt there was more to be gained from Constantinople than from Cairo—that the authority of the Sultan in the Pashalic would never be more than nominal, and that the Porte, satisfied by some presents, would not be in a condition to prevent his exactions; he therefore sought, on every

occasion, to get rid of the influence of Mehemet Ali, and to excite the jealousy of the Porte against him. An opportunity soon offered itself. Some Egyptian fellahs had taken refuge under the guns of Abdallah Pasha; Mehemet Ali demanded these men, but the Governor of Acre refused to give them up, on the plea that they were subjects of the Grand Signor, and referred the matter to the Porte, who on this occasion was seized with a fit of humanity, and *bewailed* the oppression of the peasantry of the Valley of the Vale—*'Inde Bellum.'* This was at the close of 1831.

The moment was favourable for the Viceroy's great designs. Europe was sufficiently agitated to leave him no apprehensions of an intervention on the part of Russia. The Albanians and the Borneans were in open revolt, and insurrections had broken out also in several Pashalics on the side of Upper Asia. The Sultan was considered the slave of the Russians, and his conduct excited the contempt and hatred of the whole empire. In the meantime, since the revolution the exactions of the government had extended to every object of production and industry, while the conscription decimated the most industrious portion of the population; and if to this organised system of spoliation we farther add the ravages of the plague and cholera, we may form some idea of the wretched state of those provinces, and shall be no longer surprised that the Egyptians were everywhere hailed as deliverers.

Ibrahim Pasha, the step-son of Mehemet Ali, was placed at the head of the Egyptian army. Of a short, thick-set figure, he possesses that gigantic strength which Homer so loved in his heroes, and

which inspires such respect among barbarous nations. To strike off the head of a bull with a blow of his scimitar—to execute, like Peter the Great, his victims with his own hand—to fall, dead drunk, amid the broken wrecks of champagne bottles, are three diversions of his. But latterly his manners, from his intercourse with Europeans, have been somewhat polished, and in deference to them, he has displayed both clemency and dignity—in fact, Ibrahim is excessively anxious to acquire the good opinion of Europe. He possesses all that strong common-sense that so distinguishes the Turks, rather than an elevated intelligence of mind. Soliman Bey, a renegade Frenchman, formerly an officer on the staff of Marshal Grouchy, was associated with him, and it is to him that the success of the Egyptian army may be chiefly attributed.

Syria, with her various productions, was the first country which offered itself to the conquest of the Egyptians. Closed entirely on the side of Asia by Mount Amanus, which belongs to the chain of Taurus, and extends from the Gulf of Scanderoun to the Euphrates, she is bounded on one side by the Mediterranean, and on the other by the desert. Her length from Aintab to Gaza is one hundred and fifty leagues, and the mean breadth about thirty. By a single glance at the map we perceive the most important military points for the defence of Syria are the fortress of Saint Jean d'Acre; Tyre, which ought to be fortified; Bolbeck, as the key to several valleys; Antakea, the passage of the Beilan; Alexandretta, situated upon a tongue of land between the marshes and the sea; and lastly, Aentab and Zenyma, which command the two passages on the right side of Mount Amanus.

We have entered into details in order to show how destitute of all strategetical combinations was the whole plan of campaign in Syria. Malte Brun estimates the population of the district of Sham at two millions, but we are inclined to question the accuracy of this calculation, since no two travellers are agreed as to the numbers of the Druses, some estimating them at 120,000, others at a million. The Turks form two-fifths of the population—they inhabit the large towns with the Greeks; the remainder of the population is composed of Arab fellahs, of Kurds, and of Turcomans, who wander in the valley of the Orontes; of Bedouin Arabs, who pitch their tents on the banks of the Jordan and along the edge of the desert of Ansarich, worshippers of the sun, the descendants of the servants of the Old Man of the Mountain of Maronites, who profess the Catholic ritual; of Druses, whose creed is doubtful; of all the inhabitants of Mount Lebanon; of Mebualis, Mussulmans of the sect of Ali; of Naplonsins and other tribes who have preserved a state of independence. We shall not be astonished to know that amidst this prodigious diversity of races Syria is more easy to conquer than to keep possession of. With the exception of the Ansarich, who inhabit the north of Syria, all of them obeyed, at the moment when the war broke out, the Emir Bechir, a Druse, prince of the family of the celebrated Fakr el Din, who revolted against Amurath the Fourth. The Emir Bechir, when Abdallah raised the standard of revolt in 1822, sought the protection of Mehemet Ali, who re-established him in his government.

Let us now follow Ibrahim in his march. At the head of 32,000 regular troops, and four or five thousand Bedouin Arabs and Hassouras, he took the same

route as Bonaparte, and rapidly advanced against Saint Jean d'Acre. Without firing a shot, he made himself master of Jaffa, Caipha, Jerusalem, Naplonsia. Tabaneh and all the country between Gaza and Acre submitted at his approach. Master of the sea, by which he expected reinforcements both in men and material, he made haste to occupy the whole line of coast as far as Ladikich, and set down on the 27th of November, before Saint Jean d'Acre, with a corps of 15,000 regular infantry, two regiments of lancers, 1,000 Bedouins, two companies of sappers, one of cannoniers, one of bombardiers, and a train of field and siege artillery. The place is situated on a promontory surrounded on three sides by the sea, and defended on the fourth by a fort, crowned by a tower, which serves as a citadel. This last fort, the bastions of which, from their retiring flanks being too short, is the only one accessible on the land side, but it was enfiladed from a neighbouring height. Bonaparte, at the siege of Saint Jean d'Acre, was destitute of siege artillery, and was not master of the sea. He had, therefore, many more obstacles to encounter than Ibrahim.

During the first ten days the cannonade of the besiegers was not very vigorous, but on the 9th of December, five frigates having cast anchor before the place, with some gun-boats under sail, a general attack was made, and from eight in the morning until four in the afternoon the fleet and the batteries on shore kept up a well-directed fire. The besieged on their side were not inactive. The Egyptians experienced a heavy loss, and several of their ships were much cut up. From the 9th to the 18th the bombardment lasted night and day. On the 10th

some heavy guns were placed in battery. The operations of the siege were now pushed forward with great ardour, but yet nothing denoted the immediate reduction of the place. The defence of Abdallah Pasha was marked by the most determined energy. He had sworn, it was reported, that he would blow up the town. It was, however, of the utmost importance to push forward the operations with the greatest activity. The first disposition of the population, which had been favourable, might undergo a change should not Ibrahim succeed in striking a great blow. The mountaineers of Lebanon and of Naplonsia had sent their chiefs to the Egyptian camp, and were ready to furnish a contingent of their warriors.

The news of the invasion of Syria by the army of Mehemet Ali, spread terror at Constantinople. The Porte, with her usual craft, dissimulated, and feigning to see in this event but a quarrel between two Pashas, she summoned them to lay before her their respective griefs; but finding her orders were disregarded, she made preparations for war. On the 16th of December, 1831, Mehemet Pasha, already governor of Racca, was appointed governor of Aleppo, and Seraskier of Syria and Arabia. Orders were sent to the directors of the Imperial Mines, Osman Pasha, to the Musselims of Marash, of Sevas, of Adana, and of Payas, to levy troops. Strict injunctions were also given to the governors of Caramania, and of Cæsarea, to hold themselves in readiness; but this movement of Tartars was insufficient to produce a numerous army; the lukewarm devotion of the subjects of the Porte found ample means of evasion; and every day the efforts of the Turkish government in Syria to re-establish its authority, encountered new obstacles.

The son of the Emir Bechir assembled troops in the mountains, and held out for Mehemet Ali. Damascus armed itself through fear, but retained as an hostage the Pasha appointed to conduct the caravan to Mecca. Memiran Osman Pasha had been selected by the Porte for the government of Tripoli, but it was necessary to take possession of it by force of arms. This port was already occupied, in the name of Mehemet Ali, by Mustapha Agar Barbar, a man of considerable note in the country. The Seraskier Mehemet Pasha consented to furnish Osman with some thousand irregular horsemen, and fourteen small field-pieces.

The latter arrived before his capital early in April. Believing the Egyptian Commander-in-Chief still occupied with the siege of Saint Jean d'Acre, all his dispositions of attack consisted in scattering his troops over the surrounding hills, and in ordering his artillery to play upon the town, which did not displace a single stone; the guns of the castle were also so badly pointed that the Turkish horsemen galloped up to the very houses, and were only beaten off by a brisk fire of musketry, which, galling them severely, drove them across the heights. Night put an end to the affair.

A few days after this skirmish, Ibrahim Pasha, having left to one of his lieutenants the direction of the siege of Saint Jean d'Acre and wishing to reconnoitre the country, appeared at the head of 800 men, with six field-pieces, before Osman's camp, who, seized with a panic, immediately abandoned it to the enemy, and hastened to form a junction with the Pasha of Aleppo, who was posted near Hameh. The Egyptian general immediately pursued him, and took up a position at Hom. But, threatened upon this point by three

brigades of the Seraskier Mehemet Pasha, he retired, after some skirmishes, to Bolbeck, where he established his camp, and was joined by Abaz Pasha, his nephew, at the head of 800 men. But his presence was required in other quarters. Divisions had broken out at several points, and the slowness with which the operations of the siege of Saint Jean d'Acre was carried on had damped the ardour of his partisans.

At Tripoli a conspiracy was discovered, in which were implicated the Cadi, the Mufti, and the principal Turks. After receiving a considerable reinforcement of troops from Candia, and making some defensive dispositions to the south of Bolbeck, Ibrahim encamped before Saint Jean d'Acre, to bring the siege to a conclusion by a decisive attack. On the 19th of May the fire was recommenced with great vigour; the Egyptians made the most extraordinary efforts to get into the city, and experienced a heavy loss; but no sooner was a breach effected than it was again closed up. Nothing was left standing in the town. The palace was destroyed, and Abdullah Pasha obliged to retire to the caves dug by Djezzar. The garrison was reduced to less than 2,000 men. At last, on the 27th of May, a general assault was made. Three breaches were practicable, one on the tower of Kapon Bourdjon, the other two at Nebieh Zaleh, and at Zavieh. Six battalions had the horrors of the attack, which commenced at daybreak and lasted twelve hours.

At Kapon Bourdjon the Arabs were on the point of giving ground, but Ibrahim having with his own hand struck off the head of a captain, and having turned a battery against them, they returned to the assault. Unfortunately for Abdullah, his gunners

ran from their pieces, and he was obliged to capitulate. The Egyptians confessed a loss but of 1,429 wounded, and 512 killed. Thus fell Saint Jean d'Acre, after a memorable defence of six months. The capture of this place insured to Ibrahim the possession of Lower Syria, and enabled him to advance in perfect security.

While the son of Mehemet Ali was thus vigorously pushing forward the war, the Porte was still occupied with her preparations. In the month of March, Hussein Pasha, celebrated by the destruction of Janizaries, and by the extraordinary bravery he displayed in the Russian Campaign, but in other respects, a soldier *à la Turc*, was appointed chief of the expedition to Arabia. To this soldier was confided the safety of the empire, with the title of field-marshal of Anatolia. He was solemnly invested with the Harvani (a short cloak) with an embroidered collar. He received a sabre set in brilliants, and two Arabian horses, superbly caparisoned; and, on the 17th of April, he received orders to join the army which Horsen Pasha had organised, the headquarters of which was at Konisk.

By the formation and rapid assembly of the new regular regiments, the army had been raised to 60,000 men, including artillery and engineers. The mass of their forces was composed of Beckir Pasha's brigade of infantry, with the 2nd regiment of cavalry and a strong brigade of irregulars, under the orders of the governor of Silistria; of Skender Pasha's brigade of infantry, and the 6th cavalry; and Delaver Pasha's brigade, with the cavalry of the guard. Each of these corps was accompanied by its batteries. An European organisation had been given to the different

services, such as the paymaster-general's department, commissariat, etc. The Sultan had written out many of the regulations with his own hand.

The young general of division, Mehemet Pasha, a manumitted slave of Hussein, was specially charged with the direction of the regular troops, under the orders of Hussein Pasha. He was tolerably well acquainted with all our manœuvres, and possessed some military talent. The European instructors were attached to his suite. They were the captain of artillery, Thernin, whose counsels would have saved the Turkish army had they been listened to; the engineer officer, Reully, a brave and experienced soldier; and the captain of the cavalry, Colosso. The two former (Frenchmen) saw almost the whole of the war. Taken prisoners by the Egyptians, they refused to enter their service, and were sent back. As for Colosso, he sojourned but a short time in the camp; for, on his endeavouring to put a stop to the frightful abuses that pervaded every branch of the service, the generals and colonels formed a league against him, and he retired in disgust.

On the 14th of May the field-marshal arrived at Koniah, where he displayed the most culpable negligence and carelessness. It was in vain that the European inspectors requested him to put in force 'the regulation for troops in the field,' of the French general Prevan, which had been translated into Turkish; they were no more listened to than were their complaints on the bad state of the camp, and on the indolence and negligence of the chiefs.

The generalissimo never even deemed it once requisite to review his army. The most frightful disorder prevailed in the Turkish military administrations,

which subsequently led to all their reverses; in fact, it was evident to every experienced eye that an army so constituted, once overtaken by defeat, would soon be totally disorganised, and that the Porte ought to place no reliance upon its army. But there was an arm which, in the flourishing times of Islamism, was worth 100,000 Janizaries. This was excommunication. The Sultan at last resolved to unsheathe this weapon. The fatal fetva was launched against the traitor Mehemet Ali, and his son, the indolent Ibrahim. Those who have studied the Turkish history must have thought that the Viceroy of Egypt would find at last his master—the executioner; but since the late victories of the Russians, all national faith is extinguished among the Osmanlis. Excommunication is an arm as worn out at Constantinople as at Rome.

Whilst the Porte was fulminating her bull of excommunication, she directed a note to the *corps diplomatique* at Constantinople, in which she explained the quarrel with her subjects, and in which she demanded the strictest neutrality on the part of the great powers, and declared Egypt in a state of blockade. The Emperor Nicholas recalled his consul from Alexandria, and even made an offer of a fleet, and an auxiliary *corps d'armée*. Austria, an enemy to all revolutions, went so far as to threaten the Viceroy. England appeared to preserve the strictest neutrality, while France strenuously employed all her influence to bring about an accommodation; but in vain.

The Divan refusing the demands of Mehemet Ali, the solution of the question was referred to Field-Marshal Hussein, who proceeded with that calculated exertion which the Ottomans take for dignity; and thus three weeks were lost before the army advanced

on Mount Taurus. It was only on the 1st of June that Mehemet Pasha arrived with the vanguard and Beker's brigade at Adana. A reconnaissance, pushed forward as far as Tarsons, brought back the news of the fall of Saint Jean d'Acre. It became, therefore, an imperative necessity to occupy the passes of Syria, and to march upon Antioch, in order to cover Beylau. A Tartar was despatched to Hussein, who posted off in great haste to Adana, only to halt there for a fortnight. At last the movement was effected, and the army reached Antioch, where the cholera broke out in its ranks, and where eight days were lost. Instead of profiting by Ibrahim's delay to take up a more advanced position, the latter descended into the valley of the Orontes, and entered Damascus on the 15th of June, after a short engagement with the Turkish irregulars.

But all Ibrahim's operations were marked by a want of rapidity. After securing Antioch, the Turkish army should have marched upon Horns, which offered an excellent position, where they might have established a communication with the Druses, upon whom some hopes were founded, and whence they would have commanded the road to Damascus. But it was not till the 6th of July that Hussein would execute this movement. Mehemet Pasha commenced his march; but in their haste they forgot to issue rations to the troops, who reached Horns at ten in the morning, almost dead with hunger and fatigue. The Seraskier of Aleppo was encamped, with his irregular troops, at the gates of the city; but without deigning even to think of the enemy, whom they thought to be at some distance, or to issue rations to the starving troops, they wasted their time in vain ceremonies.

The young Mehemet Pasha was carried, under a salute of artillery, into a magnificent tent pitched upon the bank of the river. There the two viziers made a long interchange of compliments, and smoked the hargueleh.

Midst of all this mummery, intelligence was brought in that the Egyptian army was within two hours' march of them. The disorder that ensued was dreadful. The hungry soldiers dragged themselves in masses to meet the Arabs. The latter waited for them, with their front masked by light troops, presenting twenty-seven battalions deployed in line, the left of which rested on the Orontes, and the right upon a hamlet at the foot of a hill. The Egyptians, who were ignorant of the presence of the Turkish regular infantry, had adopted this vicious disposition against their irregular cavalry. But no one really commanded among the Turks, and thus the opportunity of striking a decisive blow was lost. Every colonel had an opinion of his own. One Pasha wished to retreat, while the European instructors insisted on an immediate attack. In short, the artillery even refused to advance to the front. However, Ibrahim Pasha did not remain inactive; he pressed the Turks closely, doubled his line from right to left, and pushed forward some battalions on the side of the Orontes, but they were checked by part of Beker's brigade and two pieces of cannon. Then the whole Egyptian line halted and opened their fire. In the course of twenty minutes the left of the Turks suffered considerably.

Mehemet Pasha resolved to charge the enemy with the bayonet; but instead of remaining with the second line in order to direct the movement, he put himself at the head of his soldiers to attack the Arabs, who immediately formed in column. Before he

reached them, he was abandoned by his artillery, while his cavalry, which should have turned the enemy, fell back in disorder before a battery which they might have carried. The second line of infantry did not support the movement with vigour; and on the Egyptian columns deploying into line, preparatory to a decisive charge, the whole Turkish army went to the right-about in the most disgraceful manner, pursued by the enemy's cavalry. It was a general *sauve qui peut*. The approach of night alone saved the Turkish army from total destruction. The loss of the Sultan's forces in this affair amounted to 2,000 killed and 2,500 prisoners.

The wrecks of the Turkish corps retired pell-mell upon Antioch. Instead of rallying them, Nedgeb Pasha's brigade, which was encamped at two hours' march from the field of battle, fled with them.

The field-marshal, on learning this disaster, took post at the *tête du pont* on Djezzer, on the Orontes. He received the fugitives at the point of the bayonet, and cut off the heads of the first mutineers who endeavoured to cross. It was in such moments that Hussein showed himself to be above the ordinary stamp of mankind. His energy was admirably calculated for quelling a revolt; but, on the other hand, though he was able to master the confusion of a retreat, he knew not how to avoid it. Such was his military incapacity that he was incapable of foreseeing anything. In a short time he expended all the money in the military chest, impoverishing all the districts through which he passed, paying nowhere and holding up the name of his master to universal execration. At the action of Horns, the mass of his forces were not engaged, so that there yet remained 40,000

regular troops; but the field-marshal allowed an army to perish, to which Horsen Pasha had given a tolerable organisation. Instead of taking any measures of defence, he set out for Antioch, with the view of effecting a junction with some troops in the neighbourhood of Aleppo; but finding no provisions in those districts, he returned by forced marches to Alexandretta, after fatiguing his troops by a march of eight hundred leagues.

However, Ibrahim was advancing, having recalled all his garrisons, and made new levies in the mountains. As he advanced, the whole country declared in his favour, and the castle of Aleppo was delivered up to him. His conduct was marked by great skill and generosity. Under his protection the numerous Christians began to raise their heads. There now only remained, to complete the entire occupation of Syria, to seize Antioch and Alexandretta; but his operations were pushed forward with extreme slowness, because he always expected from Constantinople a decision favourable to the pretensions of his father-in-law. The Turkish field-marshal had thus plenty of time to stop his passage into Carmania.

Antioch offered a position for an entrenched camp; but this he disregarded, and made his advanced posts fall back upon the defile of Beylau. This defile, formed by a deep valley, is so narrow in some places that a camel can scarcely pass. Nevertheless, this is the grand route of the Mecca caravan. Nothing was more easy than to defend it; yet on the 5th of August the Egyptians made themselves masters of it, after an action of two hours. The passage of the Beylau delivered to the conqueror Alexandretta, its immense magazines, and one hundred pieces of cannon. The

Turks, instead of rallying in the rear, in the favourable positions which the ground afforded, fled in the direction of Adana. Ibrahim pursued them with his cavalry, which passed the Djihun at a ford, Hussein Pasha having blown up the superb bridge of nine arches that crossed that river at Missis.

The Ottoman troops continued their retreat across the plain of Adana, but they had scarcely reached that city before they were dislodged by the enemy, who were on the point of capturing the field-marshal. The whole district of Adana declared for Ibrahim, who had at length reached the new line of frontiers which Mehemet Ali wished to make the boundaries of his empire. There was now nothing to prevent the march of the Egyptians upon Constantinople itself, for the demoralised soldiers of Hussein Pasha deserved not the name of an army. The Kurds and the Anatolian peasantry murdered the Turkish regulars wherever they could find them, which was not difficult, for, deserted by platoons, the provinces of Upper Asia were in such a state of insurrection that a single officer of Ibrahim's would have been sufficient to make the most considerable town capitulate.

The Viceroy, at one moment, had the insane idea of himself attacking the Turkish capital by sea, while Ibrahim should threaten it from Scutari. But his prudence doubtless prevented the execution of the enterprise, for however popular the cause of Mehemet Ali may have been, he would have appeared in Constantinople only as a subject, and certainly could not have prevented the intervention of Russia. And lastly, had he succeeded in these projects of unbounded ambition, what would have been the result? Instead of a compact state bounded by Mount Taurus, he would have

found himself embarrassed with a great empire, tottering to its base, which no human power can regenerate.

Mehemet Ali listened, therefore, to the sagacious counsel of France, and endeavoured to obtain the recognition of his independence. But the Porte, listening to the perfidious suggestions, and governed by the blind obstinacy that led to the battle of Navarino and the victories of the Russians, would make no terms, and reduced Ibrahim, after an armistice of five months, to conquer her again. Hussein Pasha was succeeded by the Grand Vizier, Redchid Pasha, the same who had distinguished himself in Greece, and quelled the revolt of Scodro Pasha. Brave and accustomed to the camp, a sound politician, Redchid was superior to his predecessor, but even he was only a Turkish general. He had been selected principally on account of his great influence in Turkey in Europe. He therefore received orders to repair to Constantinople, with considerable levies of Bosnians and Albanians, of which they knew he could dispose, and with the six regiments of infantry and cavalry that belonged to them.

In the meantime the indefatigable Hussein Pasha had succeeded in re-organising an army with about 40,000 regulars of the reserve; it was echeloned between the capital and Koniah, reinforced by the troops brought by the Grand Vizier; it was sufficiently numerous to have prevented Ibrahim's further advance; but there was neither skill in the general nor ardour among the troops; the councils of the European instructors were, as usual, disregarded, while the Egyptian army, on the contrary, was almost exclusively under the direction of European officers. A single

piece of artillery would have sufficed to defend the passage of the Taurus, and yet when Ibrahim appeared on its northern declivity he had to encounter but a few irregulars, of whom he soon gave a good account. He then fixed his camp on the plain of Erekli, at one hundred and sixty days' march of a camel from Constantinople, and then advanced upon Koniah.

Reuff Pasha, who had provisionally assumed the command of the Turkish army until the arrival of Redchid Pasha, prudently fell back upon Acken at the approach of the Egyptians. But forgetting the disastrous day of Koulaktché, the Grand Vizier merely assumed the offensive instead of taking up a position in the mountains; and, allowing the unusual rigour of the season to thin the ranks of the enemy, he precipitately advanced. The cold was so excessive, the weather so dreadful, and the roads rendered so impassable by the snow, that only a small portion of the artillery and ammunition could follow the movement, so that they found themselves, as at Horns, without provisions in the presence of the enemy.

Some distance from Koniah, Redchid Pasha sent forward his selector at the head of a body of irregulars, with orders to advance across the mountains up the village of Lilé, which was occupied by a strong detachment of Arabs, while the Grand Vizier on his side with the grand army, was to pursue the route of the plain. The attack was to have been simultaneous, but unfortunately the selector arrived too soon on the scene of action, and was totally defeated. Undaunted by this check, the Grand Vizier continued his advance, and did not halt till he was in presence of the enemy, whom he found strongly entrenched, and prepared to give him a warm

reception. It was the 29th of the Redgeb (21st of December), and from the advanced hour of the day there was no alternative but to attack, otherwise he must have passed a night upon the field, without bread, exposed to the action of an intense cold that would have paralysed the ardour of the troops.

Redchid Pasha made therefore no dispositions for attack, but his order of battle was best: he drew up his army in four lines, thus rendering useless a great part of his troops, and when he at length resolved to alter his dispositions for a more extended order of battle, he did not reconnoitre the ground to ascertain if it would permit such an extension of front. His left wing therefore was unable to deploy, and remained formed in columns of attack, while the enemy's artillery committed dreadful havoc on their profound masses. He committed also another fault, that of placing his artillery between the interval of the lines, so that it did not reach the Egyptians, while theirs on the contrary, posted in their front, did great execution.

Mehemet Redchid's main plan of battle was to attack with the mass of his forces, composed chiefly of Albanians, the centre of the enemy's army, whilst the cavalry should make a demonstration upon the wings. But Ibrahim, who had foreseen this manœuvre, leaving only on the point attacked a sufficient force to make ahead for a short time, turned his adversary to the gorges of the mountains. On gaining the flanks of the Ottoman party, he impetuously attacked and routed their cavalry, and afterwards advanced against the principal Turkish corps, which thus found itself attacked on both sides. The Albanians, in spite of all the efforts of the Grand Vizier, broke and fled. Red-

chid Pasha then put himself at the head of his guard for a last effort, but after performing prodigies of valour, he was again repulsed, and fell, severely wounded, into the hands of the Egyptians. The loss of the Turks was immense; one regiment alone, the first infantry of the line, left 3,000 men upon the field of battle.

The battle was decisive. The second army of the Grand Seigneur was annihilated, and the road to Constantinople again open to Ibrahim; and the tottering empire of Mahmoud was saved by the intervention of the Russian Autocrat, who felt that it was his own property that was at stake rather than that of the unfortunate Sultan. Mehemet Ali is now on independent sovereign, and it is to the military genius of Europe that he owes this glory; while the once formidable empire of Mahomet is rapidly sinking under an accumulation of evils, the operation of which European diplomacy will in vain attempt to arrest.

THE COURT OF EGYPT

TWO or three miles from Cairo, approached by an avenue of sycamores, is Shoubra, a favourite residence of the Pasha of Egypt. The palace, on the banks of the Nile, is not remarkable for its size or splendour, but the gardens are extensive and beautiful, and adorned by a kiosk, which is one of the most elegant and fanciful creations I can remember.

Emerging from fragant bowers of orange trees, you suddenly perceive before you tall and glittering gates rising from a noble range of marble steps. These you ascend, and entering, find yourself in a large quadrangular colonnade of white marble. It surrounds a small lake, studded by three or four gaudy barques, fastened to the land by silken cords.

The colonnade terminates towards the water by a very noble marble balustrade, the top of which is covered with groups of various kinds of fish in high relief. At each angle of the colonnade the balustrade gives way to a flight of steps which are guarded by crocodiles of immense size, admirably sculptured in white marble. On the farther side the colonnade opens into a great number of very brilliant ban-

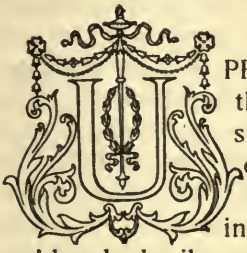
queting-rooms, which you enter by withdrawing curtains of scarlet cloth, a colour vividly contrasting with the white shining marble of which the whole kiosk is formed. It is a frequent diversion of the Pasha himself to row some favourite Circassians in one of the barques and to overset his precious freight in the midst of the lake. As his Highness piques himself upon wearing a caftan of calico, and a juba or exterior robe of coarse cloth, a ducking has not for him the same terrors it would offer to a less eccentric Osmanli. The fair Circassians shrieking, with their streaming hair and dripping finery, the Nubian eunuchs rushing to their aid, plunging into the water from the balustrade, or dashing down the marble steps,—all this forms an agreeable relaxation after the labours of the Divan.

All the splendour of the Arabian Nights is realised in the Court of Egypt. The guard of Nubian eunuchs with their black, glossy countenances, clothed in scarlet and gold, waving their glittering Damascus sabres, and gently bounding on their snow-white steeds, is, perhaps, the most picturesque corps in the world. The numerous harem, the crowds of civil functionaries and military and naval officers in their embroidered Nizam uniforms, the vast number of pages and pipe-bearers, and other inferior but richly attired attendants, the splendid military music, for which Mehemet Ali has an absolute passion, the beautiful Arabian horses and high-bred dromedaries, altogether form a blending of splendour and luxury which easily recall the golden days of Bagdad and its romantic Caliph.

Yet this Court is never seen to greater advantage than in the delicious summer palace in the gardens

of Shoubra. During the festival of the Bairam the Pasha usually holds his state in this enchanted spot, nor is it easy to forget that strange and brilliant scene. The banqueting-rooms were all open and illuminated, the colonnade was full of guests in gorgeous groups, some standing and conversing, some seated on small Persian carpets smoking pipes beyond all price, and some young grandees lounging, in their crimson shawls and scarlet vests, over the white balustrade, and flinging their glowing shadows over the moonlit water: from every quarter came bursts of melody, and each moment the river breeze brought gusts of perfume on its odorous wings.

THE VALLEY OF THEBES



PPER EGYPT is a river flowing through a desert; the banks on each side affording a narrow margin of extreme fertility. Rocks of granite and hills of sand form, at slight intervals, through a course of several hundred miles, a chain of valleys, reaching from the rapids of the Nile to the vicinity of Cairo. In one of these valleys, the broadest and the most picturesque, about half-way between the cataracts and the modern capital, we find the most ancient, the most considerable, and the most celebrated of architectural remains.

For indeed no Greek, or Sicilian, or Latin city — Athens, or Agrigentum, or Rome; nor the platforms of Persepolis, nor the columns of Palmyra, can vie for a moment in extent, variety, and sublime dimensions, with the ruins of ancient Thebes.

These remains may be classed, generally, in four considerable divisions: two of these great quarters of ruins being situated on each side of the river Nile — Karnak and Luxor towards the Red Sea; the Memnonion and Medœnet Habu towards the great Libyan Desert. On this side, also, are the cemeteries of the

great city — the mummy-caves of Gornou, two miles in extent; above them, excavated in the mountains, are the tombs of the queens; and in the adjacent valley of Beban-el-Maluk, the famous tombs of the kings.

The population of the city of a hundred gates now consists of a few Arab families, who form four villages of mud huts, clustered round those gigantic columns and those mighty obelisks, a single one of which is sought for by the greatest sovereigns of Europe for their palaces and museums. Often, indeed, have I seen a whole Arab village rising from the roof of a single Egyptian temple. Dendera is an instance. The population of Gornou, numbering between three and four hundred, resides solely in the tombs.

I think that Luxor, from its situation, usually first attracts the notice of the traveller. It is close on the river, and is built on a lofty platform. Its enormous columns are the first specimens of that colossal genius of the Pharaohs, which the Ptolemies never attempted to rival. The entrance to this temple is through a magnificent propylon; — that is, a portal flanked by massy pyramidal moles. It is two hundred feet in breadth, and rises nearly sixty feet above the soil. This gate is entirely covered with sculpture, commemorating the triumph of a conquering monarch.

On each side of the portal are two colossal statues of red granite, buried in the sand up to their shoulders, but measuring thence, to the top of their crowns, upwards of twenty feet. On each side of them, a little in advance, at the time of my visit, were the two most perfect obelisks remaining. One of them is now at Paris; — that famous obelisk of Luxor, of which we have heard so much. From the propylon, you pass into a peristyle court, — about two hundred and

thirty feet long, by one hundred and seventy — the roof of which was once supported by double rows of columns, many of which now remain: and so on through other pyramidal gates, and courts, and porticoes, and chambers, which are, in all probability, of a more ancient date than those first described.

From Luxor you proceed to Karnak, the other great division on this side of the river, through an avenue of sphinxes, considerably above a mile in extent, though much broken. All the marvels of the world sink before the first entrance into Karnak. It is the Alps — the Andes — of architecture. The obelisks of Luxor may be unrivalled; the sculptures of Medœnet Habu more exquisite; the colossus of the Memnonion more gigantic; the paintings of the royal tombs more curious and instructive: but criticism ceases before the multifarious wonders of the halls and courts of Karnak, and the mind is open only to one general impression of colossal variety.

I well remember the morning when I stood before the propylon, or chief entrance of Karnak. The silver stars were still shining in the cold blue heaven, that afforded a beautiful relief to the mighty structure, built of a light yellow stone, and quite unstained by the winds of three thousand years. The front of this colossal entrance is very much broader than the front of our cathedral of St. Paul, and its height exceeds that of the Trajan column. It is entirely without sculpture — a rare omission, and doubtless intended that the unity of effect should not be broken. The great door in the centre is sixty-four feet in height.

Through this you pass into colonnaded courts, which in any other place would command undivided

attention, until you at length arrive in front of a second propylon. Ascending a flight of steps, you enter the great hall of Karnak. The area of this hall is nearly fifty-eight thousand square feet, and it has recently been calculated that four such churches as our St. Martin's-in-the-Fields might stand side by side in this unrivalled chamber without occupying the whole space. The roof, formed of single stones — compared with which the masses at Stonehenge would appear almost bricks — has fallen in; but the one hundred and thirty-four colossal columns which supported it, and which are considerably above thirty feet in circumference, still remain, and with the walls and propyla are completely covered with sculptured forms.

I shall not attempt to describe any other part of Karnak; — the memory aches with the effort. There are many buildings attached to it, larger than most temples; and infinite number of gates and obelisks, and colossi; but the imagination cannot refrain from calling up some sacred or heroic procession, moving from Luxor to Karnak, in melodious pomp, through the great avenue of sphinxes, and ranging themselves in groups around the gigantic columns of this sublime structure. What feudal splendour, and what Gothic ceremonies; what tilts and tournaments, and what ecclesiastical festivals, could rival the vast, the beautiful, and the solemn magnificence of the old Egyptians?

Crossing the river to Western Thebes, we arrive at two seated colossi, one of which is the famous musical statue of Memnon. It is fine to see him still seated on his throne, dignified and serene, on the plain of Thebes. This colossus is fifty feet in height; and its base is covered with inscriptions of Greek and Roman travellers, vouching that they had listened

to the wild sunrise melody. This statue and its remaining companion, though now isolated in their situation, were once part of an enormous temple, the ruins of which yet remain, and the plan of which may yet be traced.

The Memnonion itself is now near at hand. In the colossal Caryatides we recognise the vast genius that excavated the rocks of Ipsambul, and supported a cavern temple upon the heads of giants. From the Memnonion came the statue that is now in the British Museum. But this figure, though a fine specimen of Egyptian sculpture, sinks, so far as magnitude is concerned, into insignificance, when compared with the statue of the supposed Sesostris, which, broken off at the waist, now lies prostrate in the precincts of the sanctuary. This is, probably, the most huge colossus that the Egyptians ever constructed. The fragment is of red granite, and of admirable workmanship. Unfortunately, the face is entirely obliterated. It lies upon its back, and in its fall has destroyed all the temple within reach. It measures more than sixty feet round the shoulders, the breadth of the instep is nearly seven feet, and the hieroglyphical figures engraven on the arm are large enough for a man to walk in.

Perhaps the most interesting group of ruins at Thebes is the quarter of Medœnet Habu, for here, among other vast remains, is that of a palace; and it is curious, among other domestic subjects, that we find represented on the walls, in a very admirable style, a Pharaoh playing chess with his queen. It is these domestic details that render also the sepulchres of Thebes so interesting. The arts of the Egyptians must be studied in their tombs; and to learn how this remarkable people lived, we must frequent their

burial-places. A curious instance of this is, that, in a tomb near Beni-hassan, we learn by what process the Egyptians procured from the distant quarries of Nubia those masses of granite with which they raised the columns of Karnak and the obelisks of Luxor.

If I were called upon to describe in a word the principal and primary characteristic of Egyptian architecture, I should at once say Imagination, as Grace is the characteristic of the architecture of the Greeks. Thus, when the Ptolemies assumed the sceptre of the Pharaohs, they blended the delicate taste of Ionia with the rich invention of the Nile, and produced Philœ, Dendera, and Edfou. It is from the Pharaohs, however, that you must seek for the vast and the gigantic: the pyramid, the propylon, the colossus, the catacomb, the obelisk, and the sphinx.

It was in the early part of the year of the invasion of Syria by the Egyptians, some eight years gone, that I first visited Thebes. My barque was stowed against the bank of the river, near the Memnonion; the last beam of the sun, before it sunk behind the Libyan hills, quivered on the columns of Luxor; the Nubian crew, after their long and laborious voyage, were dispersed on shore; and I was myself reposing in the shade, almost unattended, when a Turk, well mounted, and followed by his pipe-bearer, and the retinue that accompanies an Oriental of condition, descended from the hills which contain the tombs of the queens, and approached the boat. I was surprised, on advancing to welcome him, to be hailed in my native tongue; and pleased, at such a moment and in such a place, to find a countryman. While we smoked the pipe of salutation, he told me that he had lived at Thebes for nearly ten

years, studying the antiquities, the history, and the manners of its ancient inhabitants. I availed myself of his invitation to his residence, and, accompanying him, I found that I was a visitor in a tomb, and yet by no means a gloomy dwelling-place. A platform, carved in the mountain, was surrounded by a mud wall and tower, to protect it from hostile Arabs. A couple of gazelles played in this front court, while we, reposing on a divan, arranged round the first chamber of the tomb, were favoured with a most commanding view of the valley outspread beneath. There were several inner chambers, separated from each other by hangings of scarlet cloth. Many apartments in the Albany have I seen not half as pleasant and convenient. I found a library, and instruments of art and science; a companion full of knowledge, profound in Oriental manners, and thoroughly master of the subject which naturally then most interested me. Our repast was strictly Eastern, but the unusual convenience of forks was not wanting, and my host told me that they were the very ones that he had used at Exeter College. I shall never forget that first day at Thebes, and this my first interview with one then unknown to fame, but whom the world has since recognised—the learned, the ingenious, and amiable Mr. Wilkinson.

EGYPTIAN THEBES

THE characteristic of Egyptian architecture is Imagination; of Grecian architecture, Grace. When the Ptolemies assumed the sceptre of the Pharaohs, they blended the delicate taste of Ionia with the rich invention of the Nile; and they produced the most splendid creations of architectural power that can now be witnessed. Such is the refined Philœ — such the magnificent Dendera — such the sumptuous Edfou!

All the architectural remains of the most famous nations and the greatest empires,— the amphitheatres, and arches, and columns of the Romans; the fanes of the Greeks; the temples of the Syrians and Sicilians; the Colosseum, the Parthenon, the courts of Baalbec, the pillars of Palmyra and Girgenti,— sink into insignificance when compared with the structures that line the banks of an African river. The mind makes a leap amid their vastness, their variety, and their number. New combinations rise upon our limited invention and contract the taste,— the pyramid, the propylon, the colossus, the catacomb, the obelisk, the sphinx.

Take the map; trace the windings of the mysterious stream, whose source baffles even this age of enterprise, and which remains unknown even when the Niger is discovered. It flows through a wilderness. On one side are the interminable wastes of Libya; on the other, a rocky desert, leading to the ocean: yet its banks are fertile as a garden; and within 150 miles of the sea it divides into two branches, which wind through an immense plain, once the granary of the world.

A Nubian passed me in a state of nudity, armed with a poisoned spear, and guarded by the skin of a hippopotamus, formed into a shield. In this country, the animal called man is fine, although his wants are few,—some rice, a calabash of palm wine, and the fish he himself spears. Are his ancestors the creators of the adjoining temple, covered with beautiful sculptures, and supported by colossal figures fifty feet in height? It is well to ponder, by the roar of the cataracts of the Nile, over the perfectibility of man.

A light has at length broken into the darkness of Egyptian ages; and although we cannot discover the source of the Nile, we can at least decipher its hieroglyphics. Those who are ignorant of the study are incredulous as to its fruits; they disbelieve in the sun, because they are dazzled by its beams. A popular miscellany is not the place to enter into a history, or a vindication, of the phonetic system. I am desirous here only of conveying to the general reader, in an intelligible manner, some idea of the discoveries that are now unfolding themselves to the Egyptian antiquarian, and of wandering with him for a moment amid the marvellous creations of the Pharaohs and the Ptolemies, with a talisman which shall unfold for his

instruction and amusement their mystical and romantic history.

I approach this mighty temple. A goose and globe, encircled in an oval, at once inform me that it was constructed by a 'Son of the Sun,' or a 'Phrah,' or 'Pharaoh.' It is remarkable that the Greeks never once mention this memorable title, simply because they have always translated it by their celebrated personification, 'Sol,' or 'Apollo.' In the obelisk of Hermapion, given by Ammianus Marcellinus, we should therefore read, in the third column, instead of 'the powerful Apollo,' 'the powerful Phrah, the all-splendid Son of the Sun.' Proceeding with the inscription, I also discover that the temple was constructed by Rameses the Second, a monarch of whom we have more to hear, and who also raised some of the most wonderful monuments of Thebes.

The first step of the Egyptian student should be to eradicate from his mind all recollection of ancient authors. When he has arrived at his own results, he may open Herodotus with interest, read Diodorus with suspicion; but, above all, he will then learn to estimate the value of the hitherto reviled Manetho, undoubtedly the fragments of the work of a genuine Egyptian writer. The history and theology of ancient Egypt must be studied on the sculptured walls of its palaces and temples, breathing with sacred mysteries and heroic warfare; its manners and customs in its catacombs and sepulchres, where the painter has celebrated the minutest traits of the social life and the domestic economy of the most ancient of nations.

Even in the time of Strabo, Egyptian Thebes was a city of enormous ruins, the origin of which no antiquary could penetrate. We now know by the in-

scriptions we decipher that these mighty monuments chiefly celebrate the achievements of a great conqueror,—Rameses the Second, or the Great, whom the most rigid critic would be rash to place later than fifteen hundred years before Christ. These great creations, therefore, demonstrate the mature civilisation of Egypt far beyond three thousand years back. Rameses and his illustrious predecessors, the Thothmes and the Amunophs, are described as monarchs of the eighteenth dynasty. Thothmes the Fourth, one of these ancestors, cut the great Sphinx of the Pyramids; as for the Pyramids themselves, it is now undeniable that they were not raised at the comparatively late period ascribed to them by Herodotus and Diodorus. No monuments in Egypt can be compared in antiquity with these buildings; and the names of the predecessors of Rameses the Great are found in their vicinity, evidently sculptured at a much later epoch. 'The Pyramids are at least ten thousand years old,' said Champollion to a friend of mine in Egypt, rubbing his hands, with eyes sparkling with all the enthusiasm of triumphant research.

It is highly probable that Rameses the Great was the Sesostris of Herodotus. This name is entirely a Greek invention, and is found on no Egyptian monuments. The splendid tomb, first opened by Belzoni, in the Valley of the Kings, is of the grandfather of this monarch—Rameses the First. It is evident from the Theban sculptures and inscriptions, that Rameses and his predecessors were engaged in a long war with a most powerful enemy, and that that enemy was an Oriental people, a nation with fair countenances and flowing robes, dwelling in a hilly and well-wooded country. It is probable

that this nation was the Assyrians, who, according to ancient writers, invaded Egypt under Ninus and Semiramis. Thothmes the Third and Fourth, Amunoph, and Rameses the First, carried on this war with uncertain success. The successor of Rameses the First, whose phonetic name is doubtful, was not unworthy of the son whom the gods accorded to him as a reward for his valour and magnificence. This anonymous sovereign led the war in person, and probably against degenerate princes. On the walls of Karnak — a sculptured scroll, more durable than those of his poets and historians — we find him in his triumphal chariot, leading a host of infantry and chariots, attacking fortified places, defended by lofty walls and surrounded by water. The enemy is seen clearing their country in advance, driving away their cattle, and felling forests to impede the progress of the invader's chariots; but at length the victorious Pharaoh returns to his Nile with crowds of prisoners, bearing every variety of rich and fantastic tribute.

The son of this chieftain was Rameses the Second, or the Great. Following the example of his illustrious predecessor, he soon led a numerous and chosen army to extend the Oriental conquests of the Egyptians. He passed along the sea-coast of a country, which is, without doubt, Syria, since the name of Rameses the Second is still found on that shore, near the ancient Berytus and modern Beirut. He continued his march into the interior, where we at length find him opposed by a powerful force on the banks of a great river, probably the Euphrates. On the opposite bank of the river is a vast and strongly-fortified city. The battle is fought and won. The Orientals are defeated, and sue for peace. The city

is not represented as taken, yet sieges are often sculptured on these walls, and the Egyptian army is always supplied with scaling-ladders and the testudo. And what was this city? Was it Babylon? Was it Nineveh? How wonderful is it at this remote period, to read for the first time, the Gazettes of the Pharaohs!

It does not appear to have been the object of the Egyptians to make a permanent settlement in these conquered countries. They laid waste the land, they accumulated plunder, they secured peace by the dread of their arms, and, returning home with the same rapidity that they advanced, they enjoyed and commemorated their victories in the embellishment of their majestic cities. The remainder of the long reign of Rameses the Great was passed in the cultivation of the arts. A greater number of monuments, statues, and temples bear the name of this king than of any other who ruled in Egypt, and there are few remains of any city in that country where it is not met with. To him we are indebted alike for the rock temples of Nubia, and the inimitable obelisks of Luxor. He raised that splendid structure on the western side of Thebes, supported by colossal statues, which is foolishly styled the Memnonion; he made great additions to Karnak; he built the temple of Osiris at Abydus; he adorned the great temple of Memphis with colossal statues, for which he evidently had a passion; and, finally, amid a vast number of other temples, especially in Nubia, which it would be tedious to recount, and other remains, he cut the famous Monticœlian obelisk now at Rome. Whatever may have been the actions recorded of Sesostris, one thing is certain, that no Egyptian king ever surpassed or equalled the second Rameses. Let us then allow that

history has painted in too glowing colours the actions of the former—too great for the limited power of Europe—and remain persuaded, that, so far from aiming at the conquest of the world, the utmost extent of his march was confined to the countries bordering on Assyria, Arabia, and part of Æthiopia, from which country he is represented as receiving tribute.

The conquests of Rameses the Second secured a long peace to Egypt. The reigns of his two successors, however, are celebrated for the creation of the great avenue of sphinxes at Thebes, leading from Luxor to Karnak, a mile and a quarter in extent, a sumptuous evidence of the prosperity of Egypt and of the genius of the Pharaohs. War, however, broke out again under Rameses the Third, but certainly against another power, and it would appear a naval power. Returning victorious, the third Rameses added a temple to Karnak, and raised the temple and the palace of Medœnet Habu. Here closes the most interesting period of Egyptian history. A long succession of princes, many of whom bore the name of Rameses, followed, but, so far as we can observe, they were distinguished neither in architecture nor war. There are reasons which may induce us to believe that the Trojan war happened during the reign of the third Rameses. The poetical Memnon is not found in Egyptian records. The name is not Egyptian, although it may be a corruption. It is useless to criticise this invention of the lying Greeks, to whose blinded conceit and carelessness we are indebted for the almost total darkness in which the records of antiquity are enveloped. The famous musical statue of Memnon is still seated on its throne, dignified and serene, on the plain of Thebes. It is a

colossus, fifty feet in height, and the base of the figure is covered with inscriptions of the Greek and Roman travellers, vouching that they had listened to the wild sunrise melody. The learned and ingenious Mr. Wilkinson, who has resided at Thebes upwards of ten years, studying the monuments of Egypt, appears to me to have solved the mystery of this music. He informed me that having ascended the statue, he discovered that some metallic substance had been inserted in its breast, which, when struck, emitted a very melodious sound. From the attitude of the statue, a priest might easily have ascended in the night, and remained completely concealed behind the mighty arms while he struck the breast; or, which is not improbable, there was probably some secret way to ascend, now blocked up; for this statue, with its remaining companion, although now isolated in their situation, were once part of an enormous temple, the ruins of which yet remain, and the plan of which may yet be traced. Thanks to the phonetic system, we now know that this musical statue is one of Amunoph the Second, who lived many centuries before the Trojan war. The truth is, the Greeks, who have exercised almost as fatal an influence over modern knowledge as they have a beneficial one over modern taste, had no conception of anything more ancient than the Trojan war, except Chaos. Chaos is a poetic legend, and the Trojan war was the squabble of a few marauding clans.

'Where are the records of the great Assyrian monarchy? Where are the books of the Medes and Persians? Where the learned annals of Pharaohs?

'Fortunate Jordan! Fortunate Ilissus! I have waded through the sacred waters; with difficulty I traced the

scanty windings of the classic stream. Alas! for the exuberant Tigris; alas! for the mighty Euphrates; alas! for the mysterious Nile!'

It is curious that no allusion whatever to the Jews has yet turned up on any Egyptian monuments. But upon the walls of Medœnet Habu I observed, more than once repeated, the Ark borne in triumph. This is not a fanciful resemblance. It responds in every particular.

I have noticed the history of Ancient Egypt, because some knowledge of it is necessary to illustrate Thebes. I quit a subject which, however curious, is probably of too confined an interest for the general reader, and I enter in his company the City of the Hundred Gates.

The Nile winds through the valley of Thebes—a valley formed by ranges of mountains, which on one side defend it from the great Lybian desert, and on the other from the rocky wilderness that leads to the Red Sea. On each side of the stream are two great quarters of ruins. On the side of the Red Sea are Luxor and Karnak, on the opposite bank the great temple called the Memnonion, and the various piles which, under the general title of Medœnet Habu, in all probability among other structures comprise the principal palace of the more ancient Pharaohs. On the Lybian side, also, are the cemeteries of the great city—the mummy caves of Gornou, two miles in extent; above them, excavated in the mountains, the tombs of the Queens, and in the adjacent valley of Beban-el-Maluk the famous tombs of the Kings. The population of the City of the Hundred Gates now consists of a few Arab families, who form four villages of mud huts clustered round those gigantic

columns and mighty obelisks, a single one of which is sought for by the greatest sovereigns of Europe for their palaces and museums as the rarest of curious treasures. Often, indeed, have I seen a whole Arab village rising from the roof of a single Egyptian temple. Dendera is an instance. The population of Gornou, in number between three and four hundred, reside solely in the tombs.

I think that Luxor, from its situation, first attracts the notice of the traveller. It is close on the river, and is built on a lofty platform. Its enormous columns are the first specimen of that colossal genius of the Pharaohs which the Ptolemies never attempted to rival. The entrance to this temple is through a magnificent propylon, that is, a portal flanked by massy pyramidal moles. It is two hundred feet in breadth, and rises nearly sixty feet above the soil. This gate is entirely covered with sculpture, commemorating the triumph of Rameses the Great over the supposed Assyrians. On each side of the portal are two colossal statues of red granite, buried in the sand up to their shoulders, but measuring thence, to the top of their crowns, upwards of twenty feet. On each side of them, a little in advance, rise the two most perfect obelisks that remain, also of red granite, and each about eighty feet high. From the propylon you pass into a peristyle court, about two hundred and thirty feet long by one hundred and seventy, the roof of which was once supported by double rows of columns, many of which now remain; and so on through other pyramidal gates and courts and porticoes and chambers which are, in all probability, of a more ancient date than the gates and obelisks and colossi first described, which last were perhaps added by Rameses, who

commemorated his triumph by rendering a celebrated building still more famous.

From Luxor you proceed to Karnak, the other great division on this side of the river, through an avenue of sphinxes considerably above a mile in extent; and here I should observe that Egyptian sphinxes are either *andro* or *crio* sphinxes, the one formed by the union of the lion with the man, and the other of the lion with the ram. Their mystery is at length penetrated. They are male and never female. They are male and they are monarchs. This great avenue, extending from Luxor to Karnak, was raised by the two immediate successors of the great Rameses, and represents their long line of ancestry.

All the marvels of the world sink before the first entrance into Karnak. It may vie with the Alps and the Andes. The obelisks of Luxor may be unrivalled, the sculptures of Medœnet Habu more exquisite, the colossus of Memnonion more gigantic, the paintings of the royal tombs more curious and instructive, but criticism ceases before the multifarious wonders of the halls and courts of Karnak and the mind is open only to one general impression of colossal variety.

I well remember the morning I stood before the propylon, or chief entrance of Karnak. The silver stars were still shining in the cold blue heaven, that afforded a beautiful relief to the mighty structure, built of a light yellow stone, and quite unstained by the winds of three thousand years. The front of this colossal entrance is very much broader than the front of our cathedral of St. Paul's, and its height exceeds that of the Trajan column. It is entirely without sculptures, a rare omission, and doubtless intended,

that the unity of the effect should not be broken. The great door in the centre is sixty-four feet in height.

Through this you pass into columned courts, which, in any other place, would command undivided attention, until you at length arrive in front of a second propylon. Ascending a flight of steps, you enter the great hall of Karnak. The area of this hall is nearly fifty-eight thousand square feet, and it has recently been calculated that four such churches as our St. Martin's-in-the-Fields might stand side by side in this unrivalled chamber without occupying the whole space. The roof, formed of single stones, compared with which the masses at Stonehenge would appear almost bricks, has fallen in; but the one hundred and thirty-four colossal columns which supported it, and which are considerably above thirty feet in circumference, still remain, and, with the walls and propyla, are completely covered with sculptured forms. I shall not attempt to describe any other part of Karnak. The memory aches with the effort; there are many buildings attached to it, larger than most temples; there are an infinite number of gates, and obelisks, and colossi; but the imagination cannot refrain from calling up some sacred or heroic procession, moving from Luxor to Karnak, in melodious pomp, through the great avenue of sphinxes, and ranging themselves in glorious groups around the gigantic columns of this sublime structure. What feudal splendour, and what Gothic ceremonies, what tilts and tournaments, and what ecclesiastic festivals, could rival the vast, the beautiful, and solemn magnificence of the old Egyptians?

Crossing the river to Western Thebes, we arrive at the two seated colossi, one of which I have already

noticed as the musical Memnon. These doubtless once guarded the entrance of some temple more ancient than any remaining, for they were raised by Amunoph the Second, a predecessor, by some generations, of the great Rameses. They were, doubtless, once seated on each side of a propylon, as at Luxor, and in all probability were flanked by obelisks. Whether the temple were destroyed for materials for more recent structures, or whether it has sunk under the accumulations of the slimy soil, may be decided by the future excavator.

We arrive at the Memnonion. This temple was raised by Rameses the Great. In the colossal Caryatides we recognise the same genius that excavated the rocks of Ipsambul, and supported a cavern temple upon the heads of giants. From the Memnonion came the statue that is now in the British Museum. But this figure, though a fine specimen of Egyptian sculpture, sinks, so far as magnitude is concerned, into insignificance when compared with the statue of Rameses himself, which, broken off at the waist, now lies prostrate in the precincts of the sanctuary. This is probably the most huge colossus that the Egyptians ever constructed. The fragment is of red granite, and of admirable workmanship. Unfortunately the face is entirely obliterated. The statue lies upon its back, and in its fall has destroyed all the temple within reach. It measures more than sixty feet round the shoulders, the breadth of the instep is nearly seven feet, and the hieroglyphical figures engraven on the arm are large enough for a man to walk in.

Perhaps the most interesting group of ruins at Thebes is the quarter of Medœnet Habu. Most of the buildings are of the time of Rameses the Third.

The sculptured walls of the great temples, covered with battles, chariots, captives, and slaves, have been worthily described by the vivid pen of Mr. Hamilton. They celebrate the victorious campaigns of the monarch. Here also the Third Rameses raised his palace. And it is curious, among other domestic subjects, that we find represented on the walls, in a very admirable style, Rameses playing chess with his Queen. Chess is, probably, a most ancient Oriental game. Rameses the Third lived before the Trojan war, to which the Greeks, as usual, ascribe the invention of chess.

The sepulchres of Thebes still remain to be described, a theme more fertile in interest and instruction than even its palaces and temples. The arts of the Egyptians must be studied in their tombs, and to learn how this remarkable people lived, we must even go where they were buried. To cite no other instances in a sketch which is already too long, it is from a painting in a tomb near Beni-hassan that we learn how the Egyptians procured from the distant quarries of Nubia those masses of stone and granite with which they raised the columns of Karnak and the obelisks of Luxor.

But we must conclude. We have touched a virgin subject rich with delightful knowledge, and if our readers be not wearied with wandering on the banks of the Nile, we may perhaps again introduce them to the company of the Pharaohs.

SHOUBRA

ORIENTAL palaces, except perhaps in the great Indian peninsula, do not realise the dreams and glittering visions of the Arabian Nights, or indeed the authentic histories written in the flush and fullness of the success of the children of the desert, the Tartar and the Saracen. Commerce once followed in the train of the conquerors of Asia, and the vast buildings which they hastily threw up of slight and perishing materials, were filled, not only with the plunder of the East, but furnished with all the productions of art and curious luxury, which the adventurous spirit of man brought from every quarter of the globe to Samarcand and Bagdad. The site of these mighty capitals is almost erased from the map of the modern traveller; but tribute and traffic have also ceased to sustain even the dilapidated serail of the once omnipotent Stamboul, and, until very recently, all that remained of the splendour of the Caliphs of Egypt was the vast Necropolis, which still contains their palatial sepulchres.

How the bold Roumelian peasant who in our days has placed himself on the ancient throne of the Pha-

raohs and the Ptolemies, as Napoleon on the seat of the Merovingian kings, usurping political power by military prowess, lodged and contented himself in the valley of the Nile, was not altogether an uninteresting speculation; and it was with no common curiosity that some fifteen years ago, before he had conquered Syria and scared Constantinople, I made one morning a visit to Shoubra, the palace of Mehemet Ali.

Nothing can be conceived more animated and picturesque than Cairo during the early morning or at night. It seems the most bustling and populous city in the world. The narrow streets, abounding with bazaars, present the appearance of a mob, through which troops of richly dressed cavaliers force with difficulty their prancing way, arrested often in their course by the procession of a harem returning from the bath, the women enveloped in inscrutable black garments, and veils and masks of white linen, and borne along by the prettiest donkeys in the world. The attendant eunuchs beat back the multitude; even the swaggering horsemen, with their golden and scarlet jackets, rich shawls and scarfs, and shining arms, trampling on those around, succeed in drawing aside; but all efforts are vain, for at the turning of the street appears the first still solemn visage of a long string of tall camels bearing provisions to the citadel, a Nubian astride on the neck of the leader, and beating a wild drum, to apprise the people of his approach. The streets, too, in which these scenes occur are in themselves full of variety and architectural beauty. The houses are lofty and latticed, abounding in balconies; fountains are frequent and vast and as richly adorned as Gothic shrines; sometimes the fortified palace of one of the old Mamlouks, now

inhabited by a pasha, still oftener the exquisite shape of an Arabian mosque. The temples of Stamboul cannot vie with the fanes of Cairo. Their delicate domes and airy cupolas, their lofty minarets covered with tracery, and the flowing fancy of their arabesques recalled to me the glories of the Alhambra, the fantastic grace of the Alcazars and the shrines of Seville and Cordova.

At night the illuminated coffee-houses, the streaming population, each person carrying a lantern, in an atmosphere warmer and softer than our conservatories, and all the innocent amusements of an out-door life—the Nubian song, the Arabian tale, the Syrian magic—afford a different, but not less delightful scene.

It was many hours before noon, however, that I made my first visit to Shoubra, beneath a sky as cloudless as it remained during the whole six months I was in Egypt, during which time I have no recollection that we were favoured by a single drop of rain; and yet the ever-living breeze on the great river, and the excellent irrigation of the earth, produce a freshness in the sky and soil, which are missed in other Levantine regions, where there is more variety of the seasons.

Shoubra is about four or five miles from the metropolis. It rises on the banks of the Nile, and the road to it from Cairo is a broad but shady avenue, formed of sycamores, of noble growth and colour; on one side delightful glimpses of the river, with its palmy banks and sparkling villages, and on the other, after a certain tract of vivid vegetation, the golden sands of the desert, and the shifting hillocks which it forms; or, perhaps, the grey peaks of some chain of pyramids.

The palace of Shoubra is a pile of long low buildings looking to the river — moderate in its character, and modest in its appointments; but clean, orderly, and in a state of complete repair; and, if we may use such an epithet with reference to oriental life, comfortable. It possesses all the refined conveniences of European manners, of which the pasha at the time I am referring to was extremely proud. Most of these had been the recent gift of the French government, and his highness occasionally amused his guests — some sheikh from Arabia, or some emir from the Lebanon — by the exhibition of some scientific means of domestic accommodation with which use has made us familiar, but which I was assured had sensibly impressed the magnates of the desert and the mountain with the progress of modern civilisation.

The gardens of Shoubra, however, are vast, fanciful, and kept in admirable order. They appeared to me in their character also entirely oriental. You enter them by long, low, winding walks of impenetrable shade; you emerge upon an open ground sparkling with roses, arranged in beds of artificial forms, and leading to gilded pavilions and painted kiosks. Arched walks of orange trees, with the fruit and the flowers hanging over your head, lead again to fountains, or to some other garden-court, where myrtles border beds of tulips, and you wander on mosaic walks of polished pebbles. A vase flashes amid a group of dark cypresses, and you are invited to repose under a Syrian walnut tree by a couch or a summer-house.

The most striking picture, however, of this charming retreat is a lake surrounded by light cloisters of white marble, and in its centre a fountain of crocodiles, carved in the same material. That material as

well as the art, however, are European. It was Carrara that gave the pure and glittering blocks, and the Tuscan chisel called them into life. It is a pity that the honourable board of directors, in their recent offering of the silver fountain to the pasha, had not been aware of the precedent thus afforded by his highness's own creation for the introduction of living forms into Moslem sculpture and carving. They might have varied their huge present with advantage. Indeed, with the crocodile and the palm-tree, surely something more beautiful and not less characteristic than their metallic mausoleum might easily have been devised.

This marble pavilion at Shoubra, indeed, with its graceful, terraced peristyles, its chambers and divans, the bright waters beneath, with their painted boats, wherein the ladies of the harem chase the gleaming shoals of gold and silver fish, is a scene worthy of a sultan; but my attendant, a Greek employed in the garden, told me I ought to view it on some high festival, crowded by the court in their rich costumes, to appreciate all its impressive beauty. This was a scene not reserved for me, yet my first visit to Shoubra closed with an incident not immemorable. I had quitted the marble pavilion and was about to visit the wilderness where roam, in apparent liberty, many rare animals, when I came, somewhat suddenly, on a small circular plot into which several walks emptied, cut through a thick hedge of myrtle. By a sun-dial stood a little man, robust, though aged, rather stout, and of a very cheerful countenance; his attire plain and simple, a pelisse of dark silk, and a turban white as his snowy beard; he was in merry conversation with his com-

panion, who turned out to be his jester. In the background, against the myrtle wall, stood three or four courtiers in rich dresses — courtiers, for the little old man was their princely master — the great Pasha of Egypt.

EDEN AND LEBANON

FOUND myself high among the mountains, and yet amid a series of green slopes. All around me sparkled with cultivation — vineyards, gardens, groves of young mulberry trees, clustering groups of the sycamore and the walnut. Falling around, the cascades glittered in the sun, until, reaching the bottom of the winding valley, they mingled with the waters of a rivulet that glided through a glade of singular vividness.

On the broad bosom of a sunny hill, behind which rose a pyramid of bare rock, was a most beautiful village — flat cottages with terraced roofs, shaded by spreading trees, and surrounded by fruit and flowers. A cerulean sky above; the breath of an infinite variety of fragrant herbs around; and a land of silk and wine; everywhere the hum of bees and the murmur of falling streams; while, on the undulating down, a band of beauteous children were frolicking with the kids.

The name of this village, the fairest spot in the region of Lebanon, is EDEN, which, rendered from the

Arabic into the English tongue, means a 'Dwelling of Delight.'

I ascended the peak that overhung this village. I beheld ridges of mountains succeeding each other in proportionate pre-eminence, until the range of the eternal glaciers, with their lustrous cones, flashed in the Syrian sun. I descended into the deep and solemn valleys, skirted the edges of rocky precipices, and toiled over the savage monotony of the dreary table-land. At length, on the brow of a mountain, I observed the fragments of a gloomy forest—cedar, and pine, and cypress. The wind moaning through its ancient avenues and the hoarse roar of a cataract were the only sounds that greeted me.

In the front was a scanty group of gigantic trees, that seemed the relics of some pre-Adamite grove. Their grey and massive trunks, each of which must have been more than twelve yards in girth, were as if quite dead; while, about twenty feet from the ground, they divided into five or six huge limbs, each equal to a single tree, but all, as it were, lifeless amid their apparent power.

Bare of all foliage, save on their ancient crests —black, blasted, riven, and surrounded by deep snows—behold the trees that built the palaces of Solomon!

When I recall the scene from which I had recently parted, and contrasted it with the spectacle before me, it seemed that I had quitted the innocence and infancy of Nature to gaze on its old age—of exhausted passions and desolate neglect.

A SYRIAN SKETCH

THE sun was quivering above the horizon, when I strolled forth from Jaffa to enjoy the coming breeze amid the beautiful gardens that environ that agreeable town. Riding along the previous day, my attention had been attracted by a marble gate, the fragment of some old temple, that now served as the entrance to one of these enclosures, their secure boundary otherwise formed by a picturesque and impenetrable hedge of Indian fig.

It is not a hundred yards from the town; behind it stretches the plain of Ramle — the ancient Arimathea — broad and fertile, and, at this moment, green; for it was just after the latter rains, when Syria is most charming. The caravan track winding through it led to Jerusalem.

The air was exquisitely soft and warm, and sweet with the perfume of the orange bowers. I passed through the marble portal, adorned with some florid yet skilful sculptures, and found myself in a verdant wilderness of fruit-trees, rising in rich confusion from the turf, through which not a single path seemed to wander. There were vast groups of orange and

lemon-trees, varied occasionally with the huge offspring of the citron-tree, and the glowing produce of the pomegranate; while, ever and anon, the tall banana raised its head aloft with its green or golden clusters, and sometimes the graceful and languid crest of the date-bearing palm.

While I was in doubt as to the direction I should bend my steps, my ear was caught by the wild notes of Turkish music; and, following the sounds, I emerged upon a plot of turf, clear from trees, in the middle of which was a fountain, and, by its margin, seated on a delicate Persian carpet, a venerable Turk. Some slaves were near him, one of whom, at a little distance, was playing on a rude lyre; in the master's left hand was a volume of Arabian poetry, and he held in his right the serpentine tube of his narghileh, or Syrian pipe. When he beheld me, he saluted me with all the dignity of the Orient, pressing his hand to his heart, but not rising. I apologised for my intrusion; but he welcomed me with serene cordiality, and invited me to share his carpet and touch his pipe.

Some time elapsed in answering those questions respecting European horses and European arms, wherein the Easterns delight. At length, the solemn and sonorous voice of the muezzin, from the minarets of Jaffa, came floating on the air. The sun had set; and, immediately, my host and his companions performed their ablutions in the fountain; and kneeling towards Mecca, repeated their accustomed prayers. Then rising, the Turkish aga, for such was his rank, invited me to enjoy the evening breeze, and accompany him in a walk round his garden.

As we proceeded, my companion plucked an orange, and taking a knife from his girdle, and cut-

ting the fruit in half, offered me one moiety, and threw the other away. More than once he repeated this ceremony, which somewhat excited my surprise. At length he inquired my opinion of his fruit. I enlarged, and with sincerity, on its admirable quality, the racy sweetness of its flavour, which I esteemed unequalled; but I could not refrain from expressing my surprise, that of fruit so exquisite he should studiously waste so considerable a portion.

'Effendi,' said the Turk, with a grave though gracious smile, 'to friends we give only the sunny side.'

THE BOSPHORUS

HE stranger whose felicity it has been to float between the shores of the Bosphorus will often glance back with mingled feelings of regret and satisfaction to the memory of those magical waters. This splendid strait, stretching from the harbour of Constantinople to the mouth of the Euxine, may be about twenty miles in length, and its ordinary breadth seldom exceeds one mile. The old Greek story tells that one might hear the birds sing on the opposite shore. And thus two great continents are divided by an ocean stream narrower than many rivers that are the mere boundaries of kingdoms. Yet it is strange that the character of these two famous divisions of our earth is nowhere more marked than on the shores of the Bosphorus. The traveller turns without disappointment from the gay and glittering shores of Europe to the sublimer beauty and the dusky grandeur of Asia.

The European side, until you advance within four or five miles of the Black Sea, is almost uninterruptedly studded with fanciful and ornamental buildings:

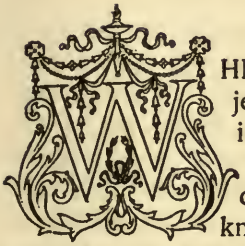
beautiful villages, and brilliant summer palaces, and bright kiosks, painted in arabesque, and often gilt. The green background to the scene is a sparkling screen of terraced gardens, rising up a chain of hills whose graceful undulations are crowned with groves of cypress and of chestnut, occasionally breaking into fair and delicate valleys, richly wooded, and crossed by a grey and antique aqueduct.

But in Asia the hills rise into mountains, and the groves swell into forests. Everything denotes a vast, rich and prolific land, but there is something classical, antique, and even mysterious in its general appearance. An air of stillness and deep repose pervades its less cultivated and less frequented shores; and the very eagles, as they linger over the lofty peak of 'the Giant's grave,' seem conscious that they are haunting some heroic burial-place.

I remember that one of the most strange, and even sublime, spectacles that I ever beheld occurred to me one balmy autumnal eve as I returned home in my caique from Terapia, a beautiful village on the Bosphorus, where I had been passing the day, to Pera. I encountered an army of dolphins, who were making their way from the Ægean and the Sea of Marmora through the Strait to the Euxine. They stretched right across the water, and I should calculate that they covered, with very little interval, a space of three or four miles. It is very difficult to form an estimate of their number, but there must, of course, have been many thousands. They advanced in grand style, and produced an immense agitation: the snorting, spouting, and splashing, and the wild panting rush, I shall never forget. As it was late, no other caique was in sight, and my boatmen, appre-

hensive of being run down, stopped to defend themselves with their oars. I had my pistols with me, and found great sport, as, although the dolphins made every effort to avoid us, there were really crowds always in shot. Whenever one was hit, general confusion ran through the whole line. They all flounced about with increased energy, ducked their round heads under water, and turned up their arrowy tails. We remained thus stationary for nearly three-quarters of an hour, and very diverting I found the delay. At length the mighty troop of strangers passed us, and, I suppose, must have arrived at the Symplegades about the same time that I sought the elegant hospitality of the British Palace at Pera.

AN INTERVIEW WITH A GREAT TURK



HEN I was in Egypt the great subject of political speculation was the invasion of Syria; not that the object of the formation of the camp at Alexandria was generally known; on the contrary, it was a secret, — but a secret shared by many ears. Forty thousand well-disciplined troops were assembled at Cairo; and it was whispered at Court that Abdallah Pasha of Acre might look to himself, a young and valiant chief, by-the-bye, whom I well know, but indulging in dissipation, extraordinary even in the Levant. I was exceedingly anxious of becoming in some manner attached to this expedition; and as I was not without influence in the proper quarters, there appeared little probability of my wish not being gratified. With these views I remained in Egypt longer than I had intended, but it would seem that the invaders were not quite as ardent as their intended volunteer, for affairs at Alexandria progressed but indifferently. Orders and counter-orders, marches and

counter-marches, boats pressed on the Nile for the passage of troops from the capital, which were all liberated the next day, many divans and much smoking; but still the troops remained within pistol-shot of the citadel, and months glided away apparently without any material advancement.

I had often observed that although there was in most subjects an excellent understanding between the two Pashas, Mehemet Ali and Ibrahim, a degree of petty jealousy existed between them on the point of their mutual communications with foreigners; so that if I happened one morning to attend the divan of the Grand Pasha, as the Franks styled the father, I was sure, on some excuse or other, of being summoned the next day to the levee of the son; I was therefore not surprised when, one day, on my return from paying my respects to the divan at the citadel of Cairo, I found a Nubian eunuch in attendance at my quarters, telling me that Ibrahim Pasha was anxious to see me.

I accordingly repaired without loss of time to the sumptuous palace of that chieftain: and being ushered into his presence, I found the future conqueror of Syria attended only by his dragoman, his secretary, and an aide-de-camp.

A pipe was immediately brought me, but Ibrahim himself did not smoke. After the usual compliments, 'Effendi,' said Ibrahim, 'do you think the English horses would live in Egypt?'

I was too practised an observer of the Turkish character to suppose that English horses were really the occasion of my summons. The Turks are very

diplomatic, and are a long time coming to the point. I answered, however, that, with English grooms, I was of opinion that English horses would flourish in any climate. A curt, dry, uninteresting conversation about English horses was succeeded by some queries, which I had answered fifty times before, about English pistols: and then came a sly joke or two about English women. At length the point of the interview began to poke its horns out of this shell of tittle-tattle.

'If you want to go with the army,' said his Highness, ''tis I who am the person to speak to. They know nothing about those things up there' (meaning the citadel).

I answered his Highness that I had attended the divan merely as a matter of ceremony, and that I had not interchanged a word with the Grand Pasha on the subject of the expedition.

'I suppose you talked with Boghaz?' said Ibrahim.

Boghaz was the favourite of Mehemet Ali.

'Neither with Boghaz nor any one else. Your Highness having once graciously promised me that I should attend you, I should have thought it both impertinent and unnecessary to apply to any other person whatever.'

'Tahib!' exclaimed his Highness, which meant that he was satisfied. 'After all, I do not know whether the army will march at all. You have been in Syria?'

I answered, in the affirmative, a question which had often been addressed to me.

'Do you think I could march as far as Gaza?' inquired Ibrahim, with a smile.

This was a question of mockery. It was like asking whether the Life Guards could take Windsor. I therefore only returned the smile, and said that I did not doubt the enemy would agree to settle affairs upon that condition.

'Tahib! Well I think I can march as far as they speak Arabic!' This was a favourite phrase of his Highness.

I answered that I hoped, if I had the honour of attending his Highness, the army would march till we could see another ocean.

'It is all talk up there,' replied Ibrahim; 'but my life is a life of deeds.'

'Words are very good things sometimes,' I replied; 'that is, if we keep marching at the same time.'

'God is great!' exclaimed Ibrahim; and looking round to his officers, 'the Effendi speaks truth; and thus it was that Redchid beat the beys.'

Ibrahim alluded to the Albanian campaign of the preceding year, when the energy of the grand vizier crushed the rebellious beys of the ancient Epirus.

'What do you think of Redchid?' he inquired.

'I think he is worthy of being your Highness's rival.'

'He has always been victorious,' said Ibrahim; 'but I think his sabre is made of gold. That will not do with me.'

'It's a pity,' I observed, 'that if your Highness find time to march into Syria, you had not acted si-

multaneously with the Albanians, or with the Pasha of Scutari.'

'May I kill my mother but it is true; but up there, they will watch, and watch, and watch, till they fall asleep.'

The truth is, the Orientals have no idea of military diversions; and even if they combine, each strives to be the latest in the field, in order that he may take advantage of the other's success or discomfiture. Mehemet Ali, at an immense expenditure, had excited two terrible revolts in European Turkey, and then waited to invade Syria until the armies of the Porte were unemployed. The result with some will justify his policy; but in the conquest of Syria, the truth is, Ibrahim himself used a golden sabre, and the year before, the contingents of the pashas, whom he was obliged to bribe, were all busied in Europe.

The night previous to this conversation the style of the military oath of the Egyptian army had been altered; and the troops, instead of swearing allegiance to the Sultan, had pledged themselves to Mehemet Ali. The Grand Pasha was so nervous about this change, that the order for it was countermanded twice in four hours; however, what with gratuities to the troops, and the discreet distribution of promotion among the officers, everything went off very quietly. There was also a rumour that Mehemet Ali intended immediately to assume the title of CALIPH.

This piece of information is necessary to explain the following striking observation of Ibrahim Pasha.

'Effendi, do you think that a man can conquer Syria, who is not called a caliph? Will it make 40,000 men 80,000?'

I replied, that I thought the assumption of the title would have a beneficial effect at foreign courts.

'Bah! before the Yahoos hear of it, I shall be at Damascus. Up there, they are always busying themselves with forms. The eagle in his flight does not think of his shadow on the earth!'

MUNICH

THE destiny of nations appears to have decreed that a society should periodically, though rarely, flourish, characterised by its love of the Fine Arts, and its capacity of ideal creation. These occasional and brilliant ebullitions of human invention elevate the race of man; they purify and chasten the taste of succeeding generations; and posterity accepts them as the standard of what is choice, and the model of what is excellent.

Classic Greece and Christian Italy stand out in our universal annals as the epochs of the Arts. During the last two centuries, while manners have undergone a rapid transition, while physical civilisation has advanced in an unprecedented degree, and the application of science to social life has diverted the minds of men from other pursuits, the Fine Arts have decayed and vanished.

I wish to call the attention of my countrymen to another great movement in the creative mind of Europe; one yet young and little recognised, but not inferior, in my opinion, either to that of Athens or of Florence.

It was on a cloudless day of the autumn of last year, that I found myself in a city that seemed almost visibly rising beneath my eye. The street in which I stood was of noble dimensions, and lined on each side with palaces or buildings evidently devoted to public purposes. Few were completely finished: the sculptor was working at the statues that adorned their fronts; the painter was still touching the external frescoes; and the scaffold of the architect was not in every instance withdrawn. Everywhere was the hum of art and artists. The Byzantine style of many of these buildings was novel to me in its modern adaptation, yet very effective. The delicate detail of ornament contrasted admirably with the broad fronts and noble façades which they adorned. A church with two very lofty towers of white marble, with their fretted cones relieved with cerulean blue, gleamed in the sun; and near it was a pile not dissimilar to the ducal palace at Venice, but of nobler and more beautiful proportions, with its portal approached by a lofty flight of steps, and guarded by the colossal statues of poets and philosophers—suitably guarded, for it was the National Library.

As I advanced, I found myself in squares and circuses, in every instance adorned by an obelisk of bronze or the equestrian statue of some royal hero. I observed a theatre with a lofty Corinthian portico, and a pediment brilliantly painted in fresco with designs appropriate to its purpose; an Ionic museum of sculpture, worthy to enshrine the works of a Phidias or a Praxiteles; and a palace for the painter, of which I was told the first stone had been rightly laid on the birthday of Raffaelle. But what struck me most in this city, more than its galleries, temples,

and palaces, its magnificent buildings, splendid paintings, and consummate statues, was the all-pervading presence and all-inspiring influence of living and breathing Art. In every street, a school: the atelier of the sculptor open, the studio of the painter crowded: devoted pupils, aspiring rivals: enthusiasm, emulation, excellence. Here the long-lost feudal art of colouring glass re-discovered; there fresco-painting entirely revived, and on the grandest scale; while the ardent researches of another man of genius successfully analyses the encaustic tenting of Herculaneum, and secures the secret process for the triumph of modern Art. I beheld a city such as I had mused over amid the crumbling fanes of Pericles, or, aided alike by memory and fancy, had conjured up in the palaces and gardens of the Medici.

Such is Munich, a city which, half a century ago, was the gross and corrupt capital of a barbarous and brutal people. Baron Reisbech, who visited Bavaria in 1780, describes the Court of Munich as one not at all more advanced than those of Lisbon and Madrid. A good-natured prince, fond only of show and thinking only of the chase; an idle, dissolute, and useless nobility; the nomination to offices depending on women and priests; the aristocracy devoted to play, and the remainder of the inhabitants immersed in scandalous debauch.

With these recollections of the past, let us enter the palace of the present sovereign. With habits of extreme simplicity, and a personal expenditure rigidly economical, the residence of the King of Bavaria, when completed, will be the most extensive and the most sumptuous palace in the world. But, then, it is not merely the palace of a king: it is a temple

dedicated to the genius of a nation. The apartments of state, painted in fresco on the grandest scale, bold in design, splendid in colour, breathe the very Teutonic soul. The subjects are taken from the 'Nibelungenlied,' the Gothic epic, and commemorate all the achievements of the herioc Siegfried, and all the adventures of the beautiful Chrimhilde. The heart of a German beats as he gazes on the forms and scenes of the Teutonic Iliad; as he beholds Haghen the fierce, and Dankwart the swift; Volker, the minstrel knight, and the beautiful and haughty Brunhilda. But in point of harmonious dimension and august beauty, no chamber is perhaps more imposing than the Kaiser Saal, or Hall of the Sovereigns. It is, I should think, considerably above one hundred feet in length, broad and lofty in exact proportion. Its roof is supported on either side by columns of white marble; the intercolumniations are filled by colossal statues, of gilded brass, of the electors and kings of the country. Seated on his throne, at the end of this imperial chamber, Louis of Bavaria is surrounded by the solemn majesty of his ancestors. These statues are by Schwanthaler, a sculptor who to the severe and classic taste and profound sentiment of his master, Thorwaldsen, unites an exuberance of invention which has filled Munich with the greatest works since Phidias. Cornelius, Julius Schnorr, and Hess are the principal painters who have covered the galleries, churches, and palaces of Munich with admirable frescoes. The celebrated Klenze is known throughout Europe as the first of living architects, and the favourite of his sovereign when that sovereign did not wear a crown; but we must not forget the name of Gärtner, the architect who has revived the

Byzantine style of building with such admirable effect.

But it was in the private apartments of the king that I was peculiarly impressed with the supreme genius of Schwanthaler. These chambers, eight in number, are painted in encaustic, with subjects from the Greek poets, of which Schwanthaler supplied the designs. The ante-chambers are devoted to Orpheus and Hesiod, and the ornaments are in the oldest Greek style; severely simple; archaic, but not rude; the figures of the friezes in outline, and without relief. The saloon of reception, on the contrary, is Homeric; and in its colouring, design, and decoration, as brilliant, as free, and as flowing as the genius of the great Mæonian. The chamber of the throne is entirely adorned with white bas-reliefs, raised on a ground of dead gold; the subjects Pindaric; not inferior in many instances to the Attic remains, and characterised, at the same time, by a singular combination of vigour and grace. Another saloon is devoted to Æschylus, and the library to Sophocles. The gay, wild muse of Aristophanes laughs and sings in his Majesty's dressing-room; while the king is lulled to slumber by the Sicilian melodies and the soothing landscapes of Theocritus.

Of these chambers, I should say that they were a perfect creation of Art. The rooms themselves are beautifully proportioned; the subjects of their decorations are the most interesting in every respect that could be selected; and the purity, grace, and invention of the designs, are equalled only by their colouring, at the same time the most brilliant and harmonious that can be conceived; and the rich fancy of the arabesques and other appropriate decorations,

which blend with all around, and heighten the effect of the whole. Yet they find no mean rivals in the private chambers of the queen, decorated in an analogous style, but entirely devoted to the poets of her own land. The Minnesingers occupy her first apartments, but the brilliant saloon is worthy of Wieland, whose Oberon forms it frieze; while the bedchamber gleams with the beautiful forms and pensive incidents of Goethe's esoteric pen. Schiller has filled the study with his stirring characters and his vigorous incidents. Groups from 'Wallenstein' and 'Wilhelm Tell' form the rich and unrivalled ceiling: while the fight of the dragon and the founding of the bell, the innocent Fridolin, the inspired maiden of Orleans, breathe in the compartments of the walls.

When I beheld these refined creations, and recalled the scenes and sights of beauty that had moved before me in my morning's wanderings, I asked myself, how Munich, recently so Bœotian, had become the capital of modern Art; and why a country of limited resources, in a brief space, and with such facility and completeness, should have achieved those results which had so long and utterly eluded the desires of the richest and most powerful community in the world?

It is the fashion of the present age to underrate the influence of individual character. For myself, I have ever rejected this consolation of mediocrity. I believe that everything that is great has been accomplished by great men. It is not what I witnessed at Munich, or know of its sovereign, that should make me doubt the truth of my conviction. Munich is the creation of its king, and Louis of Bavaria is not only a king but a poet. A poet on a throne has realised his dreams.

THE

SPIRIT OF WHIGGISM

[In the following pages Lord Beaconsfield expounds that theory of the English Constitution which he had previously set forth in his pamphlet 'A Vindication of the English Constitution in a Letter to a Noble and Learned Lord.' The same theory is expounded in another way in the three great novels, 'Coningsby,' 'Sybil,' and 'Tancred.' His contemporaries never seem to have understood it, while his assailants of a later date appear to have written and spoken concerning him in absolute ignorance of his real political creed. The concluding paragraph of the tract ought, in the minds of all candid men, to disperse at once and forever the innumerable calumnies levelled at Lord Beaconsfield during and since the Reform struggle of 1859–1867.]

CHAPTER I.

Object of the Whigs.

ENGLAND has become great by her institutions. Her hereditary Crown has in a great degree insured us from the distracting evils of a contested succession; her Peerage, interested, from the vast property and the national honours of its members, in the good government of the country, has offered a compact bulwark against the temporary violence of popular passion; her House of Commons, representing the conflicting sentiments of an estate of the realm not less privileged than that of the Peers, though far more numerous, has enlisted the great mass of the lesser proprietors of the country in favour of a political system which offers them a constitutional means of defence and a legitimate method of redress; her Ecclesiastical Establishment, preserved by its munificent endowment from the fatal necessity of pandering to the erratic fancies of its communicants, has maintained the sacred cause of learning and religion, and preserved orthodoxy while it secured toleration; her law of primogeniture has supplied the country with a band of natural and independent leaders,

trustees of those legal institutions which pervade the land, and which are the origin of our political constitution. That great body corporate, styled a nation — a vast assemblage of human beings knit together by laws and arts and customs, by the necessities of the present and the memory of the past — offers in this country, through these its vigorous and enduring members, a more substantial and healthy framework than falls to the lot of other nations. Our stout-built constitution throws off with more facility and safety those crude and dangerous humours which must at times arise in all human communities. The march of revolution must here at least be orderly. We are preserved from those reckless and tempestuous sallies that in other countries, like a whirlwind, topple down in an instant an ancient crown, or sweep away an illustrious aristocracy. This constitution, which has secured order, has consequently promoted civilisation; and the almost unbroken tide of progressive amelioration has made us the freest, the wealthiest, and the most refined society of modern ages. Our commerce is unrivalled, our manufacturers supply the world, our agriculture is the most skilful in Christendom. So national are our institutions, so completely have they arisen from the temper and adapted themselves to the character of the people, that when for a season they were apparently annihilated, the people of England voluntarily returned to them, and established them with renewed strength and renovated vigour.

The constitution of England is again threatened, and at a moment when the nation is more prosperous, more free, and more famous than at any period of its momentous and memorable career. Why is

this? What has occasioned these distempered times, which make the loyal tremble and the traitor smile? Why has this dark cloud suddenly gathered in a sky so serene and so splendid? Is there any analogy between this age and that of the first Charles? Are the same causes at work, or is the apparent similarity produced only by designing men, who make use of the perverted past as a passport to present mischief? These are great questions, which it may be profitable to discuss and wise to study.

Rapin, a foreigner who wrote our history, in the course of his frigid yet accurate pages, indulged in one philosophical observation. Struck at the same time by our greatness and by the fury of our factions, the Huguenot exclaimed: 'It appears to me that this great society can only be dissolved by the violence of its political parties.' What are these parties? Why are they violent? Why should they exist? In resolving these questions, we may obtain an accurate idea of our present political position, and by pondering over the past we may make that past not a prophecy, as the disaffected intend, but a salutary lesson by which the loyal may profit.

The two great parties into which England has during the last century and a half been divided orignated in the ancient struggle between the Crown and the aristocracy. As long as the Crown possessed or aspired to despotic power, the feeling of the nation supported the aristocracy in their struggles to establish a free government. The aristocracy of England formed the constitution of the Plantagenets; the Wars of the Roses destroyed that aristocracy, and the despotism of the Tudors succeeded. Renovated by more than a century of peace and the spoils of the Papacy,

the aristocracy of England attacked the first Stuarts, who succeeded to a despotism which they did not create. When Charles the First, after a series of great concessions which ultimately obtained for him the support of the most illustrious of his early opponents, raised the royal standard, the constitution of the Plantagenets, and more than the constitution of the Plantagenets, had been restored and secured. But a portion of the able party which had succeeded in effecting such a vast and beneficial revolution was not content to part with the extraordinary powers which they had obtained in this memorable struggle. This section of the aristocracy were the origin of the English Whigs, though that title was not invented until the next reign. The primitive Whigs — 'Parliament-men,' as they liked to call themselves, 'Roundheads,' as they were in time dubbed — aspired to an oligarchy. For a moment they obtained one; but unable to maintain themselves in power against the returning sense and rising spirit of a generous and indignant people, they called to their aid that domestic revolutionary party which exists in all countries, and an anti-national enemy in addition. These were the English Radicals, or Root-and-Branch men, and the Scotch Covenanters. To conciliate the first they sacrificed the Crown; to secure the second they abolished the Church. The constitution of England in Church and State was destroyed, and the Whig oligarchy, in spite of their machinations, were soon merged in the common ruin.

The ignoble tyranny to which this great nation was consequently subject produced that reaction which is in the nature of human affairs. The ancient constitution was in time restored, and the Church

and the Crown were invested with greater powers than they had enjoyed previously to their overthrow. So hateful had been the consequences of Whig rule, that the people were inclined rather to trust the talons of arbitrary power than to take refuge under the wing of these pretended advocates of popular rights. A worthless monarch and a corrupted court availed themselves of the offered opportunity; and when James the Second ascended the throne, the nation was again prepared to second the aristocracy in a struggle for their liberties. But the Whigs had profited by their previous experiment: they resolved upon a revolution, but they determined that that revolution should be brought about by as slight an appeal to popular sympathies as possible. They studiously confined that appeal to the religious feelings of the nation. They hired a foreign prince and enlisted a foreign army in their service. They dethroned James, they established themselves in power without the aid of the mass; and had William the Third been a man of ordinary capacity, the constitution of Venice would have been established in England in 1688. William the Third told the Whigs that he would never consent to be a Doge. Resembling Louis Philippe in his character as well as in his position, that extraordinary prince baffled the Whigs by his skilful balance of parties; and had Providence accorded him an heir, it is probable that the oligarchical faction would never have revived in England. The Whigs have ever been opposed to the national institutions because they are adverse to the establishment of an oligarchy. Local institutions, supported by a landed gentry, check them; hence their love of centralisation and their hatred of unpaid magistrates.

An independent hierarchy checks them; hence their affected advocacy of toleration and their patronage of the Dissenters. The power of the Crown checks them; therefore they always labour to reduce the sovereign to a nonentity, and by the establishment of the Cabinet they have virtually banished the King from his own councils. But, above all, the Parliament of England checks them, and therefore it may be observed that the Whigs at all times are quarrelling with some portion of those august estates. They despair of destroying the Parliament; by it, and by it alone, can they succeed in their objects. Corruption for one part, force for the other, then, is their motto. In 1640 they attempted to govern the country by the House of Commons, because the aristocracy was then more powerful in the House of Commons than in the House of Lords, where a Peerage, exhausted by civil wars, had been too liberally recruited from the courtiers of the Tudors and the Stuarts. At the next revolution which the Whigs occasioned, they attempted to govern the country by the House of Lords, in which they were predominant; and, in order to guarantee their power for ever, they introduced a Bill to deprive the King of his prerogative of making further Peers. The revolution of 1640 led to the abolition of the House of Lords because the Lords opposed the oligarchy. Having a majority in the House of Lords, the Whigs introduced the Peerage Bill, by which the House of Lords would have been rendered independent of the sovereign; unpopular with the country, the Whigs attacked the influence of popular election, and the moment that, by the aid of the most infamous corruption, they had obtained a temporary majority in the Lower House, they passed the Septennial Act.

The Whigs of the eighteenth century 'swamped' the House of Commons; the Whigs of the nineteenth would 'swamp' the House of Lords. The Whigs of the eighteenth century would have rendered the House of Lords unchangeable; the Whigs of the nineteenth remodel the House of Commons.

I conclude here the first chapter of the 'Spirit of Whiggism'—a little book which I hope may be easily read and easily remembered. The Whig party have always adopted popular cries. In one age it is Liberty, in another reform; at one period they sound the tocsin against popery, in another they ally themselves with papists. They have many cries, and various modes of conduct; but they have only one object—the establishment of an oligarchy in this free and equal land. I do not wish this country to be governed by a small knot of great families, and therefore I oppose the Whigs.

CHAPTER II.

Parliamentary Reform.

HEN the Whigs and their public organs favour us with their mysterious hints that the constitution has provided the sovereign with a means to re-establish at all times a legislative sympathy between the two Houses of Parliament, it may be as well to remind them that we are not indebted for this salutary prerogative to the forbearance of their party. Suppose their Peerage Bill had passed into an Act, how would they have carried the Reform Bill of 1832? The Whigs may reply, that if the Peerage Bill had become a law, the Reform Bill would never have been introduced; and I believe them. In that case, the British House of Lords would have been transformed into a Venetian Senate, and the old walls of St. James's might have witnessed scenes of as degrading mortification as the famous ducal palace of the Adriatic.

George III. routed the Whigs, consolidated by half a century of power; but an ordinary monarch would have sunk beneath the Coalition and the India Bill. This scheme was the last desperate effort of the oli-

garchical faction previous to 1830. Not that they were inactive during the great interval that elapsed between the advent of Mr. Pitt and the resurrection of Lord Grey: but, ever on the watch for a cry to carry them into power, they mistook the yell of Jacobinism for the chorus of an emancipated people, and fancied, in order to take the throne by storm, that nothing was wanting but to hoist the tricolour and to cover their haughty brows with a red cap. This fatal blunder clipped the wings of Whiggism; nor is it possible to conceive a party that had effected so many revolutions and governed a great country for so long a period, more broken, sunk, and shattered, more desolate and disheartened, than these same Whigs at the Peace of Paris. From that period till 1830, the tactics of the Whigs consisted in gently and gradually extricating themselves from their false position as the disciples of Jacobinism, and assuming their ancient post as the hereditary guardians of an hereditary monarchy. To make the transition less difficult than it threatened, they invented Liberalism, a bridge by which they were to regain the lost mainland, and daintily recross on tiptoe the chasm over which they had originally sprung with so much precipitation. A dozen years of 'liberal principles' broke up the national party of England, cemented by half a century of prosperity and glory, compared with which all the annals of the realm are dim and lack-lustre. Yet so weak intrinsically was the oligarchical faction, that their chief, despairing to obtain a monopoly of power for his party, elaborately announced himself as the champion of his patrician order, and attempted to coalesce with the liberalised leader of the Tories. Had that negotiation led to the result which was

originally intended by those interested, the Riots of Paris would not have occasioned the Reform of London.

It is a great delusion to believe that revolutions are ever effected by a nation. It is a faction, and generally a small one, that overthrows a dynasty or remodels a constitution. A small party, stung by a long exile from power, and desperate of success except by desperate means, invariably has recourse to a *coup-d'état.* An oligarchical party is necessarily not numerous. Its members in general attempt, by noble lineage or vast possessions, to compensate for their poverty of numbers. The Whigs, in 1830, found themselves by accident in place, but under very peculiar circumstances. They were in place but not in power. In each estate of the realm a majority was arrayed against them. An appeal to the Commons of England, that constituency which, in its elements, had undergone no alteration since the time of Elizabeth, either by the influence of the legislature or the action of time — that constituency which had elected Pym, and Selden, and Hampden, as well as Somers, Walpole, and Pulteney — an appeal to this constituency, it was generally acknowledged, would be fatal to the Whigs, and therefore they determined to reconstruct it. This is the origin of the recent parliamentary reform: the Whigs, in place without being in power, resolved as usual upon a *coup-d'état,* and looked about for a stalking-horse. In general the difficult task had devolved upon them of having to accomplish their concealed purpose while apparently achieving some public object. Thus they had carried the Septennial Act on the plea of preserving England from popery, though their real object was to prolong

the existence of the first House of Commons in which they could command a majority.

But in the present instance they became sincerely parliamentary reformers, for by parliamentary reform they could alone subsist; and all their art was dedicated so to contrive, that in this reformation their own interest should secure an irresistible predominance.

But how was an oligarchical party to predominate in popular elections? Here was the difficulty. The Whigs had no resources from their own limited ranks to feed the muster of the popular levies. They were obliged to look about for allies wherewith to form their new popular estate. Any estate of the Commons modelled on any equitable principle, either of property or population, must have been fatal to the Whigs; they, therefore, very dexterously adopted a small minority of the nation, consisting of the sectarians, and inaugurating them as the people with a vast and bewildering train of hocus-pocus ceremonies, invested the Dissenters with political power. By this *coup-d'état* they managed the House of Commons, and having at length obtained a position, they have from that moment laid siege to the House of Lords, with the intention of reducing that great institution and making it surrender at discretion. This is the exact state of English politics during the last five years. The Whigs have been at war with the English constitution. First of all they captured the King; then they vanquished the House of Commons; now they have laid siege to the House of Lords. But here the fallacy of their grand scheme of political mystification begins to develop itself. Had, indeed, their new constituency, as they have long impudently pretended, really been 'the people,' a struggle between

such a body and the House of Lords would have been brief but final. The absurdity of supposing that a chamber of two or three hundred individuals could set up their absolute will and pleasure against the decrees of a legislative assembly chosen by the whole nation is so glaring that the Whigs and their scribes might reasonably suspect that in making such allegations they were assuredly proving too much. But as 'the people' of the Whigs is in fact a number of Englishmen not exceeding in amount the population of a third-rate city, the English nation is not of opinion that this arrogant and vaunting moiety of a class privileged for the common good, swollen though it may be by some jobbing Scots and rebel Irish, shall pass off their petty and selfish schemes of personal aggrandisement as the will of a great people, as mindful of its duty to its posterity as it is grateful for the labours of its ancestors. The English nation, therefore, rallies for rescue from the degrading plots of a profligate oligarchy, a barbarising sectarianism, and a boroughmongering Papacy round their hereditary leaders—the Peers. The House of Lords, therefore, at this moment represents everything in the realm except the Whig oligarchs, their tools—the Dissenters, and their masters—the Irish priests. In the meantime the Whigs bawl aloud that there is a 'collision'! It is true there is a collision; but it is not a collision between the Lords and the people, but between the Ministers and the Constitution.

CHAPTER III.

The Menace to England.

T MAY be as well to remind the English nation that a revolutionary party is not necessarily a liberal one, and that a republic is not indispensably a democracy. Such is the disposition of property in England that, were a republic to be established here to-morrow, it would partake rather of the oligarchical than of the aristocratic character. We should be surprised to find in how few families the power of the State was concentrated. And although the framers of the new commonwealth would be too crafty to base it on any avowed and ostensible principle of exclusion, but on the contrary would in all probability ostentatiously inaugurate the novel constitution by virtue of some abstract plea about as definite and as prodigal of practical effects as the rights of man or the sovereignty of the people, nevertheless I should be astonished were we not to find that the great mass of the nation, as far as any share in the conduct of public affairs was concerned, was as completely shut out from the fruition and exercise of power as under that Venetian polity which has ever been the secret object of Whig envy

and Whig admiration. The Church, under such circumstances, would probably have again been plundered, and therefore the discharge of ecclesiastical duties might be spared to the nation; but the people would assuredly be practically excluded from its services, which would swarm with the relations and connections of the senatorial class; for, whether this country be governed only by the House of Commons, or only by the House of Lords, the elements of the single chamber will not materially differ; and although in the event of the triumph of the Commons, the ceremony of periodical election may be retained (and we should not forget that the Long Parliament soon spared us that unnecessary form), the selected members will form a Senate as irresponsible as any House of Parliament whose anomalous constitution may now be the object of Whig sneers or Radical anathemas.

The rights and liberties of a nation can only be preserved by institutions. It is not the spread of knowledge or the march of intellect that will be found a sufficient surety for the public welfare in the crisis of a country's freedom. Our interest taints our intelligence, our passions paralyse our reason. Knowledge and capacity are too often the willing tools of a powerful faction or a dexterous adventurer. Life is short, man is imaginative; our means are limited, our passions high.

In seasons of great popular excitement, gold and glory offer strong temptations to needy ability. The demagogues throughout a country, the orators of town-councils and vestries, and the lecturers of mechanics' institutes present, doubtless in most cases unconsciously, the ready and fit machinery for the party or the individual that aspires to establish a

tyranny. Duly graduating in corruption, the leaders of the mob become the oppressors of the people. Cultivation of intellect and diffusion of knowledge may make the English nation more sensible of the benefits of their social system, and better qualified to discharge the duties with which their institutions have invested them, but they will never render them competent to preserve their liberties without the aid of these institutions. Let us for a moment endeavour to fancy Whiggism in a state of rampant predominance; let us try to contemplate England enjoying all those advantages which our present rulers have not yet granted us, and some of which they have as yet only ventured to promise by innuendo. Let us suppose our ancient monarchy abolished, our independent hierarchy reduced to a stipendiary sect, the gentlemen of England deprived of their magisterial functions, and metropolitan prefects and sub-prefects established in the counties and principal towns, commanding a vigorous and vigilant police, and backed by an army under the immediate orders of a single House of Parliament. Why, these are threatened changes—aye, and not one of them that may not be brought about to-morrow, under the plea of the 'spirit of the age' or 'county reform' or 'cheap government.' But where then will be the liberties of England? Who will dare disobey London?—the enlightened and reformed metropolis! And can we think, if any bold squire, in whom some of the old blood might still chance to linger, were to dare to murmur against this grinding tyranny, or appeal to the spirit of those neighbours whose predecessors his ancestors had protected, can we flatter ourselves that there would not be judges in Westminster Hall prepared and prompt

to inflict on him all the pains and penalties, the dungeon, the fine, the sequestration, which such a troublesome Anti-Reformer would clearly deserve? Can we flatter ourselves that a Parliamentary Star Chamber and a Parliamentary High Commission Court would not be in the background to supply all the deficiencies of the laws of England? When these merry times arrive—the times of extraordinary tribunals and extraordinary taxes—and, if we proceed in our present course, they are much nearer than we imagine—the phrase 'Anti-Reformer' will serve as well as that of 'Malignant,' and be as valid a plea as the former title for harassing and plundering all those who venture to wince under the crowning mercies of centralisation.

Behold the Republic of the Whigs! Behold the only Republic that can be established in England except by force! And who can doubt the swift and stern termination of institutions introduced by so unnatural and irrational a process. I would address myself to the English Radicals. I do not mean those fine gentlemen or those vulgar adventurers who, in this age of quackery, may sail into Parliament by hoisting for the nonce the false colours of the movement; but I mean that honest and considerable party, too considerable, I fear, for their happiness and the safety of the State—who have a definite object which they distinctly avow—I mean those thoughtful and enthusiastic men who study their unstamped press, and ponder over a millennium of operative amelioration. Not merely that which is just, but that which is also practicable, should be the aim of a sagacious politician. Let the Radicals well consider whether, in attempting to achieve their avowed object, they are

not, in fact, only assisting the secret views of a party whose scheme is infinitely more adverse to their own than the existing system, whose genius I believe they entirely misapprehend. The monarchy of the Tories is more democratic than the Republic of the Whigs. It appeals with a keener sympathy to the passions of the millions; it studies their interest with a more comprehensive solicitude. Admitting for a moment that I have mistaken the genius of the English constitution, what chance, if our institutions be overthrown, is there of substituting in their stead a more popular polity? This hazard, both for their own happiness and the honour of their country, the English Radicals are bound to calculate nicely. If they do not, they will find themselves, too late, the tools of a selfish faction or the slaves of a stern usurper.

CHAPTER IV.

The English Constitution.

A CHAPTER on the English constitution is a natural episode on the spirit of Whiggism. There is this connection between the subjects—that the spirit of Whiggism is hostile to the English constitution. No political institutions ever yet flourished which have been more the topic of discussion among writers of all countries and all parties than our famous establishment of 'King, Lords, and Commons;' and no institutions ever yet flourished, of which the character has been more misrepresented and more misconceived. One fact alone will illustrate the profound ignorance and the perplexed ideas. The present Whig leader of the House of Commons, a member of a family who pique themselves on their constitutional reputation, an author who has even written an elaborate treatise on our polity, in one of his speeches, delivered only so late as the last session of Parliament, declared his desire and determination to uphold the present settlement of the 'three estates of the realm, viz.—King, Lords, and Commons.' Now, his Gracious Majesty is no more an estate of the realm

than Lord John Russell himself. The three estates of the realm are the estate of the Lords Spiritual, the estate of the Lords Temporal, and the estate of the Commons. An estate is a popular class established into a political order. It is a section of the nation invested for the public and common good with certain powers and privileges. Lord John Russell first writes upon the English constitution, and then reforms it, and yet, even at this moment, is absolutely ignorant of what it consists. A political estate is a complete and independent body. Now, all power that is independent is necessarily irresponsible. The sovereign is responsible because he is not an estate; he is responsible through his Ministers; he is responsible to the estates and to them alone.

When the Whigs obtained power in 1830, they found the three estates of the realm opposed to them, and the Government, therefore, could not proceed. They resolved, therefore, to remodel them. They declared that the House of Commons was the House of the people, and that the people were not properly represented. They consequently enlarged the estate of the Commons; they increased the number of that privileged order who appear by their representatives in the Lower House of Parliament. They rendered the estate of the Commons more powerful by this proceeding, because they rendered them more numerous; but they did not render their representatives one jot more the representatives of the people. Throwing the Commons of Ireland out of the question, for we cannot speculate upon a political order so unsettled that it has been thrice remodelled during the present century, some 300,000 individuals sent up, at the last general election, their representatives to Westminster.

Well, are these 300,000 persons the people of England? Grant that they are; grant that these members are divided into two equal portions. Well, then, the people of England consist of 150,000 persons. I know that there are well-disposed persons that tremble at this reasoning, because, although they admit its justice, they allege it leads to universal suffrage. We must not show, they assert, that the House of the people is not elected by the people. I admit it; we must not show that the House of the people is not elected by the people, but we must show that the House of Commons is not the House of the people, that it never was intended to be the House of the people, and that, if it be admitted to be so by courtesy, or become so in fact, it is all over with the English constitution.

It is quite impossible that a whole people can be a branch of a legislature. If a whole people have the power of making laws, it is folly to suppose that they will allow an assembly of 300 or 400 individuals, or a solitary being on a throne, to thwart their sovereign will and pleasure. But I deny that a people can govern itself. Self-government is a contradiction in terms. Whatever form a government may assume, power must be exercised by a minority of numbers. I shall, perhaps, be reminded of the ancient republics. I answer, that the ancient republics were as aristocratic communities as any that flourished in the middle ages. The Demos of Athens was an oligarchy living upon slaves. There is a great slave population even in the United States, if a society of yesterday is to illustrate an argument on our ancient civilisation.

But it is useless to argue the question abstractedly.

The phrase 'the people' is sheer nonsense. It is not a political term. It is a phrase of natural history. A people is a species; a civilised community is a nation. Now, a nation is a work of art and a work of time. A nation is gradually created by a variety of influences —the influence of original organisation, of climate, soil, religion, laws, customs, manners, extraordinary accidents and incidents in their history, and the individual character of their illustrious citizens. These influences create the nation — these form the national mind, and produce in the course of centuries a high degree of civilisation. If you destroy the political institutions which these influences have called into force, and which are the machinery by which they constantly act, you destroy the nation. The nation, in a state of anarchy and dissolution, then becomes a people; and after experiencing all the consequent misery, like a company of bees spoiled of their queen and rifled of their hive, they set to again and establish themselves into a society.

Although all society is artificial, the most artificial society in the world is unquestionably the English nation. Our insular situation and our foreign empire, our immense accumulated wealth and our industrious character, our peculiar religious state, which secures alike orthodoxy and toleration, our church and our sects, our agriculture and our manufactures, our military services, our statute law, and supplementary equity, our adventurous commerce, landed tenure, and unprecedented system of credit, form, among many others, such a variety of interests, and apparently so conflicting, that I do not think even the Abbé Sieyès himself could devise a scheme by which this nation could be absolutely and definitely represented.

The framers of the English constitution were fortunately not of the school of Abbé Sieyès. Their first object was to make us free; their next to keep us so. While, therefore, they selected equality as the basis of their social order, they took care to blend every man's ambition with the perpetuity of the State. Unlike the levelling equality of modern days, the ancient equality of England elevates and creates. Learned in human nature, the English constitution holds out privilege to every subject as the inducement to do his duty. As it has secured freedom, justice, and even property to the humblest of the commonwealth, so, pursuing the same system of privileges, it has confided the legislature of the realm to two orders of the subjects — orders, however, in which every English citizen may be constitutionally enrolled — the Lords and the Commons. The two estates of the Peers are personally summoned to meet in their chamber: the more extensive and single estate of the Commons meets by its representatives. Both are political orders, complete in their character, independent in their authority, legally irresponsible for the exercise of their power. But they are the trustees of the nation, not its masters; and there is a High Court of Chancery in the public opinion of the nation at large, which exercises a vigilant control over these privileged classes of the community, and to which they are equitably and morally amenable. Estimating, therefore, the moral responsibility of our political estates, it may fairly be maintained that, instead of being irresponsible, the responsibility of the Lords exceeds that of the Commons. The House of Commons itself not being an estate of the realm, but only the representatives of an estate, owes to the nation a

responsibility neither legal nor moral. The House of Commons is responsible only to that privileged order who are its constituents. Between the Lords and the Commons themselves there is this prime difference—that the Lords are known, and seen, and marked; the Commons are unknown, invisible, and unobserved. The Lords meet in a particular spot; the Commons are scattered over the kingdom. The eye of the nation rests upon the Lords, few in number, and notable in position; the eye of the nation wanders in vain for the Commons, far more numerous, but far less remarkable. As a substitute the nation appeals to the House of Commons, but sometimes appeals in vain; for if the majority of the Commons choose to support their representatives in a course of conduct adverse to the opinion of the nation, the House of Commons will set the nation at defiance. They have done so once; may they never repeat that destructive career! Such are our two Houses of Parliament—the most illustrious assemblies since the Roman Senate and Grecian Areopagus; neither of them is the 'House of the People,' but both alike represent the 'Nation.'

CHAPTER V.

A True Democracy.

HERE are two propositions, which, however at the first glance they may appear to contradict the popular opinions of the day, are nevertheless, as I believe, just and true. And they are these:—

First. That there is no probability of ever establishing a more democratic form of government than the present English constitution.

Second. That the recent political changes of the Whigs are, in fact, a departure from the democratic spirit of that constitution.

Whatever form a government may assume, its spirit must be determined by the laws which regulate the property of the country. You may have a Senate and Consuls, you may have no hereditary titles, and you may dub each householder or inhabitant a citizen; but if the spirit of your laws preserves masses of property in a particular class, the government of the country will follow the disposition of the property. So also you may have an apparent despotism without any formal popular control, and with no aristocracy, either natural or artificial, and the spirit of the gov-

ernment may nevertheless be republican. Thus the ancient polity of Rome, in its best days, was an aristocracy, and the government of Constantinople is the nearest approach to a democracy on a great scale, and maintained during a great period, that history offers. The constitution of France during the last half century has been fast approaching that of the Turks. The barbarous Jacobins blended modern equality with the refined civilisation of ancient France; the barbarous Ottomans blended their equality with the refined civilisation of ancient Rome. Paris secured to the Jacobins those luxuries that their system never could have produced: Byzantium served the same purpose to the Turks. Both the French and their turbaned prototypes commenced their system with popular enthusiasm, and terminated it with general subjection. Napoleon and Louis Philippe are playing the same part as the Suleimans and the Mahmouds. The Chambers are but a second-rate Divan, the Prefects but inferior Pachas: a solitary being rules alike in the Seraglio and the Tuileries, and the whole nation bows to his despotism on condition that they have no other master save himself.

The disposition of property in England throws the government of the country into the hands of its natural aristocracy. I do not believe that any scheme of the suffrage, or any method of election, could divert that power into other quarters. It is the necessary consequence of our present social state. I believe, the wider the popular suffrage, the more powerful would be the natural aristocracy. This seems to me an inevitable consequence; but I admit this proposition on the clear understanding that such an extension should be established on a fair, and not a factious, basis.

Here, then, arises the question of the ballot, into the merits of which I shall take another opportunity of entering, recording only now my opinion, that in the present arrangement of the constituencies, even the ballot would favour the power of the natural aristocracy, and that, if the ballot were simultaneously introduced with a fair and not a factious extension of the suffrage, it would produce no difference whatever in the ultimate result.

Quitting, then, these considerations, let us arrive at the important point. Is there any probability of a different disposition of property in England—a disposition of property which, by producing a very general similarity of condition, would throw the government of the country into the hands of any individuals whom popular esteem or fancy might select?

It appears to me that this question can only be decided by ascertaining the genius of the English nation. What is the prime characteristic of the English mind? I apprehend I may safely decide upon its being industry. Taking a general but not a superficial survey of the English character since the Reformation, a thousand circumstances convince me that the salient point in our national psychology is the passion for accumulating wealth, of which industry is the chief instrument. We value our freedom principally because it leaves us unrestricted in our pursuits; and that reverence for law and for all that is established, which also eminently distinguishes the English nation, is occasioned by the conviction that, next to liberty, order is the most efficacious assistant of industry.

And thus we see that those great revolutions which must occur in the history of all nations when they happen here produce no permanent effects upon

our social state. Our revolutions are brought about by the passions of creative minds taking advantage, for their own aggrandisement, of peculiar circumstances in our national progress. They are never called for by the great body of the nation. Churches are plundered, long rebellions maintained, dynasties changed, parliaments abolished; but when the storm is passed, the features of the social landscape remain unimpaired; there are no traces of the hurricane, the earthquake, or the volcano; it has been but a tumult of the atmosphere, that has neither toppled down our old spires and palaces nor swallowed up our cities and seats of learning, nor blasted our ancient woods, nor swept away our ports and harbours. The English nation ever recurs to its ancient institutions—the institutions that have alike secured freedom and order; and after all their ebullitions, we find them, when the sky is clear, again at work, and toiling on at their eternal task of accumulation.

There is this difference between the revolutions of England and the revolutions of the Continent—the European revolution is a struggle against privilege; an English revolution is a struggle for it. If a new class rises in the State, it becomes uneasy to take its place in the natural aristocracy of the land: a desperate faction or a wily leader takes advantage of this desire, and a revolution is the consequence. Thus the Whigs in the present day have risen to power on the shoulders of the manufacturing interest. To secure themselves in their posts, the Whigs have given the new interest an undue preponderance; but the new interest, having obtained its object, is content. The manufacturer, like every other Englishman, is as aristocratic as the landlord. The manufacturer begins to

lack in movement. Under Walpole the Whigs played the same game with the commercial interests; a century has passed, and the commercial interests are all as devoted to the constitution as the manufacturers soon will be. Having no genuine party, the Whigs seek for succour from the Irish papists; Lord John Russell, however, is only imitating Pym under the same circumstances. In 1640, when the English movement was satisfied, and the constitutional party, headed by such men as Falkland and Hyde, were about to attain power, Pym and his friends, in despair at their declining influence and the close divisions in their once unanimous Parliament, fled to the Scotch Covenanters, and entered into a 'close compact' for the destruction of the Church of England as the price of their assistance. So events repeat themselves; but if the study of history is really to profit us, the nation at the present day will take care that the same results do not always occur from the same events.

When passions have a little subsided, the industrious ten-pounder, who has struggled into the privileged order of the Commons, proud of having obtained the first step of aristocracy, will be the last man to assist in destroying the other gradations of the scale which he or his posterity may yet ascend; while the new member of a manufacturing district has his eye already upon a neighbouring park, avails himself of his political position to become a county magistrate, meditates upon a baronetcy, and dreams of a coroneted descendant.

The nation that esteems wealth as the great object of existence will submit to no laws that do not secure the enjoyment of wealth. Now, we deprive

wealth of its greatest source of enjoyment. as well as of its best security, if we deprive it of power. The English nation, therefore, insists that property shall be the qualification for power, and the whole scope of its laws and customs is to promote and favour the accumulation of wealth and the perpetuation of property. We cannot alter, therefore, the disposition of property in this country without we change the national character. Far from the present age being hostile to the supremacy of property, there has been no period of our history where property has been more esteemed, because there has been no period when the nation has been so industrious.

Believing, therefore, that no change will occur in the disposition of property in this country, I cannot comprehend how our government can become more democratic. The consequence of our wealth is an aristocratic constitution; the consequence of our love of liberty is an aristocratic constitution founded on an equality of civil rights. And who can deny that an aristocratic constitution resting on such a basis, where the legislative, and even the executive office may be obtained by every subject of the realm, is, in fact, a noble democracy? The English constitution, faithful to the national character, secures to all the enjoyment of property and the delights of freedom. Its honours are a perpetual reward of industry; every Englishman is toiling to obtain them; and this is the constitution to which every Englishman will always be devoted, except he is a Whig.

In the next Chapter I shall discuss the second proposition.

CHAPTER VI.

Results of Whiggism.

THE Tories assert that the whole property of the country is on their side; and the Whigs, wringing their hands over lost elections and bellowing about 'intimidation,' seem to confess the soft impeachment. Their prime organ also assures us that every man with 500*l.* per annum is opposed to them. Yet the Whig-Radical writers have recently published, by way of consolation to their penniless proselytes, a list of some twenty Dukes and Marquises, who, they assure us, are devoted to 'Liberal' principles, and whose revenues, in a paroxysm of economical rhodomontade, they assert, could buy up the whole income of the rest of the hereditary Peerage. The Whig-Radical writers seem puzzled to reconcile this anomalous circumstance with the indisputably forlorn finances of their faction in general. Now, this little tract on the 'Spirit of Whiggism' may perhaps throw some light upon this perplexing state of affairs. For myself, I see in it only a fresh illustration of the principles which I have demonstrated, from the whole current of our history, to form the basis of Whig policy. This

union of oligarchical wealth and mob poverty is the very essence of the 'Spirit of Whiggism.'

The English constitution, which, from the tithing-man to the Peer of Parliament, has thrown the whole government of the country into the hands of those who are qualified by property to perform the duties of their respective offices, has secured that diffused and general freedom, without which the national industry would neither have its fair play nor its just reward, by a variety of institutions, which, while they prevent those who have no property from invading the social commonwealth, in whose classes every industrious citizen has a right to register himself, offer also an equally powerful check to the ambitious fancies of those great families, over whose liberal principles and huge incomes the Whig-Radical writers gloat with the self-complacency of lackeys at the equipages of their masters. There is ever an union in a perverted sense between those who are beneath power and those who wish to be above it; and oligarchies and despotisms are usually established by the agency of a deluded multitude. The Crown, with its constitutional influence over the military services, a Parliament of two houses watching each other's proceedings with constitutional jealousy, an independent hierarchy and, not least, an independent magistracy, are serious obstacles in the progressive establishment of that scheme of government which a small knot of great families—these dukes and marquises, whose revenues according to the Government organ, could buy up the income of the whole peerage—naturally wish to introduce. We find, therefore, throughout the whole period of our more modern history, a powerful section of the great nobles

ever at war with the national institutions, checking the Crown, attacking the independence of that House of Parliament in which they happen to be in a minority—no matter which, patronising sects to reduce the influence of the Church, and playing town against country to overcome the authority of the gentry.

It is evident that these aspiring oligarchs, as a party, can have little essential strength; they can count upon nothing but their retainers. To secure the triumph of their cause, therefore, they are forced to manœuvre with a pretext, and while they aim at oligarchical rule, they apparently advocate popular rights. They hold out, consequently, an inducement to all the uneasy portion of the nation to enlist under their standard; they play their discontented minority against the prosperous majority, and, dubbing their partisans 'the people,' they flatter themselves that their projects are irresistible. The attack is unexpected, brisk, and dashing, well matured, dexterously mystified. Before the nation is roused to its danger, the oligarchical object is often obtained; and then the oligarchy, entrenched in power, count upon the nation to defend them from their original and revolutionary allies. If they succeed, a dynasty is changed, or a Parliament reformed, and the movement is stopped; if the Tories or the Conservatives cannot arrest the fatal career which the Whigs have originally impelled, then away go the national institutions; the crown falls from the King's brow; the crosier is snapped in twain; one House of Parliament is sure to disappear, and the gentlemen of England, dexterously dubbed Malignants, or Anti-Reformers, or any other phrase in fashion, the dregs of the nation sequester their es-

tates and install themselves in their halls; and 'liberal principles' having thus gloriously triumphed, after a due course of plunder, bloodshed, imprisonment, and ignoble tyranny, the people of England, sighing once more to be the English nation, secure order by submitting to a despot, and in time, when they have got rid of their despot, combine their ancient freedom with their newly-regained security by re-establishing the English constitution.

The Whigs of the present day have made their assault upon the nation with their usual spirit. They have already succeeded in controlling the sovereign and in remodelling the House of Commons. They have menaced the House of Lords, violently assailed the Church, and reconstructed the Corporations. I shall take the two most comprehensive measures which they have succeeded in carrying, and which were at the time certainly very popular, and apparently of a very democratic character,—their reform of the House of Commons, and their reconstruction of the municipal corporations. Let us see whether these great measures have, in fact, increased the democratic character of our constitution or not—whether they veil an oligarchical project, or are, in fact, popular concessions inevitably offered by the Whigs in their oligarchical career.

The result of the Whig remodelling of the order of the Commons has been this—that it has placed the nomination of the Government in the hands of the popish priesthood. Is that a great advance of public intelligence and popular liberty? Are the parliamentary nominees of M'Hale and Kehoe more germane to the feelings of the English nation, more adapted to represent their interests, than the parlia-

mentary nominees of a Howard or a Percy? This papist majority, again, is the superstructure of a basis formed by some Scotch Presbyterians and some English Dissenters, in general returned by the small constituencies of small towns — classes whose number and influence, intelligence and wealth, have been grossly exaggerated for factious purposes, but classes avowedly opposed to the maintenance of the English constitution. I do not see that the cause of popular power has much risen, even with the addition of this leaven. If the suffrages of the Commons of England were polled together, the hustings-books of the last general election will prove that a very considerable majority of their numbers is opposed to the present Government, and that therefore, under this new democratic scheme, this great body of the nation are, by some hocus-pocus tactics or other, obliged to submit to the minority. The truth is, that the new constituency has been so arranged that an unnatural preponderance has been given to a small class, and one hostile to the interests of the great body. Is this more democratic? The apparent majority in the House of Commons is produced by a minority of the Commons themselves; so that a small and favoured class command a majority in the House of Commons, and the sway of the administration, as far as that House is concerned, is regulated by a smaller number of individuals than those who governed it previous to its reform.

But this is not the whole evil: this new class, with its unnatural preponderance, is a class hostile to the institutions of the country, hostile to the union of Church and State, hostile to the House of Lords, to the constitutional power of the Crown, to the existing

system of provincial judicature. It is, therefore, a class fit and willing to support the Whigs in their favourite scheme of centralisation, without which the Whigs can never long maintain themselves in power. Now, centralisation is the death-blow of public freedom; it is the citadel of the oligarchs, from which, if once erected, it will be impossible to dislodge them.

But can that party be aiming at centralised government which has reformed the municipal corporations? We will see. The reform of the municipal corporations of England is a covert attack on the authority of the English gentry,—that great body which perhaps forms the most substantial existing obstacle to the perpetuation of Whiggism in power. By this democratic Act the county magistrate is driven from the towns where he before exercised a just influence, while an elective magistrate from the towns jostles him on the bench at quarter sessions, and presents in his peculiar position an anomaly in the constitution of the bench, flattering to the passions, however fatal to the interests, of the giddy million. Here is a lever to raise the question of county reform whenever an obstinate shire may venture to elect a representative in Parliament hostile to the liberal oligarchs. Let us admit, for the moment, that the Whigs ultimately succeed in subverting the ancient and hereditary power of the English gentry. Will the municipal corporations substitute themselves as an equivalent check on a centralising Government? Whence springs their influence? From property? Not half a dozen have estates. Their influence springs from the factitious power with which the reforming Government has invested them, and of which the same Government will deprive them in a session, the

moment they cease to be corresponding committees of the reforming majority in the House of Commons. They will either be swept away altogether, or their functions will be limited to raising the local taxes which will discharge their expenses of the detachment of the metropolitan police, or the local judge or governor, whom Downing Street may send down to preside over their constituents. With one or two exceptions, the English corporations do not possess more substantial and durable elements of power than the municipalities of France. What check are they on Paris? These corporations have neither prescription in their favour, nor property. Their influence is maintained neither by tradition nor substance. They have no indirect authority over the minds of their townsmen; they have only their modish charters to appeal to, and the newly engrossed letter of the law. They have no great endowments of whose public benefits they are the official distributers; they do not stand on the vantage-ground on which we recognise the trustees of the public interests; they neither administer to the soul nor the body; they neither feed the poor nor educate the young; they have no hold on the national mind; they have not sprung from the national character; they were born by faction, and they will live by faction. Such bodies must speedily become corrupt; they will ultimately be found dangerous instruments in the hands of a faction. The members of the country corporations will play the game of a London party, to secure their factitious local importance and obtain the consequent results of their opportune services.

I think I have now established the two propositions with which I commenced my last chapter: and

I will close this concluding one of the 'Spirit of Whiggism' with their recapitulation, and the inferences which I draw from them. If there be a slight probability of ever establishing in this country a more democratic government than the English constitution, it will be as well, I conceive, for those who love their rights, to maintain that constitution; and if the more recent measures of the Whigs, however plausible their first aspect, have, in fact, been a departure from the democratic character of that constitution, it will be as well for the English nation to oppose, with all their heart, and all their soul, and all their strength, the machinations of the Whigs and the 'Spirit of Whiggism.'

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